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He's Back! HANDSOME AND THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

GREATEST RASCAL OF THEM ALL

KINSEY'S NEW REPORT ON DAMES

25c
MAY

My Spotted Hunter Who Never Misses
By Daniel P. Mannix

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT WHERE IT SHOWS MOST

WITH **Spot Reducer**

Relaxing · Soothing Penetrating Massage

Your Own Private Masseur at Home

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of lightweight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own.

REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay Fat—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE! With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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AC 110 Volts

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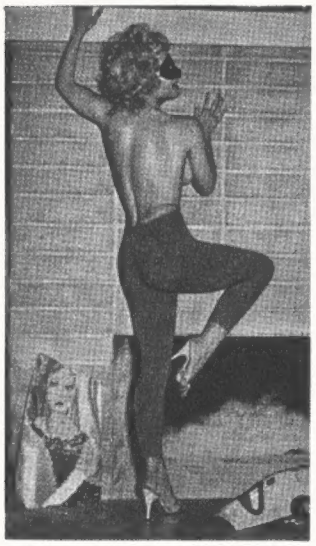

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CAVALIER

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John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

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THRUST AND PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

FIRST FOR CAVALIER

I read in *Newsweek* that CAVALIER beat out three other national magazines with the story of Fidel Castro ("How I Found Castro, The Cuban Guerrilla," Oct.) Nice going. Keep up the good—and fast—work.

Ivan Goodwin
Chicago

Right you are, I. Writer Andrew St. George was first on the spot for CAVALIER.

FLIGHT FAN

I liked Hank Bush's "My Mystery Flight Deep Into China" (Dec.) Why don't you have a true flight adventure in every issue? And don't forget the minute details.

R. W. Thomas
Concord, Calif.

We're as air-minded as the Pentagon, R. W. See, for instance, "The Man Who Put Wings On War" in this issue.

HELEPHANTS

Elephants are hellish beasts, much too tough to down with arrows. If you ask me, William R. Negley's story of how he bagged one with a bow and arrow ("An Arrow, An Elephant and $10,000," March) is phony. I know how hard it is to shoot straight with an arrow, because I tried—and failed—even to hit a target in my own backyard. Who does Negley think he is, William Tell?

Bradshaw Rawlings
Houston, Texas

Sunday archers like yourself, Bradshaw, can't appreciate the months of training experts like Negley put in. Negley got his elephants fair and square, as the color photos proved.

Even for a Texan like Negley shooting an elephant with an arrow doesn't sound like much of a feat. Most elephants are easy to approach. Since the twang of the bow and the sting of the arrow don't alarm the beast, he won't charge but merely shuffles off to die, a distasteful death for both animal and sportsman.

Chris Fanchard
San Francisco

Hurrah for sportsmen like Bill Negley who are willing to dispense with firearms as too easy, and will take a few risks themselves. With arrows, the animal has a fighting chance.

John Boose
Huntington, W. Va.

We're with you. As Negley points out, an arrow is no more "unsportsmanlike" than a gun—most gun-shot elephants don't die immediately, and the hunter has to follow them and finish them off, just as Negley did. And the elephant does have a chance—as he doesn't when he's faced with a gun.

POET'S CORNER (OR SQUARE)

Speaking of Sandra Edwards, CAVALIER's lady in January:

When it comes to women with class
Sandra's the one for your mag at last.
Long hair, long legs, she's a queen,
We long for the day she's again seen

Buck Wagner
Durango, Colo.

Ouch! Just why Thrust and Parry *attracts every sand-lot poet is a mystery to us. Oh well, you supply the rhymes and we'll bring the girls. Upcoming girls: Joy Harmon (this issue), Greta Thysson and Brigitte Bardot.*

FACT VS. FICTION

Although the fiction you print is usually better than most, I wish you would stick to factual stories. I have long found that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. In my opinion, there is no fiction that can match the engrossing true stories that appear in your magazine.

Joseph Robinsky, Jr.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

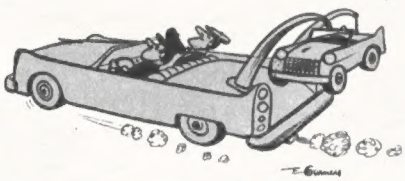
I've bought CAVALIER from the newsstand for years and have read just about every story you've ever published. I thought some of your fiction stories were damn good until I read "Handsome and His Harem on Wheels" in February. I've never read a story like this one. All my friends say the same thing. That was one of the best fiction stories ever published. We are anxiously awaiting the return of Handsome.

Martin Lowenstein
Jersey City, N.J.

See this issue, Martin. As to fact vs. fiction, we hope to satisfy everybody by running the best of both.

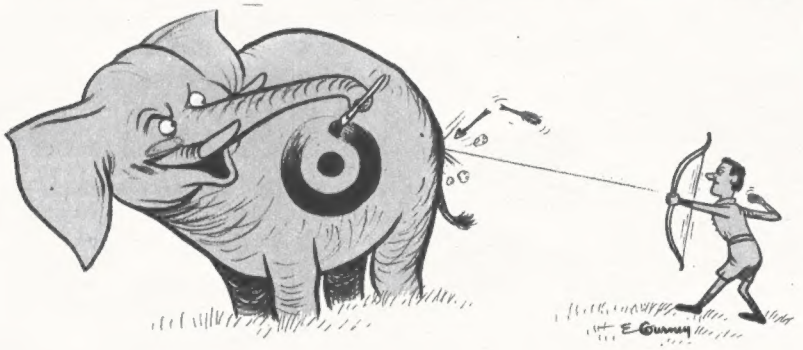
LITTLE CARS

Read "The Charge of the Light Brigade," (Feb.) and my comment is



nuts. Those small cars are just too little to be any more than an extra.

Ben Palsey
Seattle, Wash.



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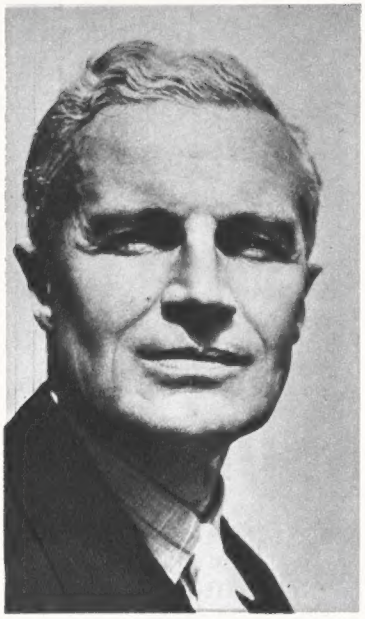


I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-96-E
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Now! A New Kinsey Report!

A brand-new Kinsey report is about to reveal amazing new facts on the sex life of that changing animal, the American woman. Here's what the explosive report will say

By HAL WALLEN

A spectacular K-bomb is about to burst on the U. S. It was concocted in almost as much secrecy as the A-bomb at Los Alamos during World War II. Its components: a new set of explosive facts about the sexual lives of that most complex of creatures, the American woman.

The K-bomb is the forthcoming book, *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion,* the third of the highly-inflammable Kinsey reports. Here are some of the facts the report will reveal:

√ About one out of every five girls who has pre-marital sexual relations becomes pregnant.

√ Nearly one out of every 11 of the white-gowned, scrubbed-faced brides who march down the wedding aisle is expecting a child.

√ Fewer than one out of every five unmarried pregnant girls ever feels regret or remorse over her actions.

√ Since seven out of eight of the girls who had sexual relations before marriage were sexually active only with their fiancés, the men they eventualy married, the children usually got fathers in time.

√ The vast majority of abortions in the U. S. are performed on married, not single, women—quite frequently on mothers of three or four children.

Alfred Charles Kinsey, the acclaimed father of the K-bomb, often confided to his peers that he was in a mortal race with death. For Kinsey, a mild-mannered professor at Indiana University, the contest was to publish the massive collection of facts and statistics on American sex practices which he had collected during 18 years of interviews and investigation. He lost his race to death in August 1956, but not before he had published two out of the proposed list of 20 volumes he had intended to write.

Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion is the third of the series. Unlike the previous reports, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female,* the new book will have none of the pre-publication fanfare that stirred the nation. The directors of the Kinsey-created Institute for Sex Research, Inc., have decreed since Prof. Kinsey's death that nobody will have access to this new marital material but one women's magazine, and the book will be published shortly thereafter.

Nevertheless, CAVALIER is giving its readers a special advance look into *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion.* Based on the sex histories of about 5,300 white American women (the same number as the sample of men in the first report, but some 600 fewer than the cross-section of the female report), the new book will be slimmer and more readable than the other two bulky Kinsey reports. The work is just as scientific and authoritative as the others.

It has been described by the Institute's new executive director, Paul H. Gebhard (see box), as "all about women before, during, and after marriage and what becomes of them in childbirth." As apparent in Gebhard's cautious, non-committal remark, the Kinsey group has been extremely cagey about revealing even the barest detail of the report.

Despite all the secrecy, here are the findings and what they mean.

√ About one out of every five girls who has pre-marital sexual relations becomes pregnant.

In *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion* the Kinsey researchers again shatter the ancient notion of the fragile female on a pure white pedestal. Nearly half of the women in the Kinsey sample were sexually active before marriage, most of them in the year or two just before their weddings.

For fewer than half—only 44 per cent—of the girls is fear of pregnancy a factor limiting pre-marital sexual behavior. Contraceptive devices, although known throughout all of recorded time, have been mass-produced and

MEN BEHIND THE KINSEY REPORT

Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy

Dr. Paul H. Gebhard

Dr. Alfred Charles Kinsey, before his death in 1956 at the age of 62, saw his name become a household word, standing for sex with a capital S. "There are people who hate us for telling them how the world is made," he once informed a friend. "Reproduction, or sex, is one of the great forces of life. Most everyone talks about sex. . . . Before we can learn why humans behave sexually as they do, we've got to find out just what it is that they do."

For the last 18 years of his life, Kinsey explored the shadowy labyrinth of human sexual behavior with the obsession of a Columbus in uncharted seas. He probably came to know more about sex from a scientific point of view than any man alive. "To take sex out of the Dark Ages and put it on a level with other medical and psychiatric research," was his avowed aim.

A stubborn, often cranky scientist who was frequently criticized in his lifetime, Kinsey did his best to avoid any suspicions about his private or professional life. He was a monotonously normal man who always wore bow ties, got to his office precisely at nine every morning, and took pride in the 170 varieties of trees and shrubs he planted in the two-and-one-half acres around his two-story brick house.

The first two Kinsey Reports were both best sellers, but Kinsey ploughed all money received back into his sex laboratory. Today, his work at the Institute for Sexual Research at Indiana University at Bloomington is being carried on by his associates, who produced the latest report.

Dr. Paul Henry Gebhard, 40, an able anthropologist, has assumed Kinsey's role as spokesman for the group in his job as the Institute's Executive Director.

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, with Kinsey, interviewed nearly 18,000 cases in the Institute's files. As director of field research, he leads the controversial Kinsey fact finders.

Despite the grants it has received and the money made from its first few books, the Institute today faces a financial deficit. Proceeds from the newest book are expected to put the Institute in the black.

distributed widely only in the 20th century. These devices have helped jettison one of the great hazards of life for the female—the danger of pregnancy before marriage, with its social penalties and pressures.

Eminent psychiatrists, like Columbia University's Prof. Abram Kardiner, agree with the Kinsey observation that religious devotion—the powerful influence of morality—is the greatest single factor limiting sexual activity in women before marriage. The new Kinsey report will point out that education bears directly on pre-marital sexual behavior and pregnancy. College-trained females are more prone to become pregnant out of wedlock than their less-schooled sisters.

Moreover, girls from white-collar and professional homes —the great middle class—are more likely to have sexual relations before marriage than girls from working class homes, the Kinsey report will note. And that brings up the next point:

√ **Nearly one out of every 11 brides is expecting a child.**

In Kinsey's sample nearly nine per cent of all the single, white females who had sexual relations became pregnant before their wedding day—including a fair number of pregnancies occurring after the couple had become engaged. Although this may seem to be a high rate of pregnancy, the fact of the matter is that the probability of a pregnancy resulting from any particular sex act is low—about one pregnancy out of every 1,000 copulations, the Kinsey group reckons. In addition, modern contraceptives are practically 100 per cent failure-proof when used properly. Thus, pre-marital pregnancies occur either as a result of carelessness or a willingness to run the risk involved.

√ **Fewer than one out of every five unmarried pregnant girls ever feels regret or remorse over her act.**

Only 31 per cent of the unmarried women in Kinsey's sample and some 23 per cent of the married ones spoke of any regret in the pre-marital sex relations. For the most part, the Kinsey group has noted, those who regretted sexual activity most were the women who had the least experience. In the sample, some 17 per cent—or roughly one in five—of the females who had become pregnant before marriage seriously regretted their sex practice, which

means that 83 per cent—four out of five—had little or no regret concerning their pregnancy.

√ **Since seven out of eight of the girls who had sexual relations before marriage were sexually active only with their fiancé, the man they eventually married, the child usually got a father in time.**

Of the married women in Kinsey's sample who had pre-marital sexual relations, 87 per cent had been sexually active with the men they later married; in fact, some 46 per cent of the women in this group only had coitus with their fiancé.

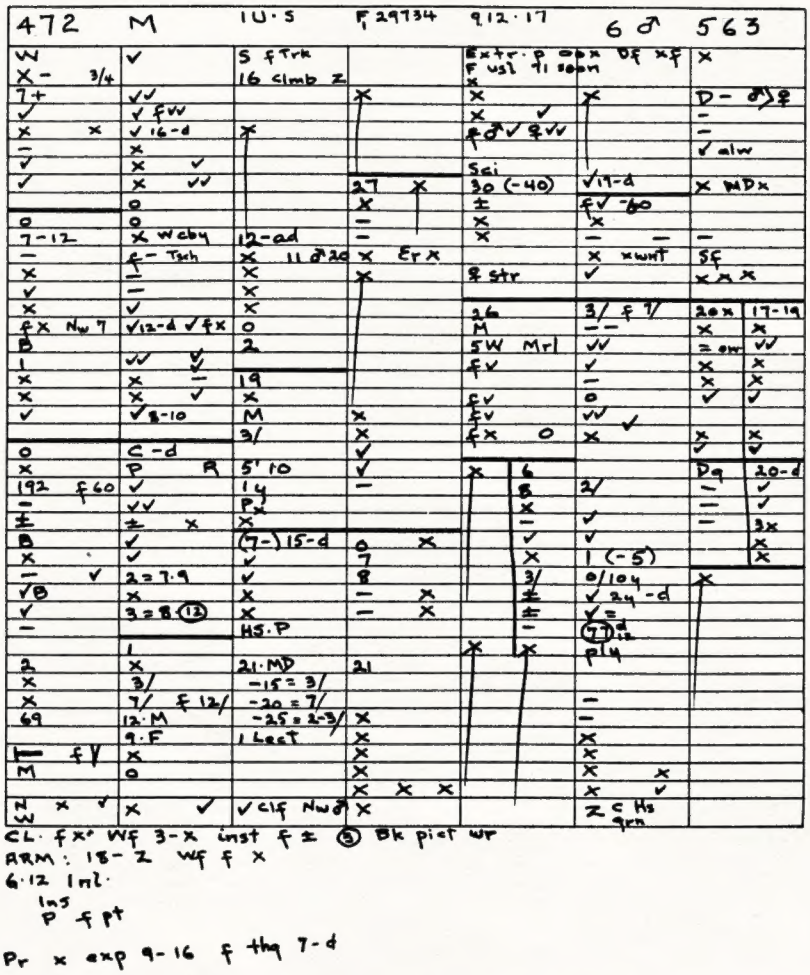
In 20th century America, pre-marital sex activity appears to be akin to "trial marriage," a fact of life recognized and condoned in such stable cultures as the Comanche Indians of the Western Plains or the Trobriand Islanders of New Guinea. Sexual intercourse before marriage has become more commonplace in Europe, also. In Sweden, Germany, Soviet Russia, Denmark, Finland, and Switzerland, well above 50 per cent of the unmarried girls actively have sexual relations. In the U.S., the Kinsey group has observed, the sweeping sex revolution for women took place during World War I and the Era of Wonderful Nonsense, the Roaring '20s. In Europe, the pattern changed about 10 years before the shift in the U.S.

Psychiatrist Kardiner has asked: "Has there been just a change in fashion or is there a different attitude toward sex?" His reply: "A change from the elaborate contraption that was called a female bathing suit of the '90s to one of the Bikini variety may represent merely a change of style or indicate a profound change in attitude. It is more likely to be the latter."

With a continuing sexual revolution in America, a decided upswing in the number of abortions—both legal and illegal—might be expected. The official U.S. estimate of nearly 500,000 abortions a year, with about 300,000 of them of the criminal or illegal variety, is probably very conservative, the Kinsey book will suggest. Just who is aborted?

√ **The vast majority of abortions in the U.S. are performed on married, not single women—quite frequently on mothers of three or more children.**

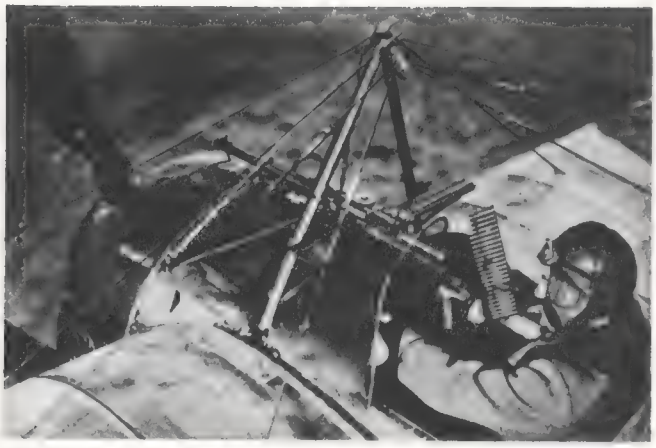
As many as eight or nine of every 10 abortions in the U.S. today are performed on married women, usually between the ages of 25 and 35. The principal reason: married couples can't afford to support another child. Among their reasons why married women have abortions: to protect their health or maintain their sanity, when pregnancy or birth would endanger either. Very far down on the list of reasons that married women go to abortionists is the fear of bearing a child as a result of extra-marital infidelity. For about one out of every four women, according to the Kinsey report, is sexually active outside her marriage bed. The Kinsey researchers will point out that relatively few pregnancies result from these extra-curricular affairs. The incidence of pregnancies and births resulting from these flings cannot be determined with unassailable accuracy, because it is hard to tell whether the husband or the lover sired the child. For the married woman, this area of doubt offers some measure of safety and security as motherhood approaches.



Case history, in code, from Kinsey interview. There is no written key to code, and plans were made to keep at least one who knew it alive in case of disaster.

If a married woman pregnant by a man not her husband has some measure of protection, what about the pregnant woman who is single? In the depression '30s, illegitimate births in the U.S. hovered near the 75,000 mark each year. Today it is nearly twice that number. Most of the mothers of these 140,000 bastards a year are under the age of 20, and the new Kinsey report will say that about two out of every five young unmarried mothers are teen-agers.

Dr. Goodrich Schauffler, a leading obstetrician in Portland, Ore., has corroborated the Kinsey statistics with these words: "A much higher percentage of unwed mothers nowadays come from comparatively privileged groups—high school students, young women with good jobs—as compared with the 'poor working girl' or the 'penniless domestic' of the beginning of the century."[*Cont. on page* 100]



This rare photo shows how machine gun first fired through prop.

The Man Who Put Wings on War

Death in the air was a joke to World War I fliers—until a wily Frenchman's idea turned flying into one of the bloodiest turkey shoots going

by Arch Whitehouse

That day in 1914 when the Germans declared war with a running start, the better part of the French air force was being wined and dined in Berlin. His name was Roland Garros, and along with being one of the great stunt pilots of all time, he had one of those ebullient natures completely uninhibited by common sense. He was also something of a phenomenon in that he was an accomplished artist, a piano virtuoso, a singer and dancer of Paris music hall merit, and for all that he was of the lean and vibrant type, a drinker of astounding capacity. Setting him still further apart from the common herd, he was wealthy.

But on this evening of August 3rd, he was in serious trouble, and he knew it. For three weeks he had been making exhibition flights over the German capital in his tiny Morane Saulnier with such spectacular results that his front-page publicity had all but crowded out the ominous rumors of war. Every day a new triumph, and every night a new round of banquets for the dashing French aeronaut. And now, through a pink cloud of champagne bubbles, and surrounded by German officers who had gone wild at the announcement of war, he saw himself as a fat and glossy sucker of enormous size. In glorifying the French aeronaut, the Germans had done a magnificent job of lulling suspicion in Paris. He, Roland Garros, had been the decoy that had drawn attention elsewhere while the German Army massed for its drive.

The champagne was flowing freely, and he had no trouble intercepting a bottle with which to collect his thoughts. But certainly, the Germans had played him for a hero to demonstrate that they had nothing but admiration for the French. And in that case, as a big cog in their

The Man Who Put Wings on War

Continued from preceding page

plans, it was not likely they would ship him and his plane back to Paris with their best wishes. More likely he would win the distinction of being the first French prisoner of the war, as indeed he already was. But if the Germans knew what he had in store for them, he would have been guarded by a regiment.

In the course of time and drinking Garros made a perfectly natural request, indicating with Gallic realism that his back teeth were afloat. Roaring with laughter, the Germans hoisted him to his feet, steadied him, and then pointed him in the direction of the men's room. When next they were to see him again, it would be after he had all but cleared the skies of German planes, for this was the Roland Garros, first knight of the air, first ace, and first to put wings on sudden death.

In his own account of his escape, Garros made light of it, but for sheer, crazy daring it belongs with the classics. When he reached the men's room the window was open, as well it should be on a hot August night, and he kept right on going. Because of his publicity, with his pictures in all the papers and magazines, he dared not risk a taxi or exposure on a lighted street, but with his airman's picture of Berlin to guide him, he was able to make his way through a labyrinth of alleys and back streets like a native-born street urchin. His goal was an exhibition field on the outskirts of the city where his plane was hangared in a tent, and he arrived there shortly after midnight.

He knew his plane was guarded day and night by a squad of soldiers, technically to protect it from avid souvenir hunters, but now he knew the guard was there to see that the French plane did not leave the country. He approached boldly but with a drunken stagger, his one idea being that if the guards on the midnight-to-dawn shift were reasonably human, they would not be averse to liberal supply of schnapps on which to celebrate the declaration of war. As it turned out, the guards had themselves reached that same conclusion before his arrival, and had transferred their lonesome vigil to a nearby beerhall.

In the light of aviation history, the defection of the guards was more of a technicality than an actuality, and certainly they had no way of knowing that Garros was to write a new kind of history on his own. In the first place, in 1914 pilots could not fly at night. With no instruments to provide an artificial horizon, the few pilots who had tried it had left an awful lot of wreckage behind to prove that moonlight was elusive stuff. In the second place, the best of flying fields were of a rudimentary order, and the Berlin exhibition field was of a lower order than that. Along with the regulation assortment of furrows, chuckholes, stumps, and rocks, it was closely surrounded by buildings, trees, and high tension wires, and a belief had grown up that a pilot should have a clear view of such impedimenta before taking off. And in the third place, with many more places still available, it took eight men to crank up a plane—three on each side to hold down the wings, a strong idiot to swing the propeller, and the pilot to work the priming pump. One of the features of the [*Continued on page* 55]

Then, as the Germans turned their *Albatros* homeward, the little French plane gave them the surprise of their lives.

Illustrated by Harry Schaare

Shoulders tapes himself together before riding. Broncs trying to knock him off against fences injured his knees, calves and thighs.

JIM SHOULDERS: King of the Suicide Circuit

In a rough game where there's no pay for the sick and the lame are through, he fights to stay in one piece—and keep his $40,000 rodeo crown

By Clyde Carley

Photos by Martin Nathan

For about three months last winter one of the most restless men in the United States, Jim Shoulders of Henryetta, Oklahoma, settled down to the good life—which would seem the just due of a man who made over $40,000 in the rodeo arena in 1957.

But before first grass in March of this year Jim again packed his gear and hit the rounds of the Suicide Circuit in earnest. Until he calls it a season in November, he will travel more than 60,000 miles by plane and train, and will wear out one automobile in the ever-moving process of competing in about 80 rodeos in some 20 states and Canada. He will sleep in a bewildering succession of towns, large and small, and eat in the best hotels or the most dubious hash-houses—just so they serve steak.

He will, particularly, keep straight in his mind overlapping rodeo dates and tight transportation schedules, so that almost every day of the season he will keep a date with several broncos and bulls, risking his limbs and often his life in trying to stay in the top

flight of professional rodeo. With an eye on the big money, Jim long ago chose the most murderous of all professional sports for his specialities: bareback-bronc and bull riding. These are still the only two events in which he competes.

If he reaches November in one piece, he might grab off $35,000-plus in prize money, as he has done each year for the last four years. If he runs into bad luck, breaking a bone or pulling any of the muscles he has already torn in various ways, he knows that his earnings are about to decrease the second he feels the pain. In the Suicide Circuit they have a group insurance covering injuries in action, for bills as long as the man is in the hospital, but the cash prizes go to the toughest and luckiest riders, and a laid-up rider is plumb out of luck and out of the money.

A tough life? It is a bone-breaking, teeth-smashing, ligament-tearing, gut-punching way of life. But it suits Jim Shoulders, who says, "I've never been real bad hurt." This is an optimistic view of physical injury. Shoulders has merely accumulated two broken arms, a thrice-busted collarbone, a twice-broken ankle, a broken foot, several twisted knees and ripped ligaments, and twice has had his face badly stomped by a bull. Yet he adds, "How else could a guy like me make $40,000 a year, own a ranch, be named man of the year in my town and put in the Cowboy Hall of Fame?" Jim makes it sound easy when he talks, shunning any brags, but to win his cherished position he had to survive an apprenticeship as rugged and risky as any self-made man has ever known.

Brahma leaves chute at Madison Square Garden, Shoulders up. He enters only toughest events, bronc and bull riding.

Rodeo doctor examines Shoulders to see if he's fit to ride. He had just had collarbone operation, but doc okayed him.

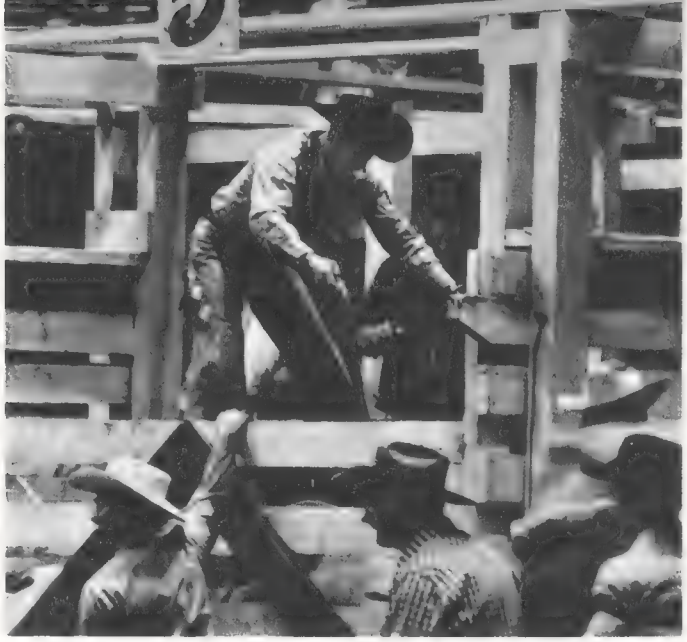
JIM SHOULDERS: King of the Suicide Circuit

continued from preceding page

And no man has ever "got it made" in rodeoing. Although he has piled up about $300,000 in winnings to date—a top contender every year but one since 1948—and has been crowned Champion All-Around Cowboy three of those years, the only man to win this coveted crown three times, he has no place to rest his laurels except on the hurricane deck of a wild and man-hating beast. He lives with the oft-proved belief that no man can expect more than 10 good years in the rodeo game, and he must keep scrambling to stay in front of the eager, limber kids who hope to displace him, while his joints grow a little stiffer and old wounds protest the certainty of more punishment. Just turned 30, Jim Shoulders' chief worry is that he will soon be forced to retire.

Jim Shoulders knows the relentless push of those rawhided youngsters in the [*Continued on page* 78]

For better grip, Shoulders applies pumice to rope he'll use bareback-bronc riding. As he well knows, the ground is hard.



Shoulders gets ready to climb on board Brahma bull. He has to stay on only eight seconds, but less than 50 per cent of riders manage to do it.

At Garden last year, Shoulders got by-passed when his bronc was too edgy to mount. Shoulders had to ride bronc after crowd had left. Cowboy got revenge by staying up, winning bareback bronc event.

Outriders have just taken Shoulders from bronc after he stayed up for the limit, now escort him to sidelines. No one knows how oft-injured Jim can stay in rodeo game, but he does—and wins.

The Spotted Hunter Who Never Misses

Training eagles and otters to hunt was child's play for the author. Here's what happened when he used his system on a full-grown cheetah

by Daniel P. Mannix

Photos by the author

"Someday that animal is going to revert to the wild and tear you to pieces." If I had a dollar for every time I've been told this, I could almost pay the feed bill for Rani, my big hunting cheetah. Rani weighs a little under 100 pounds, stands as high as a great Dane, and can run down an antelope or slash open a coyote with one rake of his terrible dewclaws. Rani sleeps on the bed at night with my wife and myself and spends most of the day romping with our two kids. But we have to make sure that he stays on our farm. Rani likes chasing cars (he can run 72 mph) and he's very fond of dogs . . . he's discovered that they're good to eat.

We got Rani 10 years ago when he was a year old pup about the size of a large Airedale and fresh from the African veldt. Rani was one of a consignment of five young cheetahs imported by Warren Buck, the well-known wild animal dealer of Camden, New Jersey, for zoos and circuses. The other cheetahs were crouching sullenly in a corner of their shipping cages, but Rani was bouncing about like a rubber ball, trying to hook passers-by through the feeding slot under the bars or ricocheting off the sides and roof in his efforts to escape.

My wife, Jule, instantly said, "He's the one for us." She was right. Rani wasn't vicious . . . just full of pep and vinegar. He'd be much easier to tame than one of the sulky cats squatting in the shadows.

Jule and I had been working with predatory animals for many years . . . taming them and making a record of their habits. It is almost impossible to study the hunting techniques of a wild hawk, fox or weasel, for the animals are too shy, but a tame predator hunts in the same manner as his wild relations and his methods can be watched. We had trained eagles to hunt giant lizards in Mexico, otters to retrieve fish, hawks to catch mallards and foxes to run down rabbits. Training a wild cheetah would be the biggest job we'd ever tackled but the cheetah is the fastest of all mammals and I wanted to see what one could do in the hunting field.

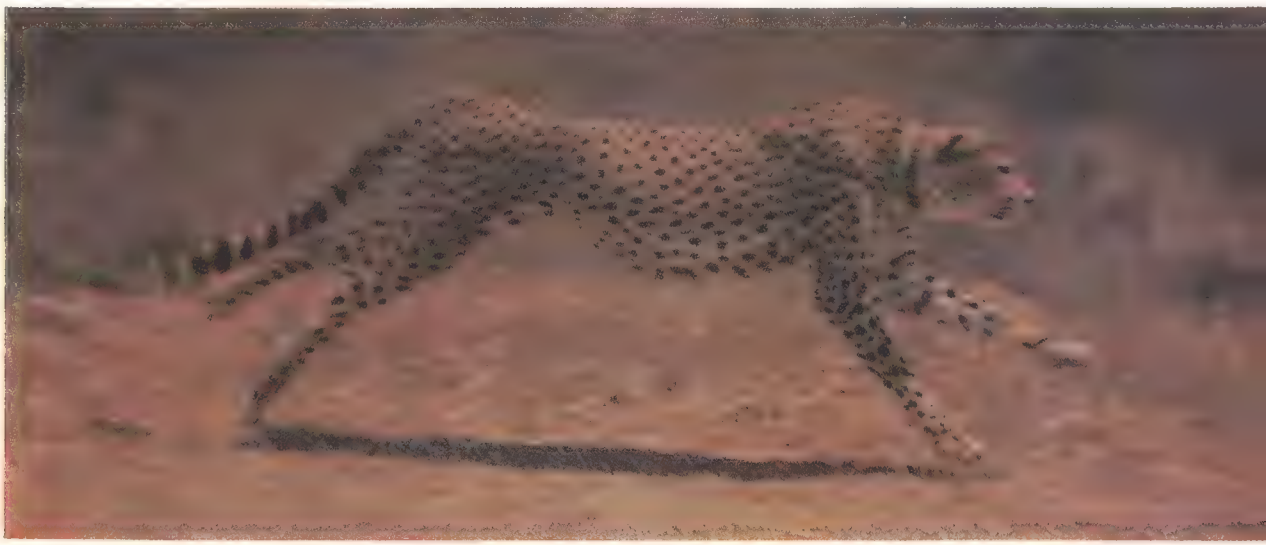
Rani cost us $900. We thought the animal was a female because he was only a pup and the testicles hadn't dropped yet. Later, when we could handle him, we discovered our mistake but the name Rani (the East Indian word for "queen") stuck.

Cheetahs come from Africa and for thousands of years Indian rajahs have imported the fleet cats to hunt black buck, a small antelope that can speed along at 60 mph and could be caught by no other means. Cheetahs are an evolutionary stage between dogs and cats for, although they belong technically to the cat family, they have the long legs and lean bodies of a greyhound and their claws are blunt and non-retractable. However, on the inside of each foreleg, cheetahs have a dewclaw . . . a powerful, needle-sharp, half-moon shaped claw which can be projected at will. These claws usually remain hidden and I didn't even know that they existed . . . until I learned the hard way.

We carried Rani's shipping cage to a large room in our home and I put on a pair of heavy boots, got a chair and proceeded to make like a lion tamer. As soon as the door of the cage was

Author Mannix leash-walks his trained cheetah, Rani, to a likely coyote territory. This animal weighs about 100 pounds, stands as high as a great Dane.

Tabby-like expression is deceptive. Cheetah is fierce fighter. Though feet are clawless, his dewclaws can disembowel an enemy.



The relentless Rani puts on the steam after coyote. Running gait of cheetah is a series of rabbit-like bounds.

Bounding in at over 70 mph., Rani lands on coyote with all four feet. Dewclaws and powerful jaws will make final kill.

Turning at bay, doomed coyote takes a left to the head. However, battle to the death is far from over.

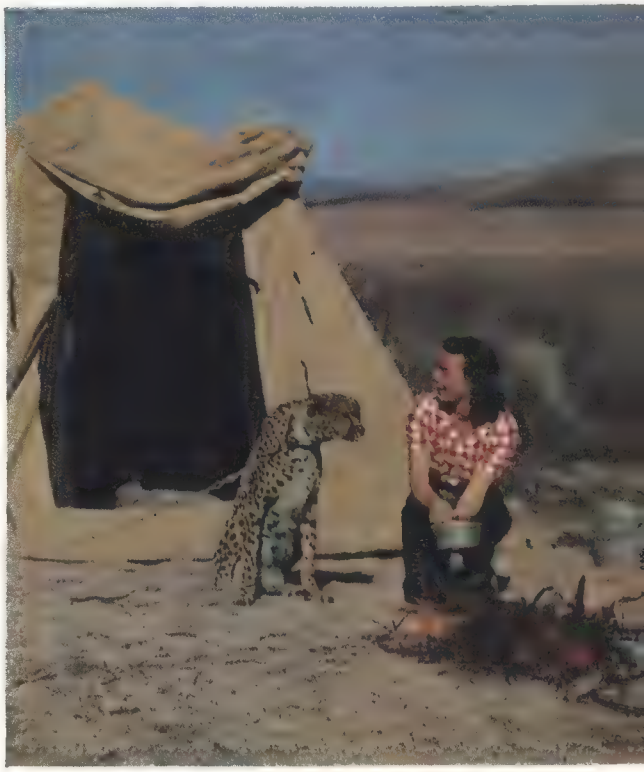
While coyote is a tough battler when cornered, this one has little chance against Rani's speed.

Author likes to sight game from car, let Rani start 70-mph chase by bounding from window.

open, Rani came flying out. I was watching his teeth . . . I knew that his dog-like feet couldn't hurt me. Suddenly the cheetah reared up and struck two quick blows. The blows were delivered so rapidly that I could scarcely see the long forelegs move and they seemed as gentle as the pats of a domestic cat but two gashes suddenly appeared across the front of my leather jacket. I stood staring at the slashes and saying to myself, "It isn't so . . . a cheetah hasn't sharp claws." Then Rani struck again, ripping open my sleeve, and I saw the dewclaws leap out of the soft fur. I went backwards through the door and gave the cat a couple of hours to quiet down before trying again.

Rani wasn't vicious. He'd struck at me partly in play and partly because he wasn't sure what sort of a critter I was. By the end of the week, I was able to get a collar and chain on him and take him for walks. We built a large pen for him with a 10 foot wall of bull wire. (Rani could jump a six foot wall but he couldn't climb any more than a dog can.) Here we started his training.

Our first job was to teach Rani to come when called. I blew a whistle when feeding him and after a few days whenever Rani heard the whistle he'd come running. Then I taught him to retrieve. Like [*Continued on page* 95]



Like a big, spotted dog, Rani domestically squats on his haunches with author's wife at camp site.

Joy Unbounded

● CAVALIER's Ladies are joyous livers every one. You name it and even if they don't know how to do it, they'll learn to keep up. Such a girl is Joy Harmon, an 18-year-old pepper pot who drives a sports car (MG), trains boxer show dogs, plays golf, badminton, ice skates, swims and still has plenty of energy left for a night on the town. Joy also finds time to make movies—she's now being seen in "Crazy Rock," with Julius LaRosa. She measures in at 41½"-22"-34". No matter what you like, if it's fun, this joyful girl will like it, too.

Photos by Curt Gunther

A Funny One for the Road

The great director whom we'll call C. B., was on location in Africa doing a picture which was to be an epic. On one side of the desert the spearmen were all ready; on the other side were the charioteers ready for action. C. B. called in his three ace cameramen. To the first man he said, "Pete, I want you to take the close ups; no one can take the close ups the way you can."

Then he turned to the second man. "Charlie, I want you to take the middle shots; no one can take those middle shots like you."

To the third man he said, "Max, I want you to get at the top of the mountain and take the panoramic scene; no one can get that like you."

After checking, C. B. blew his whistle. The charioteers came charging across the desert from one side, and the spearmen from the other. Crash—and a three-hour battle ensued.

Finally, at the end, C. B. called in the cameramen to report. Pete said, "C. B., I don't know how to tell you this, but one of the spears came right through the camera and ruined all the film."

C. B. took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow and looked to Charlie for his report. Charlie said, "C. B. I hate to tell you this, but the new boy working the camera put the film in backwards. I don't have a thing."

At this point, C. B. was panic-stricken. Picking up his megaphone, he turned to the mountain top and yelled, "How about you, Max?"

Back came the answer, loud and clear. "Ready any time you are, C. B.!"

★ ★ ★

The strip-tease dancer had been filling out passport questionnaires all afternoon and was getting slightly annoyed. Now as she started on the last one she saw that it was much like the others. But she played along until she came to the line marked FIRM? With a flourish, she wrote, "Definitely!"

After a long hard fight the delinquent's parents had got him to a psychiatrist. Now the head doctor was testing him. First he drew a picture of two circles. "What does that make you think of?" he asked the patient.

"Two people making love" was the answer.

The doctor drew a triangle and asked the same question again.

"Three people making love," was the answer.

Now the doctor drew a square and asked the question a third time.

"Four people making love."

The psychiatrist put the pencil down, shook his head and said, "You really are obsessed with sex, my boy."

The delinquent reared back. "I'm obsessed with sex! Look who's talking—the guy who sits there drawing dirty pictures!"

★ ★ ★

This conversation was heard between a husband and wife who were not getting along too well:

"Let's have some real fun tonight," said the wife.

"Okay," replied the husband. "Leave the hall light on if you get home before I do."

★ ★ ★

Like clothes, crooning and cars, jokes also have crazes—the latest of which is the backward joke. In a backward joke you have a famous quote, slogan or cliche turned around as your punch line. For example:

Once there was a cannibal chief who loved to raid neighboring tribes and steal the chief's throne, which he would then put in the second floor of his hut. After doing this for years and years he had quite a collection. One day the weight of all the thrones wore the floor away and the thrones came down on the king's head and killed him.

Morale: People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

★ ★ ★

A San Francisco importer named Chan was being victimized by a series of thefts from his store room. One night he stood guard himself. Hearing a noise late in the night he dashed into the store room and snapped on the lights. A strange sight greeted him. There was a bear—a very unusual bear—whose feet were shaped like a boy's. In his mouth he was carrying a piece of teakwood and he was starting out the window. Cried the importer, "Where are you going, boy-foot bear with teak of Chan?"

★ ★ ★

A Marine officer arrived in full-dress uniform in Paris. With polished boots and swagger stick he stopped at a sidewalk cafe and ordered a brandy. In a few minutes, his eye was caught by a beautiful French girl at an adjoining table and before long she had joined him for one, then another, then another. In time, they went to dinner, the theatre, a ride through the Bois and then back to the young girl's apartment. The next morning, the young officer dressed, placed the swagger stick under his arm, murmured "adieu" and was halfway out in the hall, when the young girl stopped him with "Monsieur . . . the money . . ." The Marine drew himself up to his full height and said, "Mam'selle, a Marine never accepts money."

★ ★ ★

From the beginning of the game, the coach of the losing team had been coaching from the sidelines—with little effect. The more he interfered, the worse his team played. Still he kept at it. Finally one of the game's officials became fed up and immediately penalized his team five yards for coaching from the sidelines.

"Why, you bum!" roared the exasperated coach. "You're so dumb you don't even know that coaching from the sidelines rates a 15-yard penalty."

The referee smiled brightly at the coach and said, "For the kind of coaching you give, the penalty is just five yards."

★ ★ ★

Then there was the buyer who met a panhandler who said he wanted no money, just wanted to discuss a big business deal. It involved millions. The buyer nodded in agreement.

"You seem interested," said the bum. "Why don't we discuss this over a drink?"

★ ★ ★

Combination rich Texan-Martian joke No. 1: The two men from Mars land at the side of a Texas road just as the rich Texan drives up in his air-conditioned Cadillac. He opens a window and hollers out at them: "What are you fellows doing here? Did my foreman send you down?"

Gaston B. Means (middle) after his arrest in 1932 for involvment in one of the dirtiest swindles of a long, dirty career.

Rogues and Murderers

Greatest Rascal of Them All

Gaston B. Means was the name, anything crooked was his game—be it blackmailing the president of the U. S., getting away with murder or fleecing the owner of the Hope Diamond

by Allen West

When, of a night, detectives sit around with a pipe and a bottle, talking shop, and the conversation turns to the question of who was the greatest all-around malefactor in criminal history, the answer is always the same: Gaston Bullock Means. There is never any argument. For 17 years —from 1915 to 1932—Gaston Means, a chubby big man with baggy clothes and a moon face suffused with spurious innocence, was a confidence man, a murderer who twice got away with it, a big-time blackmailer and a three-alarm crook who, as an early-day G-man, had the run of the White House. Gaston's most prominent blackmail victim was no less a personage than a president of the United States. Although Means got tripped up a couple of times and found himself serving in durance vile, he charged his convictions off to profit and loss. It was a year of the locusts when Gaston didn't clean up, and get rid of, a hundred grand.

What manner of man was this blown-in-the-bottle scoundrel? What were the hidden springs that motivated him as he plied his dark and evil trade? We can, in some measure, answer the first question but the second query has, these many years now, stumped the double domes who have delved into the Means saga.

Most top-drawer criminals come from the lower rungs of the social ladder; Means came from the top. The Means family had long been one of wealth, prominence and accomplishment in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, where Gaston first opened his eyes, in 1880, on the world that was to be his oyster. His grandfather had been the Governor of the State, and his father, Colonel W. G. Means, was a lawyer of state-wide prominence and the mayor of Concord.

After graduating from the University of North Carolina at the head of his class, Gaston became associated with his father in the practice of civil law. But by this time, he had developed a taste for gambling and for first-rate wines and second-rate women. Civil law bored him.

Quitting the law, Means took up, of all things, school teaching. In a few years he became, largely through the influence of his father, superintendent of schools in Albermarle, with 32 teachers under him. But teaching wasn't for Gaston, either. So he became a cotton broker, with offices in Concord and Washington.

Through his family connections, Gaston caught on socially in Washington and it was a dull afternoon indeed when he wasn't standing in a corner of a capital drawing room, a bourbon in hand, his crafty eyes absorbing the scene, the while making small talk with a lady who was open for a proposition.

It was at one of these soirees in the year 1910, when Means was 30 years old, that he met William J. Burns —perhaps the greatest detective this country has ever produced—who, after notable service as a Secret Service agent, had just formed his own agency. Burns, a cocky little man with a sandy moustache, hell-bent on making his first million, sized Means up as a fellow with all the sharpness, cunning and unscrupulousness that would make a superior gumshoe, and offered him a job. Gaston grabbed it.

For five years, Gaston Bullock Means, loving the intrigue of his work, was indispensable to William J. Burns. Gaston's specialty was waddling around the country with that innocent moon face of his, listening at walls, peeping through keyholes and over transoms, and locating blots on family escutcheons. "Next to myself," Burns once told a newspaper reporter, "Gaston Means is the best damned detective in the country."

One day in 1915 Means went to Burns and said he was resigning to handle the affairs of Maude Robinson King, a 38-year-old screwball with flaming red hair, a beautiful face, a luscious torso and a vacant upper story, the darling of the Sunday supplement editors. A former [*Continued on page* 70]

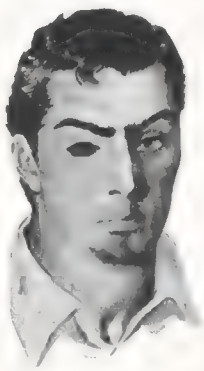
Evalyn W. McLean, Hope Diamond owner, gave Means $100,000.

Jesse W. Smith was named suicide. Many said Means killed him.

President Warren G. Harding was Means' victim because of his wife.

Handsome and the Body Beautiful

In New England, our roving ex-GI finds two manless females who offer him the oddest job—and craziest challenge—of his career



By Ted Pratt

Illustrated by Robert Patterson

Handsome had always wanted to see New England. He had heard a great deal about its traditions and its people, and the loveliness of the countryside. Now, viewing it from the seat of a truck that had picked him up, he admired the soft rolling hills of New Hampshire, beautiful with glowing gold, vivid red, and flush pink in the crisp October weather.

When the truck came to a small town whose sign announced "West William," Handsome examined it carefully as they drove through. Giant elms dropped their yellow leaves to carpet thickly both sides of a long village green that was the main street. Behind them rose a facade of trim, prim white wooden houses, exquisite with their fantail doorways and intricate scrollwork around the eaves. Over the doorway of one were the numerals, 1786, which was not the number of the house but the year in which it was built.

Handsome asked the truck driver to let him off at the end of the green, thanking the man as he got down and the truck drove off. He walked back into the town, seeing the square brick schoolhouse with the granite memorial shaft in front of it listing the men from West William who had gone to the wars, including four to the Revolutionary War. He passed the white Grange Hall, the

Ruth laughed gaily, "Before long, Handsome will feel like he's massaging a woman instead of a tub of lard."

Handsome and the Body Beautiful

Continued from preceding page

church with its magnificent steeple, the low two-story inn, the red brick building of the historical society, and then he came to the general store. Next to it was a tiny one-room clapboard post office before which a group of people, mostly old, waited while the postmistress could be seen inside putting up the late afternoon mail.

Handsome decided that he wanted to stay in West William for a time to savor it and its people. But he did not have enough money to get a room at the only place to stay, the inn. He would have to find work of some kind.

To investigate this he joined the group of people waiting in front of the post office. Several people glanced at him, but no one gave him any greeting. He was a stranger, and New Englanders do not take strangers to their bosoms on sight. One man, obviously the town policeman, for he was clad in a seedy blue uniform with a scarred badge on his tunic, looked at him with some suspicion. But even he did not speak.

Finally Handsome addressed the man, asking, "Can you tell me if I could find a job or get some kind of work here?"

The policeman looked him up and down without much change of expression on his craggy face. Instead of answering Handsome's question he asked, "Where you from?"

"Florida.'

"What's your name?"

"They call me 'Handsome.' "

The policeman and other people now listening stared at that. The policeman appeared to be so startled by it that he did not ask for the rest of Handsome's name. He gave a cackle. "Ain't been work in West William for a fellow like you for many a year."

The other people laughed at this.

Handsome was not offended. Temperately, he inquired, "Why is that?"

"Why's that?" the policeman repeated. "The why of it is because there just ain't anything here. Textile mill moved out long ago. Anybody with any ambition, meaning most young folks, don't stay. But most with any sense stay and like it on account of it's peaceful."

"I think I'd like it very much, too," said Handsome.

The listening people seemed to appreciate his sentiment. A doddering old man quavered, "Might ask at Tim Gent's filling station over on the Peterborough Road; he was looking for somebody to pump gas."

Another oldster stated succinctly, "Found somebody. Yesterday."

An old lady in a faded gray bonnet and matching silk gloves turned to the policeman and offered, "Mr. Kendall, what about Mrs. Warren?"

"You mean because Old George died on her last week?"

"She's been alone since, without help, except for your wife doing her day inside work." She pointed to Handsome. "What about him being her new handyman?"

Mr. Kendall objected. "We don't know a thing about him. He might murder her in her sleep."

The old lady turned to Handsome, "Young man, did you ever murder anyone in his sleep?"

Handsome assured her, "Not even anybody awake." He smiled at her and at the rest of the people. His smile, in his good-looking face, showed his even white teeth. It was winning.

"I don't know about that," Mr. Kendall temporized darkly.

A man said, "It wouldn't do any harm to take him to see her. She can find out more about him if she wants him."

Mr. Kendall regarded Handsome without enthusiasm. Just then the window in the post office flew up with a bang. People began to crowd in. Mr. Kendall ordered, "You wait here."

Handsome waited while everyone obtained his mail. Then the policeman joined him, saying, "You come with me."

They walked down the street. On the way Mr. Kendall wanted to know more about Handsome, who told him that after being in the Army in Korea he was too restless to settle down at home or in any other single place; he was travelling about the country to see it and the people in it.

"Hanmph," observed Mr. Kendall. Without further discussion he turned down an attractive lane which led off the end of the main street of West William. They went along this for about a hundred yards and then came to a long white fence with a gate whose walk, inside, led up to a very large white frame two-story house. It was nearly a mansion and it could be seen to have extensive grounds at both sides and broad fields in the rear.

At the beautiful Colonial door Mr. Kendall pulled the bell, which sounded inside. In a moment a gray-haired, severe-looking woman opened the door and asked, "What you doing here, Henry?"

"This is my wife," explained Mr. Kendall, "who does for Mrs. Warren."

"Who's he?" Mrs. Kendall asked.

"He's Handsome."

"Is he?" Mrs. Kendall inquired skeptically.

"Is she home?"

"In the sitting-room with her friend. Drinking like a fish and eating like a pig, which is usual."

"We'll go in," said Mr. Kendall.

He led Handsome into the central hall of the house and then through a wide doorway into what could only be described as a luxuriously old-fashioned room. Immense gold-framed oil paintings hung on the high walls and there were busts on marble columns. The furniture looked comfortable and expensive.

Handsome had expected Mrs. Warren to be an elderly, stately woman. Instead, spread upon a broad couch, which she nearly filled, was an extremely fat blonde whose beautiful face, lost in a number of pendulous chins, was so young-looking that she seemed little more than a girl.

She weighed well over 200 pounds and she could not be much older than 20. Yet she was gross, with overlapping flesh, immense hips, body blown out like a balloon, plump arms, swelled legs. She gave the impression of being the daughter of a fat woman in the circus, very successfully following in her mother's footsteps. Her pretty mouth worked steadily at a drink she held in one small shapely hand. With her other hand she dipped, alternately and generously, first into a large bowl of potato chips and then into a box of chocolates.

She had blue eyes that turned with interest to Handsome. She was so fat that the sight was fascinating, and he could hardly keep his own dark eyes off her.

On a chair opposite her sat a brunette who had kept her form, an extremely attractive one with firm, thrusting breasts and shapely long legs. She had snapping black eyes that rested with even more interest on Handsome. He had the impression that he had seen her some place before, but could not place her.

The two women greeted Mr. Kendall, who introduced them to Handsome by saying of the fat woman, "This is Mrs. Mary Warren," and of the brunette, "This is Miss

Ruth Jerrold." Indicating his companion he announced, "Calls himself 'Handsome.' "

Mary Warren said, "Well, I don't see why he shouldn't."

Handsome glanced at her, at all of her. If there was one thing to which he was sensitive, from long and greatly varied experience, it was the interest of a woman in him as a man. Because of his looks he drew many. Rarely did he ever seek them, but they sought him frequently.

In the blue eyes of the extremely fat woman before him he saw only a candid recognition of his looks, nothing more.

In the eyes of the other woman, however, there was something else. In her there was a decided reaction. And Handsome found he was sharply attracted by her. Not that he meant to give way to it; he didn't, but he could not deny that she appealed to him. She had the kind of sure, quiet, warm glamor he most admired.

He remembered where he had seen her. He said, "Excuse me, but aren't you an actress?"

She didn't answer, but Mary Warren did. "You've probably seen Ruth on television. She's in Broadway plays, too. She has the lead in a big new one coming up; before opening in it she's vacationing with me."

Ruth told her friend, "Thanks for the plug, Mary." She turned to Handsome. "I'll have to give Handsome one for you. Mrs. Warren used to be in the theatre, too, in musical comedies; she sang and danced."

Handsome tried to visualize that and found it difficult as he turned to look at her. She lifted potato chips to her mouth. She moved on the couch, and she shook all over, like great blobs of jelly. It could be seen that her breasts had not yet lost their shape, for they were small and well formed, but it could also be seen that they were fast being surrounded by flesh which protruded almost as extraneous breasts, giving her the appearance of having more than two. She inquired in a friendly tone, "What can we do for you, Handsome?"

Mr. Kendall answered. "He's looking for work. Some others in town had the idea you better see him, on account of your losing Old George and needing another man. But I don't recommend him. Not with your husband gone and. . ." He stopped, lamely.

Mary Warren took a sip of her drink. "You can say it, Mr. Kendall. Not with my husband having left me, and my being here alone with Ruth."

Laconically, Mr. Kendall answered, "For you to decide."

Mary Warren looked at Handsome with her bright blue eyes. She asked him questions about himself and he answered. Her friend Ruth, her eyes twinkling, asked a few and he answered hers, too. Finally Mary inquired, "You wouldn't mind being a handyman? The pay isn't much—thirty-five dollars a week and your keep. You'd sleep in an apartment in the barn."

"It all sounds good," said Handsome.

"Then you're hired," she told him.

Mr. Kendall objected, "Wait a minute—"

All of Mary Warren jiggled as she assured him, "It's all right, Mr. Kendall."

"I don't take any responsibility for this," he grumbled. "None at all."

"We'll be able to protect ourselves from him," Ruth said, and added mischievously, watching its effect on the policeman, "if we want to."

Mr. Kendall shook his head, scolding, "Ain't no way to talk or do. But I'll keep an eye on the place. And my wife will bring me word when she comes home nights."

After being thanked for having brought Handsome, he left. Mary struggled to her feet. On them she looked fatter than ever. At Handsome's involuntary stare she said a little defiantly, "I weigh two hundred and twenty and I'm still gaining." She crunched potato chips.

Handsome apologized, "I didn't mean to—"

She waved her drink in the air, said, "I don't mind," finished it, and put it down on a table. "I'll show you the barn."

Ruth got up and drained her glass, too. "I'll go along."

Mary waddled out to the hall. Her bulk swayed as she walked. Back parts joggled massively. If she hadn't been so young it would not have been such a shame to let herself go like that. Handsome wondered what could have made her do it.

They came to a large barn. It was now used as a garage, with two cars standing inside the wide doorway, a heavy convertible and a jeep. Of the latter Mary said, "My husband used that to get around the fields. I can't get in it any longer; I overflow."

Handsome tried to picture her in the jeep. She seemed almost as large as it was.

The two women showed him a small apartment in one side of the barn. It was plain, but adequate, and Handsome said it was fine. His duties would consist of keeping the shrubbery and grass trimmed, raking the fall leaves, acting as chauffeur, doing any odd jobs and errands required, and chopping wood for the fireplaces.

His employer stood stock still for an instant, her flesh no longer jiggling. "I think we need some wood in the living room now, Handsome."

"Coming right up."

They returned to the house and Handsome went to the woodpile he had seen at the side of the barn. He hefted the axe there, and then began to use it, beginning to make a steady clunking sound as the [*Continued on page* 59]

Handsome was awakened by the roar of a motor. He rushed to the window. Somehow, Mary had escaped from her locked room.

Mad Millionaire from the Money Mountains

Every one of Leadville's millionaires would have bet his gold spittoon there was no end to Horace Tabor's fortune. Then the beautiful Baby Doe came down from the hills

by Lucius Beebe
Illustrated by William George

Once he had laid eyes on Baby Doe, it was well worth $1,000 to Tabor to wangle an introduction to the winsome beauty.

Leadville, Colorado, in the year 1880 had to be experienced to be believed. Located at an altitude of greater than 10,000 feet in the upper Valley of the Arkansas, Leadville was a synthesis of wealth, murder, violence, sudden riches, abject poverty, social splendor, incredible taste, great names and lasting legend. In the lobby of its Clarendon Hotel millionaires clustered as today they gather in the Shamrock at Houston or the Plaza in New York. Each day saw the recovery of new and more amazing values in silver and gold—the only metals that counted at the time, from its deep mines: the Matchless, Little Pittsburgh, Little Emma, Maid of Erin and Crysolite. Two narrow-gauge railroads connecting with the capital city of Denver, the Continental Divide and two mountain ranges away, had spent literally millions in the race to be the first to tap the riches of the new Golconda and had arrived within weeks of each other to find traffic enough

For 21 years a feature writer and columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune*, Lucius Beebe is currently publisher of the *Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City, Nev.), largest weekly west of the Mississippi. He and his business partner Charles Clegg live in the grand old manner in Virginia City in a baronial, mountain-top mansion in the company of Rolls-Royce cars and their giant St. Bernard dog, "Mr. T-Bone Towser." In addition to western history, Beebe and Clegg are experts on American railroading and are the authors of several books.

Virginia City's Beebe

Mad Millionaire from the Money Mountains

Continued from preceding page

for both. Leadville was the focal point for the professional competition of every gambler, swindler, green goods artist, monte thrower, confidence man, gunman, madame, prostitute and syndicated dealer in girls in the entire West, which by that time had raised a bumper crop of these citizens. They came trailing clouds of glory and rewards on their person from all the great bonanzas that had convulsed the Old West since 1849 from the Mother Lode, from Virginia City on the Comstock, from the Coeur d'Alene, Alder Gulch, the Reese River, Bodie, Last Chance Gulch and from the earlier Colorado bonanzas, the Gregory Diggings, Cherry Creek and Georgetown. They were also recruited from the tough cattle towns of Kansas now declining into municipal rectitude: Abilene, Dodge City, Hays and Manhattan.

If the hallmark of the gold rush camp of the Old West was contrast, in Leadville it was sublimated to a degree almost unbelievable in its time and place. Champagne in double magnums flowed in Niagaras to sluice the Carbonate Kings in such ornate resorts as the Vendome and Saddle Rock while drifters froze to death in the gutters of Chestnut Street. Wives of mine superintendents sent to Worth in Paris for their evening gowns while brothel inmates committed suicide with a dime's worth of opium available openly at any drugstore.

Undisputed king of all this Hallowe'en night at the Madhouse was a stocky, grubby, only partly literate stonecutter from Vermont with food stains down his coatfront who untidily, and it may be remarked improbably, secured in his stiff shirt front a 40 carat diamond that had belonged to Isabella, Queen of Spain. His name was Horace A. W. Tabor and he was destined before time caught up with him to be one of the richest men in America, to trick a President of the United States into giving him the freedom of the White House and to become the central figure in the Rocky Mountain region's most durable legend of folklore.

Tabor was something more than just the founding father of Leadville. Actually his first wealth was that of the grubstaker who had staked successful prospectors, but shortly thereafter he was an archmillionaire, a figure of national celebrity of a sort, first mayor of Leadville, first chief of the fire department, General of the Tabor Light Cavalry, President of the Bank of Leadville and the Leadville Investment Association, first citizen, patron of the arts and Lieutenant Governor of Colorado.

Later in life, painted in rich oils by expensive portrait artists in broadcloth frock coat, velvet collared Chesterfield, fine jeweled cuff studs with a well brushed tile hat on an adjacent table, Horace Tabor looked like any wealthy and successful financier of his Victorian generation. His opulent mustaches trailed fashionably over a wide face and a well proportioned forehead was fringed with meticulously kept hair. Tabor was wealth and substance itself as attested by worldly honors and heavy Albert watch chain looped across his black waistcoat.

But such had not always been the case. Although he had made a good living for a time around the mill towns of New England, by 1854 Tabor, married to a tall tower of Yankee respectability in pince nez glasses who had been Augusta Pierce, had drifted west to farm among the Free Staters in Kansas. When in 1859 the first rumors of gold were brought eastward from the Pike's Peak country, Tabor packed up Augusta and their only child, a boy named Maxcy, and set his face toward the Shining Mountains of every man's desire.

A one-time storekeeper, Horace Tabor made a fortune out of one of the stupidest strokes of luck ever seen.

There followed years when disillusionment piled on disillusionment for H. A. W. Tabor. In California Gulch in 1860 he washed a few dollars worth of colors from the reluctant soil but the vein pinched out and he was penniless again. At Buckskin Joe, a booming but now forgotten Colorado diggings, Augusta took in boarders and by the time of the first silver discoveries Tabor was reduced to keeping a small general store and serving as postmaster at Oro City. Never a deadbeat himself and a man who always tried to pay his debts, he was beaten by circumstance. Luck had run out on him. The house numbers came up every time; the good cards went to other men.

Oro City didn't suggest the golden metropolis of its name but Tabor had a reputation for being a good if not a lucky man. His trade in whiskey, rubber boots, blasting gelatin, pickhandles, coarse milled flour and tinned oysters boomed. Then, placer mining in his spare time, as did every man of his aquaintance, he washed out $15,000 in placer gold from the handy streams. Augusta, a domestic soul, was happy with the brisk trade at the little store and pleased when her husband was named postmaster. Then as now, the American postmaster was a symbol of probity and honor. Augusta approved these things and cherished an intense distrust of the gold finds which were

being uncovered miscellaneously on every hand. She didn't believe him to be lucky and she knew for certain that any substantial elevation of fortune would be fatal to his character. She was wrong in the first and couldn't have been more right in the second.

It was January 1878 when two old time prospectors came to Tabor's store to beg a grubstake. Both were poor German shoemakers and their names were George Hook and August Rische. Their only asset was a faithful dog and, compared to their abject poverty, storekeeper Tabor was a magnate rolling in this world's goods. Tabor knew deadbeats and he knew men down on their luck. Hook and Rische were both, and yet, and yet—

Tabor was immersed in a game of poker when he gave in to their importunities. Anything to get them out of his hair. "Go on take what you need, blankets, sourdough, tinned beef, spare pickhandles—only get out." Rische and Hook did as they were bidden but added an item of luxury: a full gallon cask of best Kentucky whiskey. Tabor wouldn't miss it.

A few miles from town, the two decided it was time to roll up their sleeves and dig. Thus embarked on good works, they continued digging the next day and had a fairly respectable prospect hole in the mountainside. Had they dug a few feet to the right, a few feet removed to the left, just over yonder or under that projecting ledge: no dice. As it was, on the second day they came on the top of the vein of what was destined to be the Little Pittsburgh.

Rische and Hook came streaming down the hill to Tabor's store. It is incredible but they had the ore in hand to prove it! Augusta was cool to them; she had seen too many holes turn into gopher holes but Tabor was wild with elation. Whatever the mine was worth, a third of it was his by grubstake right and in a short time it was producing $20,000 a week profit. Rische and Hook sold out and disappeared from the story. Tabor hung on and within a year sold out for $1,000,000 cash on the barrelhead to David Moffat, railroad builder from Denver. In addition to his selling price, Tabor retained certain voting stock privileges and another million came to him as Little Pittsburgh rose from $5 to $30 on the mining exchange.

Here, properly, began the saga of Horace Tabor.

Wild with success, he bought wildly and everything he touched turned to money. A shady character, known as Chicken Bill Lovell, interested him in another hole on the side of Fryer Hill. Unbeknownst to simple Horace, Chicken Bill had salted the shaft with silver ore stolen from the tailings of Tabor's own Little Pittsburgh, but Tabor was impressed and gave Bill a check for $40,000. All the camp was in on the deception and Tabor found himself victim of a cruel practical joke but to save face he continued to work the shaft and three days later his hard rock men uncovered the Crysolite which paid Tabor $2,500,000 in the next two years and eventually was incorporated for $10,000,000.

Now Tabor threw money at the birds like a drunken sailor with shore leave. He came by seven mines some of which were lemons, but the greater portion paid off and Tabor was at his wit's end to know what to do with his money.

On the strength of Tabor's fantastic good fortune, Leadville boomed. The tide of pimps, prostitutes, stock salesmen, whiskey drummers and hard-headed bankers was at flood. In far-off Denver two railroads which until now had lacked direction and incentive and were merely marking time along the Front Range, revised their charters and started grading for incredible Leadville.

Tabor had no need of that ornate panache of riches of the times, a private railroad car. As the biggest shipper of Leadville ores, at his command was the division superintendent's business car or the vice president's "varnish" any time he might want it and many a winter blizzard engulfed Tabor and his friends, Dave Moffat, crusty old Charlie Boettcher, John Morrisey and Tom Walsh, as they played poker through the high passes at midnight and the stacked double eagles toppled to the floor amidst the cigar butts as the little cars hit the stub switches.

But every other devising of opulence was commanded by Tabor with an open hand from which the minted currency fell in a golden rain upon the just and unjust alike. The first step toward living like a grandee was to remove Augusta and Maxcy from the modest six room frame cottage they had first occupied in Leadville next door to the Clarendon Hotel and install them in the same structure, moved at considerable expense uptown to Harrison Avenue. Tabor was mindful of the snob value of a better address but could not yet bear the thought of spending large sums of money for a mere dwelling. The taste of the Carbonate Kings was basic: they wanted the most show for their money and the sophistication of fine dwellings, gardens, trees and exquisite furnishings was still in the future. At the moment Tabor's concern was for vast quantities of champagne served to acquaintances who would have elected whiskey if asked.

Queen Isabella's diamond appeared in his shirtfront; other less celebrated stones sparkled on his fingers. He began spending the evenings, not occupied with poker at the Texas Club, but in a private box at the Grand Central Theater with an Indian-club act trouper named Alice Morgan and later drifting off unsteadily into the night on the strong supporting arm of athletic Alice.

Tabor understood vaguely that in order to pose as a true magnifico, a millionaire of his standing had to be in some way a patron of the arts [*Continued on page 53*]

Mrs. Harvey Doe was 22 when she set her cap for Tabor. But at 74, she made her strangest headline.

Rogues and Murderers

the riddle of the RAGGED STRANGER

Though the cops had closed the Wanderer case, MacArthur wasn't satisfied. Then a whistled tune and a book on sex helped show him why

By Archie McFedries

After he'd stretched the corpse out on the bar MacArthur announced, "I'll pay $25 to the first man to identify it."

Charlie MacArthur, who was one day to become famous as a partner of Ben Hecht in the writing of Broadway and Hollywood hits, awoke that morning in the month of June in the year of 1922, nursing a dreadful hangover and little realizing he was about to be linked with a chain of events that was to make criminal history. MacArthur, only 25 years old, was already a star general-assignment reporter on the Chicago *Evening Examiner*. A large raw-boned young man, he slipped into a bathrobe, padded to the door, picked up the morning paper and, while he made coffee, perused the front page.

There was, that June morning 36 years ago, one headline on the front page of the Chicago *News* that overshadowed all the others. A 25-year-old war hero named Carl Wanderer had, the night before, been on the way home from the movies with his wife when they were accosted in the vestibule of their home by a stick-up man. The war hero, who packed a gat, had elected to shoot it out with the hold-up man and when the shooting was over, the war hero's wife was dead. The hold-up man, pumped full of lead, his emptied gun found in his right hand, was not expected to live.

MacArthur studied the face of Wanderer, the hero, as it looked out at him from page one. Wanderer had long, moody features, vacant eyes and a balding, egg-shaped head. There was something about the total effect that caused Charlie, an astute judge of character, to vaguely dislike the fellow.

Reporting for work a little after noon, MacArthur heard the city editor calling to him. "Charlie," said the city editor, "that hold-up man who killed the Wanderer woman last night is still alive in the hospital. Chase out there and see if you can get to talk to him."

MacArthur's press card admitted him to the hold-up man's hospital room. He stood alongside the bed studying the criminal, who was unidentified. The criminal's eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily. Eyeing the man from head to foot, Charlie saw that he was small and

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder

THE RIDDLE OF THE RAGGED STRANGER

Continued from preceding page

slight of frame, and weighed about 120 pounds. The hands of the hold-up man were particularly small. He had not shaved in several days.

Poking around the room, Charlie came to the criminal's clothes. The hold-up man had been in tatters and rags. His socks had been full of holes and so had the soles of his shoes.

As Charlie stood there, looking alternately at the ragged attire and at the frail man on the bed, he was puzzled. Two guns had been found in that vestibule after the shooting was over—Wanderer's and the weapon of the hold-up man. Both were Colt automatics—heavy, expensive weapons. What puzzled MacArthur was the fact that a tattered bum would have been carrying an expensive rod. A man with practically no soles in his shoes would more than likely have hocked that expensive weapon for a cheaper one. Either that, or drunk up the proceeds.

Charlie was still pondering the puzzle when the man on the bed opened his eyes. MacArthur studied him for a few moments, then asked: "Who are you?" The dying one just rolled his eyes, shook his head, opened his mouth but no sound came out. Just then an interne walked into the room. "He's been trying to say something," the interne told MacArthur, "but he isn't able to talk."

MacArthur nodded, not taking his eyes off the face of the fellow. There was something about the fellow that aroused Charlie's sympathy. The ragged one kept looking at Charlie, in a pleading sort of way. "He seems to be trying to tell me something," Charlie said to the interne. The man on the bed, hearing Charlie's remarks, shook his head up and down.

"All right," said Charlie. "If you can't speak, raise your right hand and start spelling out what you want to say. Do you understand me? Spell it out."

The man nodded feebly. Slowly he raised his right hand and had just begun to describe the first letter of a word when his arm dropped to his side and his eyes fluttered and closed. The interne leaned over the man on the bed, applied a stethoscope, and looked up at Charlie. "He's gone," he said. "Dead."

MacArthur left the hospital and phoned his city editor. "I think I'd better chase out and have a talk with Wanderer," Charlie suggested. "There's just a chance there's more to this case than meets the eye."

"We got a man out there already," said the city editor. "Come on in and write your story about that hold-up man in the hospital."

Charlie wrote his story. He called the forlorn unidentified man in the hospital The Ragged Stranger—a tag that has stuck to the fellow to this day. The reporter who interviewed Wanderer had found nothing but a grief-stricken widower. Carl Wanderer was the city's hero—the man who had mortally wounded the hold-up man who had killed his wife.

It wasn't until the next morning, when MacArthur, with another hangover, read the *News* over his breakfast coffee that he found something else to increase his uneasiness about the diabolical business in the vestibule. Ben Hecht, his personal friend and professional enemy, a reporter on the *News,* had been assigned to go out and have a talk with Wanderer.

Hecht had burst in on the hero to find him pressing a pair of pants and whistling a popular song of the era, "It's A Long Way To Tipperary," less than 12 hours after the murder. Hecht had taken a jaundiced view of Wanderer—the only man in the city who did so.

Hecht's acid comments about the city's hero caused the American Legion to yelp for his scalp. *News'* subscribers began cancelling their subscriptions.

When Charlie had finished reading Ben's story, he started it all over again. Now, as he put the paper down, he felt, with that instinct that all the good old-time reporters had, that there was something damned fishy about that business in the vestibule. There was no single shred of evidence to support Charlie's suspicions—just an accumulation of small facts that somehow didn't add up. It didn't exactly make sense that The Ragged Stranger should have owned an expensive gun. There was that strange look in the eyes of the dying man—a look that Charlie construed as possibly reflecting betrayal. And now, in Hecht's story, there was the incongruous picture of a bereaved widower whistling a popular song hours after the murder of his wife. No, to Charlie MacArthur, it didn't quite make sense.

That afternoon, Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht ran into one another in their favorite speakeasy. "How's everything?" MacArthur asked Hecht.

"Fine, Charlie. How's everything with you?"

"Fine," answered Charlie.

"Say," said Ben, "about that business in the vestibule out on North Campbell Avenue—what do you make of it?"

"Nothing," lied MacArthur. "Wanderer just shot that hold-up man after the hold-up man shot his wife. Why, what do you make of it?"

"Nothing," lied Hecht. "Nothing at all. It happened just the way you say it happened."

"But I see by that piece of yours," said MacArthur, "that you're not too impressed by Wanderer. You suspicious of him or something?"

"Suspicious?" repeated Ben, making a production of the word. "Why, of course not."

Charlie and Ben, the pair who were to make Broadway and Hollywood history, just stood there, looking at their reflections in the mirror over the bar, swapping lies, doing their best to double-cross one another. The trouble was, Hecht, with that sardonic story about his interview with Wanderer, had tipped his hand. Charlie, on the other hand, was playing his cards close to the vest.

MacArthur went to the funeral of Ruth Wanderer. Standing at the graveside while the coffin was lowered, he kept an eye on Wanderer. "I want to go with my honey!" the hero was wailing dramatically. He even made a move to jump into the open grave. But to Charlie, he seemed to offer little resistance when a couple of friends restrained him.

When MacArthur went back to his paper, he asked his city editor to be given free rein to dig into Carl Wanderer.

"Whatever you say, Charlie," said the city editor. "But exactly what do you have in mind?"

"I don't know yet," said Charlie. "But I have a hunch I might come up with one hell of a story."

Charlie poked around Wanderer's neighborhood and, piece by piece, filled himself in on Wanderer's past. Before the outbreak of World War One, Wanderer had worked in his father's butcher shop a few blocks from his home. Even before the war he had been engaged to marry Ruth Warren, a girl with chestnut hair who had gone around the neighborhood telling everybody that when she and Carl were married they were going to have a houseful of babies.

Wanderer had gone off to war and had, according to the people in the neighborhood, distinguished himself for bravery. He had, in fact, come [*Continued on page* 65]

The nightmare of Arctic explorers happened when Shackleton's ship, *Endurance,* became trapped solid in the ice.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, sailor, explorer and hero.

My Impossible Escape at the South Pole

When he faced it, Shackleton saw he had no choice. Either six of them would try to get an open boat across 750 miles of stormy, arctic seas—or all 28 of them would die horribly

By Sir Ernest Shackleton

Please turn page

As the ice slowly crushed the trapped ship, the marooned men carried off everything they would need in the days ahead.

My Impossible Escape at the South Pole

Continued from preceding page

Sir Ernest Shackleton, a merchant marine officer turned polar explorer, made his first expedition to the Antarctic in 1901. On his first expedition of his own, he hiked within 100 miles of the South Pole. His second expedition was a scientifically important one during which he reached the South Magnetic Pole. His next voyage was a disaster. The expedition's ship, the Endurance, *was trapped and crushed in ice. Faced with slow death, Shackleton was forced to leave 22 men behind and set out in a 23-foot open boat with five companions and try to reach civilization 750 miles away. Here is personal account of one of the arctic's greatest ordeals excerpted from his book,* SOUTH!, *William Heinemann, Ltd., 1919.*

A boat journey in search of relief was necessary and must not be delayed. That conclusion was forced upon me. The nearest port where assistance could certainly be secured was Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, 540 miles away, but we could scarcely hope to beat up against the prevailing northwesterly wind in a frail and weakened boat with a small sail area. South Georgia was over 800 miles away, but lay in the area of the west winds, and I could count upon finding whalers at any of the whaling-stations on the east coast. A boat party might make the voyage and be back with relief within a month, provided that the sea was clear of ice and the boat survived the great seas. It was not difficult to decide that South Georgia must be the objective, and I proceeded to plan ways and means. The hazards of a boat journey across 800 miles of stormy sub-Antarctic ocean were obvious, but I calculated that at worst the venture would add nothing to the risks of the men left on the island. There would be fewer mouths to feed during the winter and the boat would not require to take more than one month's provisions for six men, for if we did not make South Georgia in that time we were sure to go under. A consideration that had weight with me was that there was no chance at all of any search being made for us on Elephant Island.

The case required to be argued in some detail,

since all hands knew that the perils of the proposed journey were extreme. The risk was justified solely by our urgent need of assistance. The ocean south of Cape Horn in the middle of May is known to be the most tempestuous storm-swept area of water in the world. The weather then is unsettled, the skies are dull and overcast, and the gales are almost unceasing. We had to face these conditions in a small and weather-beaten boat, already strained by the work of the months that had passed. Worsley and Wild realized that the attempt must be made, and they both asked to be allowed to accompany me on the voyage. I told Wild at once that he would have to stay behind. I relied upon him to hold the party together while I was away and to make the best of his way to Deception Island with the men in the spring in the event of our failure to bring help. Worsley I would take with me, for I had a very high opinion of his accuracy and quickness as a navigator, and especially in the snapping and working out of positions in difficult circumstances—an opinion that was only enhanced during the actual journey. Four other men would be required, and I decided to call for volunteers, although, as a matter of fact, I pretty well knew which of the people I would select. Crean I proposed to leave on the island as a right-hand man for Wild, but he begged so hard to be allowed to come in the boat that, after consultation with Wild, I promised to take him. I called the men together, explained my plan, and asked for volunteers. Many came forward at once. Some were not fit enough for the work that would have to be done, and others would not have been much use in the boat since they were not seasoned sailors, though the experiences of recent months entitled them to some consideration as seafaring men. McIlroy and Macklin were both anxious to go but realized that their duty lay on the island with the sick men. They suggested that I should take Blackborrow in order that he might have shelter and warmth as quickly as possible, but I had to veto this idea. It would be hard enough for fit men to live in the boat. Indeed, I did not see how a sick man, lying helpless in the bottom of the boat, could possibly survive in the heavy weather we were sure to encounter. I finally selected McNeish, McCarthy, and Vincent in addition to Worsley and Crean. The crew seemed a strong one, and as I looked at the men I felt confidence increasing.

The decision made, I walked through the blizzard with Worsley and Wild to examine the *James Caird*. The 20-ft. boat had never looked big; she appeared to have shrunk in some mysterious way when I viewed her in the light of our new undertaking. She was an ordinary ship's whaler, fairly strong, but showing signs of the strains she had endured since the crushing of the *Endurance*. Where she was holed in leaving the pack was, fortunately, about the water-line and easily patched. Standing beside her, we glanced at the fringe of the storm-swept, tumultuous sea that formed our path. Clearly, our voyage would be a big adventure. I called the carpenter and asked him if he could do anything to make the boat more seaworthy. He first inquired if he was to go with me, and seemed quite pleased when I said "Yes." He was over fifty years of age and not altogether fit, but he had a good knowledge of sailing-boats and [*Continued on page* 82]

This is the last moment of the *Endurance* as the ice closes over her forever. Now they were alone.

Shackleton (right) and mate as they lived on ice floe before Shackleton decided on fateful boat journey.

Car-plane, Leland Bryan at the wheel, cruises down a Highland, Mich., street. Townspeople have grown used to him.

Craziest Car in the Air

Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Super . . .

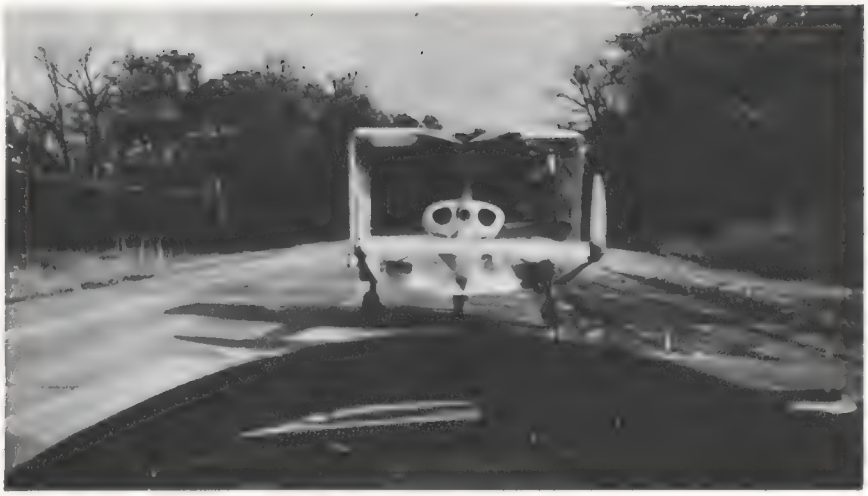
No, by golly, it *is* a car, the strangest convertible of the year

Leland Bryan of Highland, Michigan, is a man who got sick of talking about traffic and did something about it. Now when he's bothered by traffic, Bryan pulls over into a field—and turns his car into a plane. You'd never believe the transformation could be so simple. Bryan lowers the wings, removes the license plate and takes off within 10 minutes. "To hell with that noise," you can almost hear him mutter as he glances back over his shoulder at the long lines of stopped cars.

Mechanic Bryan, 34, spent a couple of years and $1,000 building the car-plane with assorted parts from both kinds of vehicles. The car-plane, its push-prop moving the vehicle on land or in the air, makes 60 mph on the road and 90 mph in the sky. Simple to operate (it has a three-control flight system—rudder, aileron and elevator), storable next to the family clothesline (with wings folded, the contraption is 7 feet, 10 inches high, 8 feet wide) and licensable for flying, Bryan's airy brainchild makes him about the most maneuverable gent on the road.

Like all new inventions, though, this one could get out of hand, and we hope it doesn't happen. We're troubled, for instance, by the thought of "hit-and-fly" drivers. Who'd stop them? And what about leather-jacketed, teenage "hop" rodders? They'd be a real menace when they started buzzing houses in souped-up car-planes. And what about those fine folks who make a habit of throwing their empty beer cans out the window? Suppose they were in car-planes? Look out below.

Well, we hope for the best, but don't be surprised if cars start flying and planes start running on roads. Bryan hopes to market his contraption soon, which probably means that the car-plane is right around the next cloud. •



On open road, 17-ft. vehicle will do 60 mph, powered by push-propeller. Wings fold up, lock on top of chassis.

Conversion of car to plane takes only 10 minutes. Lowered wings have span of 22 feet. Craft needs minimal area for take-off.

Car, now a plane, goes aloft. It can stay up over three hours, cruises at 90 mph. What a way to get to work!

WHO'S THAT GUY IGNORING THE BLONDE? He's the box-man, the dice table boss who's "gotta have eyes for everything but a dame." The calm gent seen above is Roy McCollum, box-man at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas.

Wheelers and Dealers

The Wizard With 10 Eyes

The most important man in Las Vegas is the box-man, the guy who protects the gambling-club owners from the grifters who could ruin them with their bottomless bag of clever tricks

by James Phelan

"There's seven the loser and it's the young lady's turn," chanted the stickman at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. "She's a mighty pretty shooter and what goes with her?"

The young lady, a blonde singer from the show at the nearby Sands, was quite a sight, even for Las Vegas. She was wearing a décolleté dress cut to just north of her navel. She blew on the dice and leaned forward to toss them, baring everything except the critical two per cent of her upper anatomy.

Every pair of eyes at the crowded table focused on two well-filled whisps of silk. Every pair except one.

Down at the middle of the table, a short, bald man was watching everything *except* the blonde. His eyes seemed to be on a mechanical track. When the bets went down, his gaze swung to his left and circled the green felt layout like a toy electric train on an elliptical track. Periodically he flicked his eyes up to the dealer on his left and over to the dealer on his right. When the blonde threw the dice, his eyes sped after them down the table, then tracked them back as the stickman returned them to her with his wooden wand. The moment she picked them up and started shaking again, his eyes scurried away from the jiggling dress to watch the laydown of new bets.

In all probability the bald man couldn't have told you whether the blonde was a modest 32 or a magnificent 41. But he could have rattled off, with remarkable accuracy, which pair of hands had put down each of the 40 bets scattered across the 15 square feet of green felt—from the lone silver dollar timorously placed on the "field" by an Arizona schoolteacher, to the $500 stack of chips, topped by a second $500 in odds, riding on the number 10 for the racketeer from Chicago.

The bald fellow was the Flamingo box-man. In the words of a Las Vegas veteran, "A good box-man's gotta have ten eyes—and none of them for a dame."

The box-man is the boss of the dice table. There are approximately 250 of them riding herd on the galloping cubes on Fremont Street and out on the "strip" in Las Vegas. An excellent case can be made that these 250 men are the mainspring that makes Las Vegas tick. Without them, the whole lavish setup would probably

DEAD TIME IN A CRAP GAME for players comes when croupier retrieves dice. For the box-man, it's chance to make sure that dice aren't "tops."

The Wizard With 10 Eyes

Continued from preceding page

grind to a halt and the city would revert to the coyotes.

Las Vegas is a one-industry town. Its prosperity rests entirely on the plush resorts which annually draw millions of visitors from all over the world. The dice table, in turn, is the keystone of the mutimillion-dollar array of luxury that makes up a resort hotel. The Vegas resort is basically an elaborately constructed mousetrap, the function of which is ultimately to deposit the tourist in front of the green rectangle where seven and eleven are king. (This "mousetrap" plan is apparent in the layout of every resort in town. The casino is always located so that you can't get to the bar or the theater-restaurant without passing the dice games.) The lavish shows, with their $10,000-a-week stars, lose money 365 nights a year; the rooms rent for a fraction of the cost of a similar room in Miami; the excellent food is sold below cost. Even the bar, normally a fertile source of hotel revenue, isn't expected to make money—the house sets 'em up free for anyone who is gambling.

Where the house gets back at the customer is at the dice table. The other gambling—slot machines, roulette, blackjack—is a strictly secondary source of revenue. Whether a resort makes a profit or "busts itself out" is determined by what happens at craps. The box-man accordingly is in the position of anchorman for an inverted pyramid of acrobats, with the whole outfit balanced on his eyesight.

Running a dice game, like performing brain surgery or weaving Panama hats under water, is a job for a specialist. This is thoroughly understood by the Las Vegas professionals, who would no more open a game without a seasoned man "on the box" than they would permit the customers to bring their own dice.

But periodically some well-heeled amateurs blithely open a new Vegas resort without bothering to learn the difference between a box-man and a chorus girl. The history of the town is strewn with their financial bones. In a recent two-year period, seven expensive new joints opened and five promptly went broke with the paint still wet on their marquees. All five were backed by wealthy nonprofessionals who suffered from the delusion that all they had to do was sink $5,000,000 in a swank hotel, put in some dice tables, and then crank up the mechanical money-bailer. As soon as the amateurs busted out, the professionals snapped up four of the places, installed seasoned crews and promptly coined money. The fifth place still is vacant, weathering in the desert sun as a monument to innocence.

Contrary to popular opinion, the house percentage at dice is small. On the pass line, where most of the money goes down, the house has only 1.41 per cent in its favor. This means that if you get $100, a penny at a time, you'd win back $98.59 and the house would get only $1.41.

With such a small edge, it takes only a shove to upset the house's margin of profit. This shove can come from many sources—an adept dice hustler or grifter, a dishonest dealer, errors in payoff, wrong dice, "combinations," bet-cappers or chip-eaters.

The box-man's job is to see that this small margin continues to work for the house. All he needs is an encyclopedic knowledge of odds, a photographic memory, a built-in electronic computer, and an intimate insight in the larcenous ways of grifters, sleight-of-hand performers, and simple cheats.

Let's look over the shoulder of a professional at work.

To the Little Old Lady from Dubuque, visiting Las Vegas for the first time, the box-man has the simplest job in the world. When someone buys chips, the box-man takes his cash and tucks it down a slot in the table in front of him. The money drops into a locked box under the table—whence his name. "What a job," onlookers often say, "sitting there stuffing money into a hole." Roy McCollum, veteran Flamingo box-man, says he has heard this crack hundreds of times. "Every time I hear it," he complains, "my ulcer wallops me."

The box-man sits at the middle of the layout on the house side of the table. This position is like the 50-yard line on a football field. It gives the best possible view of the arena of action. Flanking the box-man on either side is a dealer who takes bets and pays off for one-half of the table. Across from the box-man stands the stickman, who calls each number thrown and returns the dice with a wooden stick to the shooter.

Craps at Las Vegas is vastly different from the "who'll-fade-my-five-bucks" game played in college dormitories and army barracks. There are more than 30 ways to place bets on a Vegas layout, with a bewildering variety of odds ranging from even-money that the dice will pass, up to 30-to-1 that the shooter will roll a 12 on the next throw. There are seven kinds of bets, with varying odds, that can be riding on a single number like 10.

In addition, Las Vegas craps is the fastest gambling game in the world, bar none. New bets go down with every roll of the dice. When the action is heavy, with 20 high-rollers lining the table, the house can win or lose as much as $50,000 on a single roll. And this money, unlike the pay-off at a race-track, exchanges hands without any receipts or tickets attesting to the bet.

The primary job of the box-man is to see that each bettor gets the bets he wins (and no more), and that the house gets the bets he loses (and no less).

When the dice are pushed to a new shooter for the "come out," the box-man swiftly glances over the whole layout, photographing the initial bets in his memory. As the shooter gets a point and continues to roll, the box-man notes all the new bets that are placed, who placed them, and at what odds.

While primary responsibility for paying the proper winner rests on the two dealers, the final decision is made by the box-man if a dispute develops. He must decide immediately and accurately, and the dealer pays the bet or refuses it according to the box-man's ruling. His decisions have to be right. If he refuses to pay a bet that a customer has coming to him, the house not only loses one patron—he beefs to his friends about how he was "cheated" and they avoid the place too. If a bet is paid that the customer *didn't* have down, the narrow house margin dwindles.

To keep order in the fast-moving chaos, the two dealers "position" each bet. They place the chips on each number in the same position the bettor occupies at the table. This gives a rough, but not infallible, indication of who bet what.

Keeping the constantly shifting pattern of bets in mind is only a fraction of the box-man's job. He must also:

1. Watch the dice so that a sharper doesn't switch them.

2. Watch the layout so the customers don't cap a favorable bet with more chips, or remove chips from an unfavorable bet.

3. Watch his own colleagues so they don't cheat the house.

4. Guard the game against counterfeit chips.

Despite elaborate precautions, every now and then

some grifter tries to beat the house by running in his own dice. Each Las Vegas casino has its own cubes bearing the house name and scrupulously calibrated for an honest roll. The grifter obtains a set of them—the house will give a pair to any customer—and then counterfeits his own. This is probably the most futile and hazardous way a human ever attempted to make money, but periodically some larcenous optimist gives it a whirl.

The most common method is to palm off the house dice and run in a set of "tops." These, as every ex-GI knows, are dice with nothing but 4's, 5's and 6's on them. They are certain to pass—unless they come up 12 craps on the first roll—because they can't seven out. Since the duplicate numbers are placed opposite each other on each cube, they can't be spotted just by looking at them on the table.

Unless the box-man is sound asleep or suddenly stricken blind, a grifter gets only one roll of the dice with "tops." When the dice are thrown and the stickman pushes them back to the shooter, he doesn't just shove them across the table. He gentles them along with an odd little motion called "giving the turn." With a nudge from his stick he rotates the dice before the box-man, so that watchdog can see five of the six sides. If there isn't a 1 opposite the 6, a 2 opposite the 5, or a 3 opposite the 4, the shooter suddenly finds himself brushing himself off out in the street.

Roy McCollum, the Flamingo veteran, once caught a pair of tops before the hustler got even one toss with them. The way he did it shows the ingrained "dice sense" of a good box-man.

The grifter waited until the action was heavy at the table. Then he edged up to the rail and bought $1,500 in chips. When the dice came around to him, he pulled a fast sleight-of-hand and substituted a perfectly made pair of tops for the regular house dice. Then he put the $500 limit on the pass line, $500 on the field, and placed $500 on the 10.

With these three bets and a pair of tops, all he had to do to win was throw the dice. It made no difference what came up. The only numbers on the dice were 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. If he rolled 12 craps on the first roll, he would have lost $500 on the line but won $1,000 on the field, since the Flamingo pays 2-to-1 on 12 in the field. If he rolled 11 the first roll, he'd have won $500 each on the line and field. If he rolled 8, 9 or 10 for a point he was certain to make it because he couldn't seven out. The place bet on the 10 was a dead cinch, and on a placed 10 the Flamingo pays 9 to 5, or $900 for his $500.

When the hustler put the three bets down, McCollum took one look at them, wrinkled his brow briefly—and gave a surreptitious signal to the stickman.

The hustler tossed the dice. The stickman blocked the bouncing cubes with his stick and shoved them over to the box-man. McCollum took the counterfeit dice, rotated them to confirm his suspicions, and called the security officer who bounced the con man out of the place. In less than 30 seconds the game was proceeding smoothly again with an honest pair of dice.

"I acted strictly on a hunch, although it was a strong hunch," McCollum said. "The way he bet the $1500 didn't make sense if the guy knew dice. And he showed he knew the game by placing the 10 at 9-to-5 odds. Not one tourist in 20 knows you can buy a number without rolling it and the house will pay odds that you won't make it. But an experienced gambler wouldn't buy the 10 on the first roll when he had money on the pass line. If he'd thrown a natural 7, he'd win on the line but lose on the 10. Ordinarily, he'd wait until he got a point and then buy the 10.

"What really bothered me was that field bet of $500. Nobody who knows dice plays the field. It's strictly for the amateurs, because the field gives the house the highest edge of any bet on the layout. So here was a guy who knew dice and was betting the limit—and yet he placed his bets like a Kansas [*Continued on page* 68]

THE YAWN THAT CAN GET A GUY FIRED. A yawn from a man who's been on his feet working for a spell might seem normal in most places, but . . .

. . . in Las Vegas it's the action of the "chip-eater," the dealer who'll mouth chips, which are good as money in Las Vegas. Later he'll cash them in at another spot.

The Flat

These guys get a whack on the backside from the flat of CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Sometimes the point of the sword will be used to puncture a bit of pomposity. Nominees are welcome

to RALPH EDWARDS

Ralph Edwards is one of the most successful personalities in television, being superbly equipped for the medium with a complete lack of taste, intelligence and talent. Naturally, his ratings are high, his sponsors are many, and his network loves him.

Edwards is the unchallenged master of the Peeping Tom school of mass entertainment. If an ordinary moron gets caught squinting into somebody else's bedroom, the law promptly hauls him off to the calaboose. But nobody even blows a whistle when Ralph Edwards makes keyhole peekers out of half the nation by publicly exposing emotional scenes and intimate situations which common decency demands be kept strictly private.

By coaxing and encouraging millions to wallow in other people's emotions for a cheap heart-throb at second-hand, by debasing decent sentiment to the level of slobbering sentimentality, Edwards and his imitators make a dirty joke out of the so-called Television Code of Good Practice, which is pretty much of a laugh to begin with. (Any station transmitting stag films or regularly broadcasting the Communist Manifesto will have its Good Practice seal withdrawn by officials at once.)

One thing must be said for Ralphie: he fits his role as if he had been picked for it by Central Casting. His smile is as phony as his hair-piece, and he drips the same kind of sincerity that a seasoned con man assumes when peddling Mexican oil stock to an unsuspecting widow. In the old days he would have been hawking corn cures from the tailgate of a carnival wagon. But in our advanced age of electronic miracles, Ralph Edwards gets to be a big-time operator with a sucker list that totals better than 20,000,000 viewers every week.

Like any champ in any field, Edwards is never content merely to relax on his laurels. It hardly seemed possible to conceive a program more offensively maudlin than his celebrated slop opera, *This Is Your Life*, but Ralph did it. With his new entry called *End of the Rainbow* he managed to reach hitherto unplumbed depths, and won from the critics such phrases as "a monstrous spectacle," "thoroughly revolting" and "nauseating."

Monstrous. . . . Revolting. . . . Nauseating. Ralph Edwards—This Is Your TV Life! ●

Of Our Blade

to WALTER O'MALLEY

The way of the philanthropist is hard, as Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers discovered when he generously consented to bestow the boon of Big League baseball on the California peasantry. He had barely stepped beaming off the plane at Los Angeles when 80,000 native sons rose up as one man and spit right in his eye.

Lured westward by the sweet smell of an extra buck, Grab-It-All O'Malley had come scurrying across the Continent with his hand out, expecting a grateful populace to donate a chunk of public land for a new ball park which he could then proceed to exploit for private profit. The petition with 80,000 signatures which thwarted this cozy little scheme was the most thunderous "Go home!" ever directed at a single individual in the annals of sport.

The difficulty was that Walter had cleverly arranged matters so that he and his stable of imported Bums had no home to go to. In one of those brilliant strokes of business genius which only your true financial wizard can pull off, he had torn up his highly profitable Brooklyn franchise, dynamited his bridges behind him, and set an all-time record for the running broad jump from the frying pan into the fire. There stood Walter the Wizard with egg on his face, in full possession of a ball club but with no place to put it but you know where.

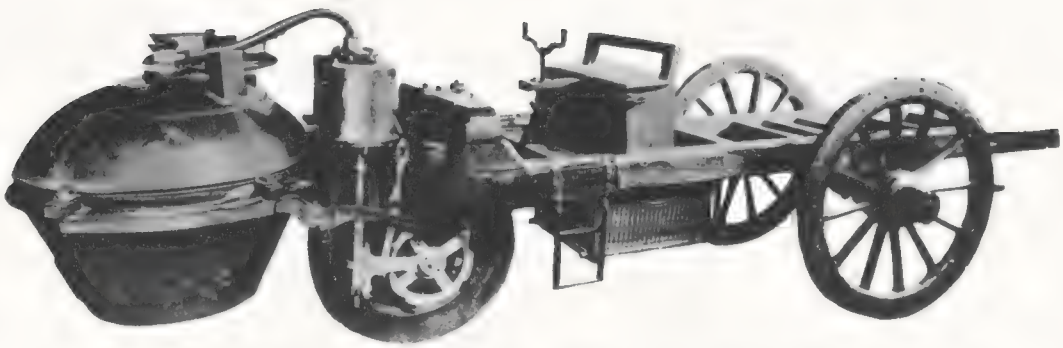
In the most heart-rending trek of displaced persons since the Okies fled the Dust Bowl, O'Malley and his outcasts hit the road like fugitives from the vagrancy laws, with no known address and no visible means of support. They went begging for a handout at the Rose Bowl in suburban Pasadena where the outraged citizens all but set the dogs on them. In their dire distress they almost went crawling into an overgrown sand lot called Wrigley Field (22,000 seats), after having abandoned Ebbets Field (32,111 seats) because it wasn't big enough. But the old O'Malley magic prevailed, and just in the nick of time.

At long last he led his footsore collection of waifs and strays into Memorial Coliseum, a yawning cavern constructed for the game of football and never intended, in the most delirious dreams of its builders, for Big League baseball. This walled-in prairie, with its 250-foot foul lines and its innumerable other drawbacks as a diamond, represents the supreme triumph of Walter O'Malley as owner and operator of a ball club. Instead of bringing Big League baseball to Southern California, he has succeeded in introducing bush league conditions into the majors.

"Oriental O'Malley" they'll be calling him when Willie Mays, Joe Adcock and Stan Musial begin unloading carloads of Chinese homers (hits that would be routine flies in a park with big-league dimensions) in the House Of A Thousand Hits which the Dodgers now call home. Every pitcher in the League—and plenty of fans—seconded the motion when Bob Feller said: "They ought to make O'Malley pitch the opening game."

But for the money-changers like O'Malley, who dominate modern baseball, it's not the record book that counts any more. It's the pocketbook. It's not the play on the field that matters. It's strictly the play at the gate.

And that's just what the likes of O'Malley should get if Big League baseball is to survive—the gate. Probably, no one other individual has done so much to hurt baseball at a time when it needs all the help it can get. ●



1. One of the first steam-propelled vehicles ever put together, this number was created by a Frenchman, Capt. Nicholas Cugnot, in 1770. The original can still be seen in a Paris museum.

All The Steamers Weren't Stanleys

Meet four important and unsung American pioneers of steam—and the vehicles they designed that contributed so much to the world of cars

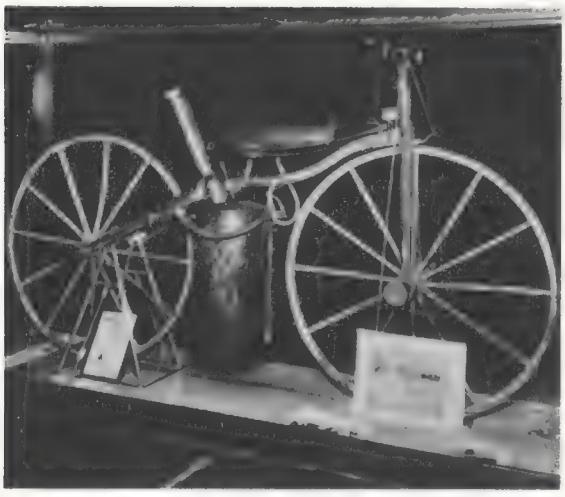
by Smith Hempstone Oliver

Because of the wealth of material on the subject of the automobile that has been presented to the public in recent years, many people by now have read or heard about a great many otherwise little-known automotive pioneers, both in America and abroad. They foresaw what was ultimately to become one of the largest industries in the world, but trail-blazers labored under great hardships and seldom achieved success or fame. Although several of these really early pioneers experimented with road vehicles powered with internal-combustion engines, and these included Brown, Lenoir, and Marcus, most of the early inventors relied on steam as a method of propulsion. Steam, after all, was a reliable method used quite satisfactorily by the railroads.

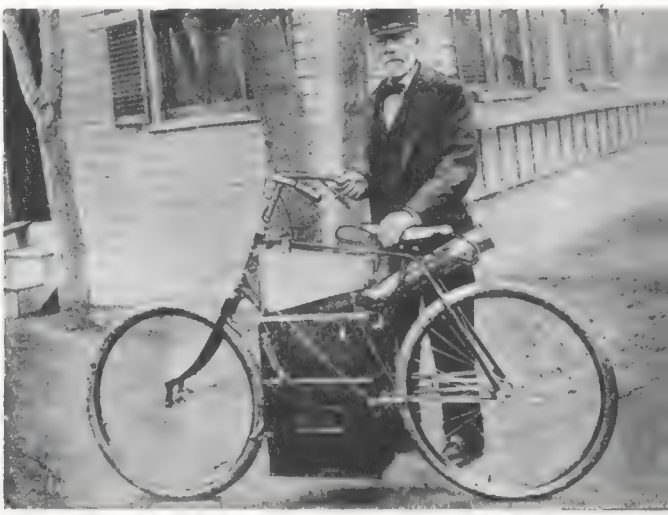
Such men as Cugnot (see picture 1) in France, and Murdock, Trevithick, Gurney, Hancock, and Church, in England, are today fairly well known as steam experimenters. Four other little-known, and somewhat later, American steam pioneers, however, were imaginative and skilled experimenters with steam vehicles. These men—Dudgeon, Roper, Long, and Copeland—experimented independently during a period that began in the 1860's, and that ended in the 1890's.

Richard Dudgeon, of New York City, built a steam-engine-propelled road vehicle in 1867 (see picture 7) capable of carrying 10 passengers. Supported on four solid wooden wheels, of which

2. Sylvester H. Roper was one of the most prolific steam vehicle builders. Here he sternly grips the throttle of one of his later inventions, a steam-driven, four-wheeled wagon of about 1870, now referred to as the Roper Steamer. Roper, a great experimenter with steam motorcycles, delighted in racing his steam-driven machines (both wagons and cycles) against horses at county fairs.



3. This remarkable 1869 steam motorcycle is another example of Roper's mechanical genius. As the handbill at lower left indicates, this machine was a great crowd puller at fairs along with Roper's steam "buggy." Roper's "velocipede," as it was called, was constructed on a special frame supported on two 34-inch wooden wheels with ironband tires. The firebox chimney tilts to the rear and two pistons are connected to the rear axle. The throttle was on the handlebar and the span between axles was 49 inches.



4. This is Roper's most advanced steam motorcycle. Shown here with the inventor, it was compact and beautifully engineered with an amazing top speed of 30 mph. Built in 1896, this machine proved to be the inventor's undoing. Steaming along on the cycle, he collapsed and died of a heart attack at a Massachusetts racetrack. Although many of Roper's steam driven machines were lost, three of his advanced machines have been carefully preserved by car museums and in private collections.

All The Steamers Weren't Stanleys

continued from preceding page

the two rear ones were connected to steam cylinders secured at the front of the horizontal boiler, one on each side, this machine was very similar to a rail locomotive. It differed from a locomotive in having its wheels unflanged, and its front axle pivoted for steering. The passengers sat on seats running lengthwise on each side, much as were the seats on some of the early street cars.

In 1870 Dudgeon's company, machinery manufacturers, issued a catalog of their products. In this catalog appeared a woodcut of the steamer of just a few years earlier, and a statement by Dudgeon that he had so far constructed two such vehicles, the first 17 years previous, and the other only about four years before. The first, Dudgeon went on to explain, had been destroyed in the fire that had consumed New York City's Crystal Palace in 1858. With respect to the other, Dudgeon continued, although he had expended a total of over 17 years of effort, and this newer of the two machines was still in perfect order after having run hundreds of miles on almost every kind of road, he had learned that such a machine was not fashionable, or that people just were not ready for it. But he, personally, was convinced of the utility of such a machine.

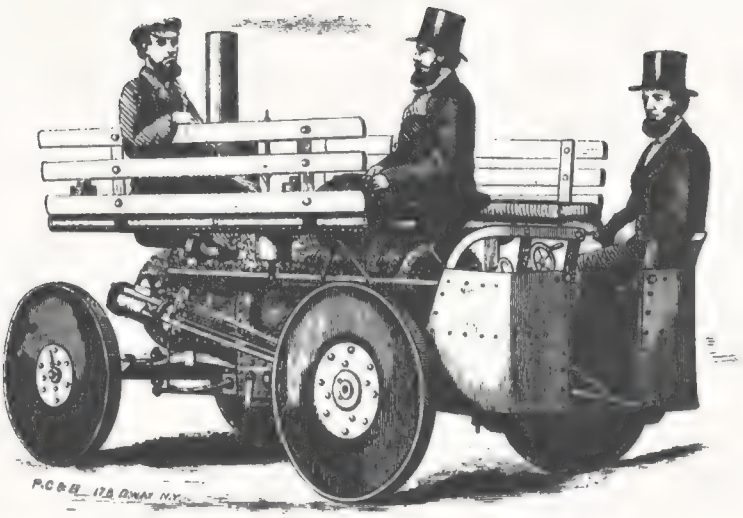
Little did Dudgeon realize what words of truth he spoke when he prepared the copy for his catalog in 1870. The uses to which the automobile is now put, and the hardships that would be created if automobiles suddenly ceased to exist, cannot be enumerated. A little thought given now to the great inconveniences during World War II when gasoline and tires were rationed brings home forcibly the type of existence we would have if the automobile were suddenly taken from us completely. Dudgeon, although unable to interest the people of his time in what subsequently turned out to be an inevitable thing, nevertheless was absolutely correct in his thinking.

Today, Dudgeon's work lives on. Not only is his company still doing business in Brooklyn, N.Y., but his second vehicle, of the late 1860's, continues to run. Still in good operating condition, and undoubtedly the earliest surviving self-propelled road vehicle in America, it is in the private collection of George H. Waterman, Jr., and Kirkland Gibson, at East Greenwich, R.I. It is however, currently to be seen at the Antique Auto Museum of Massachusetts, at Larz Anderson Park in Brookline, where it is on loan to the Veteran Motor Car Club of America. Occasionally the steamer is taken out to meets, where it is fired up and operated with other veterans of the highway. Without question, Richard Dudgeon would be more than pleased if he could only see his great invention today, surrounded by millions of other vehicles dedicated to the purpose for which he intended.

Sylvester H. Roper, a most prolific steam-vehicle builder of Roxbury, Mass., constructed a steam-operated velocipede (see picture 3) in about 1869, a machine that can today be seen on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C. This vehicle appeared at fairs and circuses in New England for quite a few years, as an extant handbill of some 75 years ago reveals. At such exhibitions it was frequently raced against horse and rider, usually emerging victorious. Appearing with the "motorcycle" was

5. Mustachioed Copeland with his 1884 steam bicycle. Using the high-wheeled bicycle of the era, he mounted a copper-and-brass boiler on the front bar of the cycle and ran pulleys to the rear wheel for power. Water tank held enough water for 30 minutes run. Cylinder had 1/16-inch bore with a three-inch power stroke.

6. In 1886, New Jersey's Lucius Copeland built this handsome steam tricycle. Weighing 185 pounds and with a surrey-type fringed top, the machine seated two in tandem, was equipped with pedals to help the steam engine on hills. Unfortunately, nothing remains of Copeland's famous tricycle but this rare old photograph.



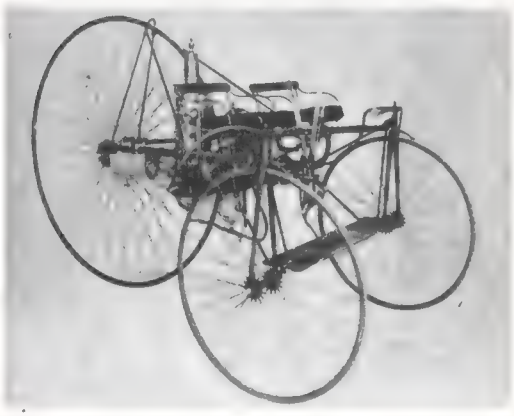
7. One of the earliest—and largest—of the steam vehicles was Richard Dudgeon's 1867 10-passenger steam "wagon." The New York inventor's machine ran on four wooden wheels with the rear ones connected to steam cylinders. The front axle was mounted on a pivot for road steering.

a large steam-propelled four-wheel wagon, (see picture 2) also constructed by Roper, one of many such vehicles built by him over a period of some years. This wagon, fortunately, is also preserved, and can be seen on exhibition in the Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn, Mich. Its exact date of construction is not known, but it is generally thought to have been built in the 1870's. For some time the wagon was referred to as an Austin Steamer, as many years ago it was exhibited by one "Professor" W. W. Austin. Today, its true identity known, it is properly referred to as a Roper Steamer.

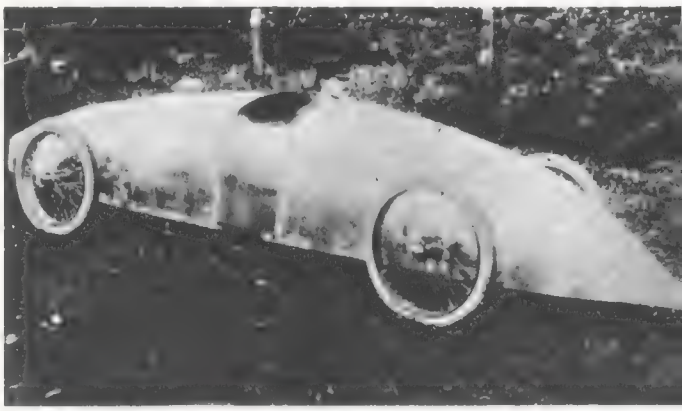
To refer again to the Smithsonian's two-wheeled Roper machine, it can be said that it resembles a Hanlon-type velocipede of the 1860's. Though it seems at first glance to be a conversion of such a velocipede, examination reveals the machine to be built around a special frame that was forged expressly for the purpose. It is supported on two 34-inch-diameter wooden-spoked wheels having wooden felloes and iron-band tires. The front wheel is supported in a forged wrought-iron fork, and is steered by a straight handlebar with wooden grips. Foot rests are mounted at the bottom of the fork. The distance between the front and rear axles is 49 inches.

Of special interest to steam enthusiasts is the vertical, fire-tube boiler that is suspended between the wheels. A chimney projects backwards at an angle from the top of the boiler housing. The lower half of the housing is the firebox, from the bottom of which the grate is now missing. A small circular door on the left side of the firebox allowed fuel, said to have been charcoal, to be placed inside. The housing is suspended from the center of the frame by means of a spring-loaded hanger that was intended to absorb some of the road shock to which the machine was obviously subjected, on the wagon lanes passing for roads at the time it was built, and is braced at the bottom by two rods that are connected at the rear of the frame, near the rear axle. Mounted vertically on the left forward side of the boiler housing is a hand-operated water pump. Located nearby are three water-level cocks, while a drain valve is placed at the left rear of the base of the boiler.

Pivoted on each side of the frame, next to the chimney, are oscillating cylinders whose bores are estimated, from



8. New Englander George Long built this unusual steam tricycle in 1879. It seated two passengers side-by-side (usually needed two to run it) and featured a five-foot driving wheel in the rear, three-foot wheels in front. A two-pulley arrangement from engine to wheel gave Long's machine a two-speed "transmission."



9. The "Woggle Bug" was the ultimate in the development of the steam car. This one won a batch of speed trophies in 1905 and a similar model was the first motor car to reach the amazing speed of almost 120 mph when it did two miles under a minute in 1908. However, the rise of the gas-driven car was slowly eliminating steam cars.

Continued from preceding page

measurements of their outside, to be about 2¼ inches. Their piston rods work on 2½-inch cranks on the ends of the rear axle, giving a stroke of five inches. Piston-type valves for the cylinders are operated by eccentrics adjacent to the cranks. A feed-water pump is operated by the crank of the left cylinder. The exhaust steam is led by tubing into the base of the chimney to provide a forced draft, an idea that was used back in 1804 by Trevithick when he constructed his first experimental locomotive. Projecting from the safety valve at the top rear of the boiler is a tiny steam pipe that also leads into the base of the chimney, and that apparently performed the same function when the vehicle was not in motion. Within the chimney a damper valve is located.

The throttle, operated by twisting the handlebar, is located at the top front of the boiler housing. A friction brake that rubs against the rim of the front wheel is actuated by twisting the handlebar in the reverse direction. Heavy tubing leads from the throttle to the steam chests of the cylinders. Tubing also leads to a gauge located at the front of the frame. The boiler's water supply is contained in a tank constructed in the shape of a saddle. The filler opening is at the front of the tank, while tubing leads from the rear bottom of the tank to the hand pump and to the feed-water pump.

From the preceding description of Roper's first steam-propelled motorcycle it can easily be seen that he was a man of many ideas, capable of constructing more and better self-propelled vehicles. This he did, though how many is today not known. Unfortunately, this steam genius of the last century met an untimely end, on June 1, 1896. While operating his most recent steam vehicle (see picture 4), another motorcycle, he collapsed while speeding on the Charles River bicycle track at Cambridge, Mass. Death was attributed to a heart attack induced by the excitement of the moment. This last machine of Roper's is today exhibited at "Horn's Cars of Yesterday," a transportation museum located at Sarasota, Fla. It is fortunate, indeed, for those interested in studying early American automotive examples, that three of Sylvester H. Roper's steam vehicles of so many years ago have been carefully preserved.

Not as prolific a builder as the two steam-vehicle inventors just discussed, George A. Long, of Northfield, Mass., nevertheless constructed a very interesting steam-propelled tricycle (see picture 8) that is today preserved in the Smithsonian Institution along with Roper's machine of 1869. Long's machine has had a very interesting history, as the following will reveal. Built in about 1880, although the engine, itself, had been constructed in 1879, the vehicle was disassembled many years ago after quite a few years of idleness. In 1946, the engine, with its feed-water pump and driving pulleys, was obtained from Long by John H. Bacon, of Boston, the recent restorer of the machine. At that time Long, then 96 years old, recalled that many years earlier he had seen the remainder of the machine in Northfield. A search there by Bacon led to his obtaining all the extant parts, and subsequently to his having the tricycle restored to operable condition.

In order to restore the machine, it was necessary to fabricate and replace some missing parts. In this matter it is interesting to note that George Eli Whitney, of Bridgeport, Conn., constructed the replacement fire-tube boiler and its appurtenances. Whitney is today remembered as a pioneer steam automobile designer and builder of the mid-1890's, whose work greatly influenced the Stanley brothers who made such a name for themselves a few years later in American steam-automobile history. Russell Davis, of Leominster, Mass., performed other important restoration work on the tricycle for Bacon.

The two-cylinder, 90-degree V-type engine, with a 1⅝-inch stroke, was designed and built by Long in Northfield in 1879, while the framework and running gear, using many bicycle parts from the high-wheelers of that day, were constructed by him in the following year or so at Hartford, Conn., in the Columbia bicycle plant of Col. Albert A. Pope. Several different boilers were constructed and tried out at that time, as it was not certain at first just which type would be most suitable. Subsequently, on August 29, 1882, Long filed an application for a patent for a "steam road-vehicle." This consisted of a self-propelled tricycle powered by a two-cylinder steam engine for which gasoline was specified as the fuel. This very early usage of the term "gasoline" is interesting, as almost invariably it was kerosene that was used as a liquid fuel in those early days. On July 10, 1883, Long was granted U.S. Patent No. 281091.

One of Long's claims in his patent was for the two front-wheel forks to use improved steering heads utilizing small balls such as have by now been used for many years on the steering heads of bicycles and motorcycles. Unfortunately for Long, he was unable to build such small balls at the time he constructed his tricycle, and the machine's two steering heads, as a result, are fitted with plain bushings.

The rear wheel, which is the driving wheel, is five feet in diameter, and is without doubt from a high-wheeled, or "ordinary," bicycle of that period. The two front wheels are three feet in diameter, and are mounted in steering forks, a curved tie rod connecting their heads. Friction brakes can be made to bear against the solid rubber tires of these small wheels. As steering by means of only one of the handlebars is very difficult, as is likewise operation of both brake levers by one person, it seems evident that it was intended for two people to operate the tricycle. Each of the two side-by-side individual seats is mounted on a full-elliptic spring, and is adjustable in height.

Long's little V-type engine is attached to a steel plate that is mounted in the vehicle's framework on small rollers so as to move backwards and forwards, control being by means of a lever that is pivoted in front of the seat. There are two pulleys on the crankshaft of the engine, the larger of which has a splinted hub that allows it to be movable lengthwise on the shaft. Bringing the engine plate backwards by means of the lever forces one of the two driving pulleys into contact with the tire of the rear wheel, depending on which one is lined up with it. As the pulleys are of different diameter, two driving ratios, in effect, are provided, just as if a two-speed transmission using gears were used.

The boiler and one of the two water tanks are also mounted on the engine plate, which necessitates a flexible tube between the fuel tank and the burner that is located beneath the boiler, as well as between the two water tanks. In addition to the replacement boiler, burner, and mounting plate, other replacement parts include the fuel tank, the two water tanks, the gauges, all piping, and the hand-operated water pump. This latter item is, however, from an early steam automobile. The other replacement parts were based on drawings in the patent application. The tricycle weighs about 350 pounds, and operates today at a steam pressure of 100 pounds per square inch.

From the above somewhat lengthy description it can be seen that Long had many very clever innovations in the design of his tricycle, one of [*Continued on page* 69]

MAD MILLIONAIRE

Continued from page 33

and what more tangible expression of communion with the muses could there be than an opera house? Opera in the early eighties was the finest evidence of the cultural implications of great wealth. Every Western town of importance had what was proudly designated as an opera house. Therefore, Leadville got its opera, or rather Tabor's Opera House, for such the letters on its facade proclaimed, but its opening lacked the elevated tone which audiences elsewhere managed to impart to the near side of the footlights. The night before it opened the Leadville Vigilantes had inconsiderately hanged two miscreants from a lamp post hard by its front door and the bodies, as yet unremoved, served as a grimly factual reminder that Leadville had little in common with other longer established seats of culture in the Old World. Then too, Tabor's opened not with opera but with a burlesque company which was nearer his heart and only a few of the masculine first nighters bothered to take their trousers out of their boot-tops.

Tabor made a mental note to do things better another time. Eventually Tabor's did indeed harbor grand opera—after a fashion. For the toughest town in the West of the moment where prostitution was as legitimate as the grocery business, operas were rewritten with the result that for anyone who had seen grand opera at Leadville, it must have been a relatively tame experience elsewhere.

But Leadville was becoming old stuff to H. A. W. Tabor. Greater horizons were beckoning for in 1884 Colorado was about to elect its second governor and the Republican party could do worse than draft for the lieutenant governor's office the Mayor of Leadville, a figure popular alike with miners and gamblers and, incomparably the state's richest citizen. Tabor didn't need to be drafted; he was enchanted at the prospect and the Republican coffers boasted campaign funds such as they never had since. Tabor was elected on a flood tide of whiskey and champagne which rocked Leadville on its heels and the delusions of grandeur of the former postmaster of Oro City achieved a new dimension. What was to prevent his powerful Republican friends from making him Senator from Colorado? Perhaps President of the United States? The magnificence of the vision and perhaps a quart or so of Old Reprehensible consumed since lunch time staggered him at the bar of the Saddle Rock and he ordered champagne for everyone present.

As Lieutenant Governor, affairs of state demanded more and increasingly more of his time in Denver City. He spent less and less time at Leadville and conspicuously less time in company with Augusta. A certain degree of latitude was accorded all men of the world in these halcyon days of the double standard and this was markedly true in the case of millionaires, but Tabor was becoming notoriously a companion of women with no reputations at all and his drinking was that of a confirmed alcoholic.

Moving in Colorado's legislative society in the eighties was to live in a jungle night life of incredible ferocity, ignorance and corruption and it was a setting into which H. A. W. Tabor fitted like a motorman's glove. Nothing delighted him more than to be obsequiously addressed as "Governor" while setting up rounds of expensive drinks at the bedizzened Windsor Hotel bar for rogues and scoundrels only removed by the ballot box from the ranks of professional pimps, pickpockets and confidence men.

Tabor's fame as a character and symbol of carbonate wealth had by now transcended the boundaries of Colorado and he was becoming the state's leading celebrity in the press of the world. His Midas touch, resolute profligacy with money and usually amiable eccentricities were of heroic stature and provided wonderful copy for visiting reporters and feature writers for Eastern dailies and other periodicals.

But across the Continental Divide in Central City there was a frail, curvaceous and diminutive agent of destiny in the person of Mrs. Harvey Doe who was to riddle the Tabor wealth. Colorado's greatest comedy of riches was about to be transformed into tragedy.

Tabor was neither the first nor the last man to be destroyed body and soul by the calculated wiles of an accomplished and seductive woman, but the circumstances of his undoing were so spectacular and he had created in himself such a publicized myth that the abyss into which he descended was that much deeper.

Early in 1881 Tabor had borrowed the division superintendent's narrow gauge business car and journeyed over the Fort Garland Extension of the D & R G to Durango, a distant and lonely railroad company town in the San Juan Basin where the three states of Utah, Colorado and New Mexico came together. There, fraudulently and without the knowledge of his wife, he had obtained a divorce. No papers had ever been served on Augusta and a crooked clerk of court had been bribed to conceal the record of the decree by the expedient of pasting together the pages of the ledger covering the hearings so that no casual thumber-through of the public record might stumble on the arresting name of the Lieutenant Governor of Colorado. Shortly thereafter, however, a change in administration found a new clerk in the Durango courthouse and the irregularity was brought blazingly to light.

Now Tabor had to divorce Augusta all over again by recognized process of the law and the ensuing scandal, deriving from his original fraudulent and clandestine activities, would have driven a less thick-skinned man from public office.

But not Tabor. Impervious to the contempt into which his name was brought, for it was an age that didn't take lightly to divorce, he consoled himself with refuge in a love affair of an even more scandalous nature.

Mrs. Harvey Doe, born Elizabeth McCourt of Oshkosh, was 22 and the wife of a notably unsuccessful miner in Central City. Her husband was often absent for prolonged periods in the Gregory diggings and she was not the sort of woman to endure solitude unprotestingly. That she was a great beauty, nobody could deny. That she was also inclined to encourage the advances of other men in her husband's absence was the stuff of common gossip in Central City, where

her childlike person and deceptively demure manner won her the universal name of "Baby Doe."

Baby Doe heard tales of the Croesus of California Gulch and her heart skipped a beat every time she thought of all those millions which Tabor was thoughtlessly tossing away when they might fittingly, oh how much more fittingly, be tossed in her direction! It was a shameful waste of good money!

Baby Doe was determined that this waste should not continue. She told her husband she was going on a little trip, perhaps a week in Denver would cheer her up, and she took the down stage with Harvey's knowledge and blessing. Two days later she was occupying a room in the Clarendon at Leadville advantageously located close to the imposing suite of the Lieutenant Governor. In less than a week she had made his acquaintance and in no time at all she secured a divorce from her luckless mining husband and immediately entered into the enjoyment of the Tabor wealth. It was later said, unkindly, that Tabor had admired Baby Doe in the hotel lobby and had offered $1,000 for an introduction. A suite of rooms, which you may see to this day, preserved as one of Colorado's most precious antiquities, furnished in frail gilded furniture with rich silken draperies, was set aside for her in Central City's stylish Teller House. Another apartment was hers when she required it at the Windsor and a special corps of waiters was assigned to her table in the Windsor restaurant. A silver ice bucket of champagne was placed at her dinner table every evening and there were always fresh roses for a centerpiece.

Baby Doe commuted between Leadville and Denver as suited Tabor's convenience and when she wanted to go from one to the other, a word from Tabor and there was a red plush and mahogany narrow gauge private car coupled to the rear end of the Colorado Central's most convenient train.

Tabor married Baby Doe in Washington, where Colorado's Republicans had sent him to serve as senator in a seat temporarily available for 30 days. The Denver politicians feared that Tabor's scandalous character might wreck the local party if he were named full term wearer of the toga and Tabor was glad to settle for the brief interlude which would allow him to be known as "Senator" ever afterward.

Like everything Tabor did nowadays, his wedding was tainted with scandal, and scandal on a truly epic scale which dwarfed to provincial insignificance his fraudulent divorce from Augusta. They were married amidst trappings of almost incredibly vulgar opulence at Willard's Hotel and the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, perhaps the handsomest and most worldly of our Presidents, was among the guests.

Next day the scandal broke along with the details of the wedding itself. Tabor had deceived the officiating clergyman, Father P. L. Chappelle, into believing the participants in the nuptials were available to the rites of the Catholic Church when in fact both of them were divorced persons and ineligible to receive the marriage sacrament. Father Chappelle returned his fee of $200 and promised to have the wedding annulled by the highest ecclesiastical authorities. Tabor and Baby Doe laughed at the priest and respectable women drew in their skirts when they encountered her in public places in the national capital.

Then came the crowning scandal of all. The news became public that the couple had been secretly married six months previously in St. Louis and the Washington wedding had been nothing more than a repeat performance to satisfy Baby Doe's vanity and Tabor's insatiable hanker for publicity. The St. Louis wedding had been performed three months before Tabor had secured his legal divorce from Augusta and Tabor was a bigamist.

Society's retribution for Tabor's many iniquities, of which his rejection of Augusta was easily the most disastrous, was swift and devastating. The formal society of Denver which he had hoped to penetrate with his extravagant expenditures, simply turned its back and never knew that he and Baby Doe were in the room. His political availability had disappeared when he not only defrauded his own wife but deceived both the Catholic Church and the President of the United States. The once friendly or at least tolerant Denver press belatedly disowned him. "He is an utter disgrace to the state," declaimed *The Tribune*. "He disgraced it in private life; he disgraced it in public office . . . he is a social and political outcast in all the senses of the word."

Then the last of Tabor's friends took a powder on the disenchanted millionaire and the bottom fell out of first one and then another of Tabor's investments. His holdings paid smaller and smaller dividends. Soon he was forced to mortgage the proudest of all his possessions, the Matchless, and then his beloved Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver. The panic of '93 swept his last vestigial traces of wealth into the dustbin. The wheel had come full circle, Horace A. W. Tabor was a pauper again.

Through the intercession of an old friend Horace A. W. Tabor was a postmaster again—where he had started out so long ago.

Although he couldn't afford it, Tabor moved his family into a four room apartment at the Windsor. The town's really stylish trade had by now been diverted to the Brown Palace but the manager of the Windsor foresaw that Tabor would be a conversation piece in his lobby among the diamond dust mirrors and in the boxlike elevator that climbed hydraulically from floor to floor. And so it was, even in his declining fortunes, the one-time millionaire excited curiosity and men were glad to buy him a drink at the bar he had once dominated so as to be able to say they had set up drinks and had interesting confidences with H. A. W. Tabor.

Tabor made a good postmaster. He came to work early and left after everyone else had gone, eating a frugal lunch at his desk, devising new economies in the handling of the mail, expediting deliveries and making it a good thing for Uncle Sam. Then one night he was stricken with appendicitis and three days later in the arms of Baby Doe and with a priest beside his bed, Horace A. W. Tabor crossed the Great Divide. "This is the happiest day of my life," he said to Baby Doe, and then, "Never let the Matchless go, never let the Matchless go," he said, and closed his eyes.

Flags flew at half mast throughout Colorado the day they buried H. A. W. Tabor and it was the finest funeral ever seen in Denver. Most notable among the hundreds of floral tributes was that sent by the City of Leadville. It was six feet high, all of American Beauty roses and in the form of a cornucopia. The symbol, if not the substance, was with him to the end.

For almost four decades the world forgot Tabor, although he was by now a legend that never tired in the telling in the barrooms of Denver, and then one morning in 1936 his name was once more on the front pages of newspapers as it had never been even in his lifetime. All over the world the romantic tragedy was carried by the wire services. Baby Doe was dead, frozen to death in a shack by the headframe of the long closed Matchless Mine at Leadville.

The once incredible bonanza in Strayhorse Gulch had long since been worthless, a played-out hole in the mountainside above Leadville, a monument to borrasca, but Baby Doe had lived in its deserted premises as a squatter.

For more than a quarter of a century she had been a familiar, if eccentric figure, around Leadville attired in threadbare finery of another era, living off the bounty of neighbors and refusing all communion with the great world outside of Strayhorse Gulch. Sometimes she repelled the advances of interviewers and well meaning visitors with a loaded shotgun. In winter her feet, that had once known dancing slippers from the world's master bootmakers, were often wrapped in strips of old blanket. The Matchless had become an obsession and she would protect it with her life until the day it should reopen and pour a new flood of riches at her feet.

"Never let the Matchless go," he had said.

Two years ago Tabor achieved his apotheosis when an authentic grand opera was written about him and Augusta Baby Doe and the Matchless. With flawless appropriateness, its world premier was sung at Central City in the opera house where on lonely evenings long ago Baby Doe had found pleasure when Harvey Doe was off in the hills. The score was sung by great names from New York's Metropolitan Opera and from all over the world reporters and music critics came to see Horace A. W. Tabor recreated behind the footlights by no less a star performer than Walter Cassel. There were men and women in the audience when the curtain went up on "The Ballad of Baby Doe" who could remember at first hand the players in that now distant drama of real life, although their ranks were thin and their steps faltering. It was a fitting tribute. After all, he had been a notable patron of the opera. •

THE MAN WHO PUT WINGS ON WAR

Continued from page 10

Le Rhone rotary engine that powered Garros' tiny single-seater was that it had no idling speed. When it took hold, it was bang-on all the way, and even the six men anchoring the wings had trouble restraining its enthusiasm.

Thus there was no danger that Garros would attempt a night flight, nor could manage it if he would. The unguarded plane was perfectly safe.

In the pitch-darkness of the tent, Garros gassed up his plane from cans of "essence," stopping only when the over-flow gave his orange-crate fuselage all the makings of a grand torch. The fumes, too, in the hot confines of the tent, had added a certain giddiness to the champagne that continued to bubble delightfully in his nose. He pushed his plane out into the night air, feeling no strain. As a matter of fact, even when fully gassed, his plane weighed no more than a modern highway cop's motorcycle, and packed about half the power.

Garros dragged his plane along to his usual starting place, and aimed it in a direction freer than most of obstacles. Fortunately the night was calm, so wind was not one of his worries. In the cockpit he jiggled a few things, muttered some appropriate incantations, tripped over a guy wire and fell back to the ground.

Now he had to swing the prop. If he stood in front and the motor took hold, the plane would leap over him with the prop slicing him into salami on the way. So he had to stand on the side, pull, and hope the second blade didn't split his head on the follow-through. He pulled.

There was a roar. The wing of the monoplane caught him in the midriff, draping him over the leading edge like a fluttering towel. He pulled himself up on a handful of wires. Beneath him the plane was bucking, pitching, gaining speed, and trying to ground-loop. He sliced himself up trying to hurl his gaunt frame through taut wires so closely spaced the thing was aptly called a bird cage. He was airborne when at last he flung himself into the cockpit, a crazy Frenchman trying the impossible. It was, if there is a parallel for his feat, like trying to make a flying mount on an already bucking bronco.

He was wing down when he sliced between two houses. He was fairly level when he mushed over the high tension wires. Tree tops grabbed at his wheels when he stalled out of too-steep a climb. He pulled up tight, cleared the trees, and power-stalled again.

"I am like the flat stone you skip on the water," he once explained over a few drinks at a pilots' bull-session. "I bounce from tree to tree, but each time I bounce farther. Soon, there I am, in the sky. I can't see my compass, but I know some stars. I fly to them, south. When I look down, I am amazed. On the ground it was very dark, but up there I see everything. Roads, houses, even cows in the pasture. 'Ho,' I say to myself, 'this fly-by-night, it is nothing, and I like it.' Just the same, I am very glad that it is daylight when I run out of gas in my own France."

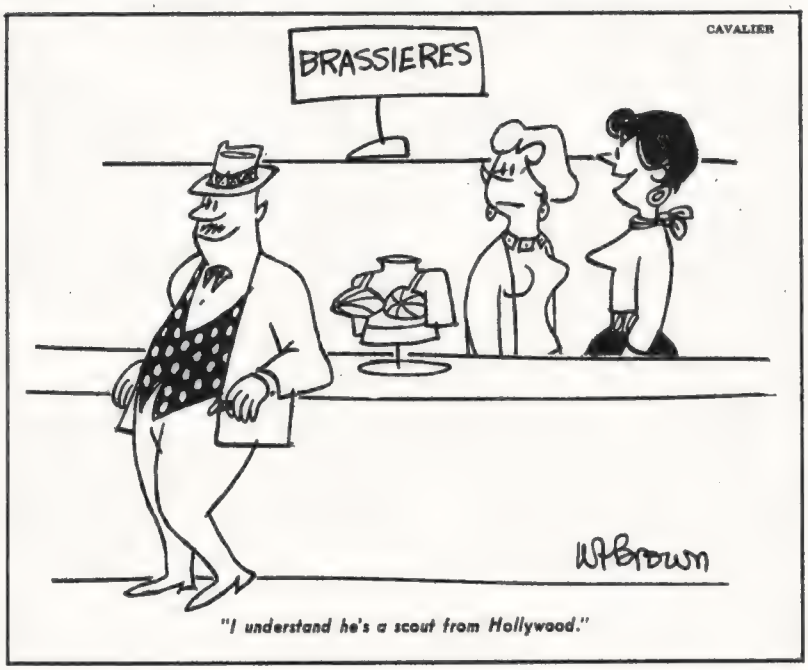
Back in his beloved Paris, Garros found himself more of a hero there than he had been in Berlin. In the strange confusion that accompanies the start of a war, Berlin newspapers had continued to arrive with German regularity, and they had been unanimous in denouncing his night flight. Along with calling him a thief for stealing his own plane, they who had used him as a decoy now claimed he had planned his whole exhibition tour in order to take aerial photographs of every fortress in Germany, including the palace of Kaiser Wilhelm himself. It was not exactly a legitimate complaint, fortresses and palaces being among the most photographed places in Germany by tourists from all nations, but it did serve to relieve some of the guilt Garros felt at being used for a sucker.

Nevertheless, Garros could not forgive the Germans for what he considered a personal betrayal, and he was aching for revenge. It did not seem likely he would get it. A roll call of all the flying machines in France in August, 1914, turned up only 136, of which about 100 deserved the title by courtesy only. Of the pilots, about half were rich dilettantes who had taken up flying as a sport with high female appeal. A quarter were professional barnstormers who provided thrills and hopped passengers for a precarious living, and the rest were designers, inventors, and mechanics who could not stay out of the air for love nor money. There was not a warrior in the lot, nor was there anyone from top brass to company cook who thought of the flying machine as anything more than a roving observation platform. Except Garros, that is. He wanted to fly his plane over Berlin and fire his pistol into the crowds below, just to get even.

For observation purposes the French did organize the Morane Saulnier Escadrille No. 23, and grabbed what pilots it could, foremost among them being Garros. The outfit was a bit on the unconventional side, cognac being considered an essential part of the training diet, but that part would have been all right if it were not for the infantry officers placed in charge. To prepare the men for the air, they were subjected day after day to close order drill, some remarkably effective training in the use of the saber, and all the inside dope on personal defense in the midst of a cavalry charge. "Ham string the horses," they were advised.

In the meantime the Germans were within 50 miles of Paris, with German observation planes doing a magnificent job of finding routes defended only by peasants with pitchforks. In desperation, and in spite of the dire warnings of the infantry officer that his pilots were still several months, if not years, short of being soldiers, the pilots were turned loose to see what the Germans were doing. Among them were such men as Adolphe Pegoud, the first barnstormer to loop-the-loop; Eugene Gilbert and Marc Pourpe, who could fly anything with wings; Vedrines, the great designer; and Garros.

Garros was the wild one. There are scores of stories to testify to the fact that during the first months of the war, the pilots of both sides thought their lives



"I understand he's a scout from Hollywood."

to be in sufficient jeopardy just being in the air, and that any additional risks, like being shot at, were constitutionally unfair and definitely undesirable. It is a matter of record that German pilots on their way to scout the French ground forces would wave salutes to French pilots on their way to scout the German infantry, and vice versa. The air was a vast neutral territory, and the airmen in it were all members of a big, happy family forced by circumstance to serve different masters.

Garros did not share that attitude. To him the Germans invading his France and threatening his favorite *bôite* on Montmartre, whether they be on foot, in trucks, or in the air, were just so many Huns to be killed, and he was eager to get on with his self-appointed task. Instead of waving a salute, he waved a pistol, and always felt frustrated when his bullets fell short.

After several such futile efforts, he began to see he was the victim of an illusion. An oncoming plane, seen through the blades of his propeller, presented a relatively stable target, while he himself felt as though he were standing still. But when the oncoming plane cleared the edge of his propeller, giving him an unobstructed shot, it went flashing by faster than he could shoot at it. He was not standing still at all, but spurting through the air at 80 mph, and his speed, added to the 80 mph of the enemy plane, added up to 160 mph. Since shooting 60 mph hour ducks with a shotgun was considered tricky, he could well see where shooting planes with a pistol might be impossible at 160 mph.

What remained with him was the stability of his target as seen through the blades of his propeller. It was a tantalizing vision. At 1,200 rpm's the twin-bladed propeller whirled by so fast it was all but invisible, and he became obsessed with the idea that what he could see through he could shoot through. Several times in the next few days he played a dangerous game of his own, flying directly toward German observation planes while he drew a bead on them through imaginary sights on his cowling. The results were better even than he had anticipated. Through a little delicate work on the stick and rudder pedals, he found he could aim his entire aircraft with more ease and accuracy than he could swing a shotgun.

Now that he had discovered his airplane to have the aiming characteristics of a perfect weapon, he was more frustrated than ever. Cold facts told him that each blade passed before his eyes 20 times a second—40 wide, wooden blades every time he counted, "One." To fire a single shot through that invisible circle meant that in one second—one inhaled breath—he had 40 chances of blasting off his own prop. Even for the wild Garros, the odds looked discouraging. Especially when it wasn't a pistol or a rifle he wanted to fire. He wanted to fire a machine gun at 10 rounds per second. Take 10 bullets and 40 propeller blades, and march them past a given point in a second, and you had shingles going through a buzz saw.

He voiced his frustrations at the escadrille's nightly sessions of hangar flying in the local Buc gin-mill, and got some attention. The idea that a pilot could sight his plane with the same accuracy an infantryman could sight his rifle was new and enticing. In the next few weeks the idea spread through both the British and French flying forces, and several efforts were made to circumvent the propeller. One British idea was to mount a machine gun on a tripod above the pilot. This put its bullets above the tips of the propeller blades, but it had the unfortunate handicap of putting the gun itself above the reach of the pilot. At best it could fire its 25-round clip in three seconds, not to be reloaded again on that mission. At worst, if it misfired and needed a swat or two to start it up, as it frequently did, it was beyond reach.

The next effort, made by both British and French, was to mount the machine guns out on the wings beyond the arc of the propeller. This had all the disadvantages of the tripod mount, plus some others that were more fatal. If the recoil didn't knock the wings off with the first burst, it was almost certain to weaken the wings roots and unseat a few flying wires. And then there was the effort to fire through a hollow crankshaft. This brought the recoil back between the pilot's legs, and if that wasn't unnerving enough, it so filled the cockpit with powder smoke that the pilot was either blinded or choked out of action.

Naturally these unfriendly efforts did not escape the attention of the Germans. They began equipping their two-place observations planes with machine guns mounted on a swivel. The casual, friendly salute gave way to a burst of machine gun fire as the observer manned his gun to cover both sides and the rear. Still there was no real danger. The machine guns were purely defensive gestures, and all one had to do was not approach German planes. Attack was out of the question. Not with machine guns that could only fight a rear-guard action.

Then on February 8, 1915, Armand Pinsard, the man acclaimed by Garros as, "The best friend I ever had," conked out over German-occupied territory. With that strange sense of gallantry that still persisted among airmen, the next day a German pilot dropped a note over the airfield at Buc announcing that Armand was alive and in good hands for the duration of the war. According to the cheerful tenor of the note, that meant he would be held in durance vile for about six weeks. The normally wild Garros at that moment lost his last slipping hold on the common sense he had left.

In the light of his background, it is impossible to say that the imprisonment of his friend drove Roland Garros crazy. Symptoms along those lines had developed early. At five he showed such a precocious talent for drawing that his fond and wealthy parents had devoted their next 10 years and several thousand francs to fostering the idea that their son was another Rembrandt. At 15 he confused them by displaying a rare ability on the piano. His father, a lawyer and the leading citizen of St. Denis on the island of Reunion, off the east coast of Africa where Roland was born in 1888, decided the island was too small to hold the talents of his son, and sent him off to Paris. Supplied with more money than any 15-year-old should have, Roland promptly spent a large part of it in those sinpalaces designed for the spending of money.

So far there was nothing irrational about his behavior, but at that point he crossed the path of another wild and wealthy scion named Alberto Santos-Dumont. The product of a prospering clan of coffee raisers in Brazil, Alberto did more for aviation than the Wright brothers, and there is considerable reason to believe that if the Wrights hadn't been able to get a plane off the ground, the South American coffee bean would have done it. Beaten to the punch on inventing the airplane, Alberto did the next best thing. On a contraption of gas bags, wings, and motor, he somehow managed to get his propeller reversed, and thus became the first and only man to make a successful flight backwards.

Once straightened out on the propeller matter, however, Alberto went on to make some flights that not even the Wrights would attempt, and while some efforts have been made to picture the Wright brothers as solid explorers of the air, with no nonsense about them, they were almost as looped as Alberto Santos-Dumont. When Garros came to the Brazilian airman and announced he wanted to fly also, Alberto looked at his slightly hung-over candidate, examined his hands, and said, "You are an artist. With such hands, and such a soul, you can fly. Come with me."

Having passed his aptitude test as a pilot, Garros went on to higher things. By 1910 he had won all the air races in Europe, and in October of that year he came to America to compete in what was then the acid test—the Statue of Liberty race from Belmont Park race track to the statue and return, a distance of about 25 miles. He was flying a Paulhan biplane which flew like a dart in the direction in which it was pointed, and he was well ahead of the pack when he reached the Statue of Liberty. Then came the turn. The pack, led by Count Jacques de Lesseps, banked around the statue and headed back. Garros, wrestling with controls that required he bend the wings before he could bank, kept right on going. He was somewhere past Manhattan before he got any response, and well over New Jersey before he got turned around to be the last man in, not counting wrecks.

The race taught him a lot about maneuverability. The next year, on the Paris-to-Rome race for $100,000, he not only won it but made a low turn well inside the walls of the Coliseum. A few weeks later he won the Paris-to-Madrid race, and then the Grand Prix d'Anjou. He was too eager. After that, if it was announced that he was in a race, the others withdrew, and the event had to

be called off.

Having tasted acclaim, Garros next turned to exhibition flying. In a Bleriot monoplane he scared the world and himself by falling out of an outside loop, recovering with a side roll just feet above the ground. There is still some question as to whether he or Adolphe Pegout were first with the inside loop, but by October, 1913, both were using the inside loop, the tail spin, the falling leaf, and the barrel roll as standard features of their exhibitions. Of the two, both peerless showmen, Garros was the most dashing. In Mexico City, for instance, he made a vertical bank inside the ancient fort, in the meantime scoring direct hits on the artillery emplacements with a dozen oranges he tossed over the side. He didn't know it then, but that was the first aerial bombardment, hinting at more disastrous things to come. A year later, almost to the day, he and his friend, Armand Pinsard, tossed grenades—the first aerial bombs—into a German headquarters for a double-barreled kind of fame. As the first flying bombardiers, they had as their first target Kaiser Wilhelm himself, a man so disabused about the courtesies of modern warfare that he never returned to the front again.

The day after Pinsard conked out, Garros stalked into a shed occupied by the maintenance representative of the Hotchkiss machine gun company. The Hotchkiss was a small, light automatic that fired a clip of 25 bullets in five seconds. With a good man shoving in fresh clips, it could deliver about 200 high-velocity, long-range bullets a minute without overheating. Garros had an idea.

"I want to mount a Hotchkiss on my cowling aimed exactly on my line of flight," he said grimly. "I have it figured out. If I fire a clip of 25, I will get 18 between the propeller blades. . ."

"And the other seven will chop off your propeller."

"I am not concerned about that. I will come down, yes, but I will glide in unharmed. The German plane, too, will come down under conditions not so satisfactory. As long as I remain over French territory, no Germans can fly over to spy on us."

"But the risk! You shoot off your own propeller to bring down a German plane, and maybe—"

"So what does a propeller cost compared to a German plane and crew? Fix me up. The Germans hold my friend. I want to bring down Germans."

The expert considered the problem. "You have heard about Eugene Gilbert, I suppose?"

"The English pilot? I know he has used a pusher airplane so he could shoot straight ahead with no propeller in the way, but the pusher is too slow. It has no response. You cannot aim it. And it can't get close to the Germans if you could."

"I do not mean that," said the expert. "He found that out for himself. No, he tried out a Hotchkiss on his single-seater, with steel bands around his propeller blades to protect them from the seven bullets that would hit."

Garros leaped up, a thin, quivering string of eagerness. "And what happened?"

"He knocked his propeller off."

Garros sat down. He was already prepared to lose his propeller to get a German plane, but the idea of steel bands that might save it for him was something else again. It took no effort on his part to visualize the hard smack of bullets against flat steel bands, and he even winced at the impact that would send the propeller flying off, but. . . Why flat steel bands? Why not a collar of steel raised to a point on the rear side? A point that would bat the bullets aside should they strike the advancing edge of the blade, or deflect them should they strike the retreating edge?

"Give me a sheet of paper, if you please."

Whatever talent Garros had as an artist came out then, and no artist in history has ever had more influence on the course of human events than did Garros with his sketch drawing that afternoon of February 9, 1915. The Hotchkiss expert took it and gasped.

"It just might work. It just might. Bring me a propeller, and I will see what I can do."

Most records agree that it was on April 1st that four German, two-place *Albatros* observation planes armed with machine guns in the rear came over the French lines just north of Paris. Up to meet them came a tiny Morane Saulnier monoplane powered with a Le Rhone rotary motor. It was to laugh. Maybe it still is, but it worked. The Le Rhone required that the propeller be attached to the motor itself instead of the crankshaft. Then in action, the crankshaft remained rigidly stationary while the motor spun around it. Yet it produced in the Morane a flying speed of 80 mph.

It was a clear day, and thousands of troops in trenches on both sides of the shambles called No-Man's Land watched with awe the events that followed.

Garros was at the controls, and he was a man whose seething months of frustration were about to burst. He headed into the first plane so fast and furiously that he was barely able to zoom over the aerial debris after firing his first round.

The pilots and observer-gunners of the remaining three planes couldn't grasp what had happened. The reports of the survivors mention that they saw the flames of machine gun fire "between the blades of the propeller," but knowing this was impossible, they thought the Morane had knocked the wings off their *Albatros* with its undercarriage. Indeed, Garros' pass was close enough to the doomed *Albatros* to create that illusion, and when he went into his falling-leaf act with a tail-spin finale, the illusion was perfect.

The three planes circled above their falling comrade in bewilderment, hoping to the last moment to see the *Albatros* straighten out and land safely. It plowed in, nose first, and exploded.

By that time Garros had regained his altitude. Once more flames sparkled brightly between the blades of his pro-

"Oops . . ."

peller. This time the bullets of his second clip raked through gas tanks and motor, and the second *Albatros* exploded in mid-air.

Garros dived, his piano-wire rigging screaming. With two remaining machine gunners alerted, the safest place was underneath. It was a needless maneuver. With two of their planes converted into fire balls in three minutes, the surviving pilots were heading for home at full throttle.

Garros did not follow. He had a weapon designed to meet the Germans head-on, and he saw no reason to fly into machine gun bullets designed for rear-guard action. He turned his Morane back to his landing field, super-elated at scoring a double, and completely oblivious to the fact that his propeller had been knocked askew and was setting up a fearful vibration. It was working, wasn't it?

For the sake of the record, the first two men shot down in aerial combat were Sub-Lieutenant Hugo Ackner and Observer-Gunner Fritz Dietrichs. With their deaths, combat would never be the same again.

It was a crude, semi-suicidal weapon Garros was using. His gun was mounted conveniently in front of him, and by raising up and straddling his stick, he could shove in a fresh clip without too much danger of being pitched out in a nose-dive. But every time he pulled the cord that fired a clip, one out of four bullets was slamming into the deflective armor on his propeller blades. He wasn't shooting them off, but he wasn't doing them any good either, nor was he doing much for the alignment of a crankshaft around which a motor spun furiously. Things were going on inside he couldn't appreciate.

By April 16th Garros had driven the German planes from the skies above France. To make more kills he had to hunt far behind the German lines, and even then the sight of his little plane was enough to send the pilots fleeing. He knew better than to attack from the rear, but with all opposition fleeing in front of him, it was the only way he could attack. Down he went on four planes, and all four gunners, in tight formation, opened up on him.

Fabric was shot from his wings in spurts. His gas tank was riddled, and the fumes of gas spray nearly smothered him. A slug hit his machine gun and fell into his lap. Down he came, picking the leader in order to put the other three gunners behind him.

He saw the pilot stand up in the cockpit to shoot at him with a pistol. "I had to laugh," he said later. Then he pulled the cord, and poured his clip right through man and machine. His only momentary worry was that his own gunfire would ignite the gas leaking all around him.

Garros continued his dive, passing the stricken *Aviatik*, and then rolled out, safely below the other three planes. He headed for home, patting the side of his plane and murmuring words of encouragement. Over No-Man's Land he was just above tree-top level and picked up a dozen more rifle bullets from the Germans in the trenches. One of them cut short the few minutes of gas he had left, and he went in just behind the French lines. It wouldn't be Garros if he didn't pull his crash in full view of an assortment of generals making an inspection tour of the front, and that night, wearing only a black eye for his crack-up he was decorated with the Legion of Honor.

The newspapers, hungry for any kind of a victory, ran his story throughout the allied world. Five planes in 16 days. In hunting for words to describe his glory, one reporter enthused, "With five planes to his credit, he is an ace among pilots," and thus began the legend that it takes five planes to make an ace.

Three days later, on April 19th, Garros went hunting again behind the German lines. He felt some vibration from his motor, but by this time he would have felt strange in a plane that didn't vibrate. Over the railroad yards at Courtrai he tossed out a couple of bombs he had been carrying in his lap, and was disappointed when no ammunition train blew up on the siding. He started his turn for home, and it was then that the vibration increased to a dreadful shaking. He eased back on the throttle, but his motor was beyond tender care. Near Inglemunster, 40 miles from the Dutch frontier, he saw a clearing in a forest and went in. Thinking he was alone in the wilderness, he climbed out leisurely, and according to custom, tried to set fire to his plane. The damn thing wouldn't burn. He was still lighting matches when the woods came alive with German soldiers, and he became a guest of the Kaiser.

That was at 8:00 a.m. By noon his plane had been identified as the one that had chased the German planes out of the sky. By 5 p.m., contrary to all military procedure, red tape was cast aside and Garros and his plane were on their way to Berlin.

For Garros, it was his last visit all over again. Many German fliers were there to toast a gallant birdman with champagne, and Garros was gallant enough to play the piano, that being the custom in those days. But this time when he pleaded his teeth were afloat, a guard went with him, and when at last he went to bed that night, it was in the jug.

His plane, meanwhile, had been given a thorough inspection, with special attention to the bullet-deflecting collar. Anthony Fokker was brought in with urgent instructions to prepare similar collars for the German planes.

The great airplane designer studied the bullet-scarred collars for less than ten seconds. "They won't work," he said flatly.

"But they do work," he was informed just as flatly.

"Luck," he said.

"Luck or no luck, we must have them. Within a week. Get busy." According to Fokker's own letters on the subject, his instructions were even briefer than that, but colored with profane language.

Garros had proved that machine gun bullets could be fired through machine gun blades, and had thus established a fact. Fokker could not deny the fact, but he still could dislike the method. As a great designer, which Garros was not, he could see that the constant hammering of bullets against a collar would sooner or later, and usually sooner, wreck an airplane. He marvelled both aloud and in his own writings that Garros had survived the first burst. (In this line of thought he was quite right. After the capture of Garros, both French and English tried to use his collar, and in all instances their pilots shot off their propellers, or were forced to land when excessive vibration threatened to tear off their wings or motors.)

Fokker had one idea based on an unusual experiment in his youth. He was a Hollander, and one day in his boyhood he had tried throwing stones through the vanes of a windmill. Only half of his rocks got through until he discovered that if he threw just as a vane swung past the vertical, he could get through every time. Now it was a matter of getting bullets through before a propeller blade could intercept them. In a flash he had the idea of letting the blade itself trigger the gun. Twenty-four sleepless hours later he had worked out the timing to get his triggering from the crankshaft. Through a push-pull rod geared to the crankshaft, the trigger would be activated during those intervals the blades were not in the line of fire, and then released during that split second the blade was passing the muzzle. Forty-eight sleepless hours later he had it working on the ground, and 72 sleepless hours later, he had it working in the air.

In one of the greatest production speed records in the history of warfare, in less than a month after the capture of Garros, the famed German pilot, Lt. Oswald Boelcke, brought down his first French plane using a machine gun synchronized with his propeller. The next day Lt. Max Immelman brought another, and now it was the Germans who cleared the skies of Allied planes.

However, Garros' old friend Armand Pinsard fixed an escape from German hands with well-placed bribes, but that in no way discounts the fact that on the pitch black night of January 23, 1918, Sergeant John Quette flew an old Horace Farman biplane into a rocky pasture outside Cologne while overhead Pinsard flew cover in a Spad. Nor does it discount the fact that Quette and his passenger boosted the Farman out of the pasture, and that by dawn Quette, Pinsard and Garros were well into a bottle of cognac, with several more bottles standing by in reserve.

Back in the air again, Garros found himself up against the hard law of averages he had introduced when he put wings on death. Three weeks was the average life of a pilot. He did better. From February to October he roamed the skies, confirming his title of "ace" three times over. Then on the morning of October 5th, a month before the end of the war, a German Fokker D-7 slid down out of the sun, and Roland Garros never knew what hit him. A knight of the air, yes, but with a difference he introduced himself. When the knights of old were unhorsed, they got up and walked away. The knights of the air never did. •

HANDSOME & BODY BEAUTIFUL

Continued from page 29

blade bit into the wood, splitting it. The exercise felt good, and he swung harder. The pile of split wood grew until he judged he had enough. Then he carried armfuls of it into the house, to the wood-box near the fireplace in the living room. The two women were there again, with fresh drinks, working industriously at the potato chips.

On his third trip, having filled the box, Handsome laid a fire and lighted it. Mary said, "You'd better stay and see that it catches well. Would you like a drink?"

He saw again that there was nothing in her invitation beyond what she said, and accepted, "Thank you, Mrs. Warren."

"Help yourself," she told him, indicating the generous array of bottles, glasses, soda, and other bar paraphernalia on a side table.

Handsome mixed himself a drink, took a draught, saw that the fire needed attention, and bent to it. When he straightened Mary held out her bowl of potato chips to him and as he dipped into it and picked up his drink again she said, "I'm sure I don't have to mention that there isn't anything more to your job than I said."

Handsome agreed, "That's just the way I'd like it."

He had been very conscious of Ruth's presence in the room, and the fact that she was studying him. Now she said, "Handsome sounds a good deal like the male lead in the new play I'm going to be in. He's—shall we say the virile type? He's interested in women, but he doesn't want any serious entanglements." She addressed Handsome directly. "Or have I got that wrong?"

He smiled. "That's exactly right."

"In the play," Ruth went on, "I'm supposed to be the same. That's what it's about: What happens when two people like that meet."

At the twinkle that showed again in her deep black eyes Handsome smiled more broadly. "What happens?"

Ruth regarded him coolly now. "What do you think?"

As though she were playing a game, Mary cried, "Don't tell him! Keep him guessing." She held out her hands to the fire. "It feels good." She shivered slightly, her plentiful parts jiggling. "The nights are getting chilly. Handsome, you're a first-class wood-chopper and fire-builder. I think we'll need a fire in the dining room, too."

Handsome started to put down his glass, but Mary stopped him. "Finish your drink. There isn't that much hurry."

Later, he was building and lighting the fire in the dining room when Mrs. Kendall, after fussing at the set table, called the two women to dinner. Ruth came in steadily, not showing the effect of her drinks in the least, but Mary's gross body did not function properly. She sank like a bulging sack of potatoes onto a chair and asked the world at large, "Why can't Handsome eat with us instead of in the kitchen?"

Ruth answered, "Mrs. Kendall wouldn't like it."

"Are we living for Mrs. Kendall," Mary demanded, "or ourselves?"

Ruth turned to Handsome. "Would you like to?"

"I think it would be better if I didn't."

Mary, just as Mrs. Kendall entered the room carrying a platter of steaming red hot lobsters, ordered Handsome, "Sit down."

As she placed the platter on the table Mrs. Kendall asked between tight lips, "He going to eat with you?"

Mary nodded. "Set another place, please, Mrs. Kendall."

The woman followed orders, though she did not disguise her disapproval of having a new and unknown hired man, especially a young, good-looking one, eat at the same table with his female employer.

Handsome tore into a lobster avidly. It was his favorite food. He sucked its delicious juices and dipped the flesh in drawn butter. There was a tossed salad, more potato chips, pickles, and crusty bread to go with it. Finished with one lobster, he reached for another. Mary went right along with him, eating lobster for lobster as Mrs. Kendall, clucking her tongue, brought in more. Ruth ate only one, Handsome three. Mary ate four.

"We're both good lobster eaters," she told him. "Except you can afford to eat that much and I can't." Then she burst out suddenly, "But I don't care!"

"You ought to care," Ruth murmured.

Mary turned on her friend. "Well, I don't!" she cried.

Handsome stared at her. She subsided inside her vast body, though she vigorously mopped the last of the butter on her plate with a piece of bread and plopped it into her mouth.

During the following week Handsome enjoyed his new job and the town of West William, though its people looked at him askance, not knowing exactly what to make of him. The policeman came at odd times to keep tabs on him, and Mrs. Kendall clucked her tongue disapprovingly at his continuing to take all his meals, except for breakfast, with the two women. When he went to the village for mail, people mostly ignored him, but sometimes he heard comments plainly meant for his ears.

"Wouldn't be surprised a minute what went on with him and them."

"I'll be obliged if I ever heard of such a way of doing."

Handsome tried to combat this attitude through Mrs. Kendall. He rose early and saw to it that her kitchen was warm and she had everything she needed when she arrived each morning. He went out of his way to show her that there was nothing between him and their employer and her guest. He gave her his best smile. Daily he admired her cooking. The first results of his campaign came in the form of special tidbits on his plate. She gave him reluctant approval and when townspeople stopped making comments and began to return his greeting he knew that Mrs. Kendall had finally given them a good report on him.

He drove Mary and Ruth about the countryside in the big convertible to see the beautiful autumn foliage. One afternoon he brought along a fly casting rod he had found in the barn and in a stream at the side of the road he caught a big string of fat trout. Mary consumed them that evening with gusto.

Handsome discovered other things in the barn. In one corner, covered with a layer of dust, was an array of reducing

"Hello, Charlie? About those stag films you loaned me . . ."

equipment. Among the items was a massage table, a sweat box, a stationary bicycle, dumbbells, a set of scales, diet charts and a plentiful supply of rubbing oil. In a haberdasher's box were two sets of gray sweat suits with the original creases still in them, unused. Handsome concluded that this equipment had something to do with Mary Warren's singular obesity, but he could not fathom just what.

He inquired about it one afternoon when Ruth came out of the house while he was chopping wood. She explained that the trouble with Mary's marriage was the way she had let herself go. Her husband was a big Boston financier. This was his family home here in West William. He had married Mary after they met in New York at a party. They were really in love and happy until she started to drink and eat too much. Then they began to argue. Mary wouldn't stop. He stood it until she got up to 200 pounds. Ruth concluded, "I'd say he was a hero."

"That's what all the reducing equipment is for?"

"He bought that for her and called in Dr. Walden, the local physician, to supervise her reducing, but she wouldn't even touch it. That was their last argument. Then he left her."

"She won't listen to reason?"

"She won't listen, period. Getting that fat is supposed to be a disease and I guess it is with her."

Handsome regarded her. "You haven't caught it."

She glanced at him and said dryly, "I'm glad you noticed."

"I haven't figured out yet what happens in your play between the man who's interested and the woman who's interested but both of them not wanting anything serious."

"Well," said Ruth, "I'm curious about what might happen in real life in a situation like that. To understand my part better, of course."

"I wish I could help you," Handsome replied. "But I'm afraid I can't."

"You really have no ideas?"

He liked the way she put it. It stirred him keenly and it was an almost irresistible temptation to pursue what she fairly obviously intended, yet put so subtly. "I'd say," he told her, "if I were this fellow and there was a girl like that around here, no matter how much of a dish the girl was and no matter how much I liked her, I wouldn't try because it would disturb things too much."

Her dark eyes twinkled at him. " 'Disturb' things?"

"I mean it would make them different. For instance, Mrs. Kendall would learn of it and tell the town. And this fellow likes the people here. He'd want to keep things as they are."

She gazed at him, smiling. "You know, Handsome," she said, "you're something new."

A few days later, Handsome noticed among the mail a letter from a firm of Boston lawyers, but he did not connect it with the talk about Mary he and Ruth had had. That evening he learned there was a direct connection. After Mrs. Kendall left for the night Handsome would stay up with the two women for a drink or two and some card-playing. Tonight Mary was preoccupied. She downed glass after glass of liquor, and consumed chocolates as though she had to prove something. Alternately she was gay and depressed. Handsome glanced at Ruth for some explanation, but she only rolled her dark eyes and spread her hands.

Finally Mary, sitting on the couch, which didn't leave enough room for anyone else on it, burst out with, "Stop looking at me like that! You both know what's the matter!"

Quietly, Handsome said, "I don't."

Mary didn't answer.

Ruth explained. "Mary learned today that Frank—her husband—is suing her for divorce."

"Let him!" cried Mary. "Let him get a divorce! Tell him to go ahead! I don't love him! I never did!"

"You don't mean that, Mary," Ruth told her.

"Certainly I mean it! Mean it all the way! So tell him to go ahead! Go ahead and get a divorce! See if I care!"

There was an uncomfortable silence. Mary, her glass empty, tried to get up to replenish it. Her big stomach moved convulsively, but did not leave the couch. She could not make it. "Handsome," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Warren?"

"I told you to call me 'Mary.' You've been calling me that."

"Yes, Mary."

She held out her glass. "Get me another drink."

Ruth intervened. "You've had enough for tonight, Mary."

Mary ignored her. "Handsome."

"Yes, Mary?"

"You work for me, don't you?"

"I do."

"You like to make me happy, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then get me another drink." She held out the glass with a pleading expression. Ruth said nothing more. Handsome took the glass and filled it.

She took half of it in one gulp. She blinked. Her immense body jiggled. Then, as though her hand had suddenly become nerveless, she dropped the glass. Its contents spilled out in a small stream across the rug. The glass rolled toward the fireplace and came to a stop against one leg of the andirons. Abruptly Mary began to cry.

She sat there, upright, and lamented, "I didn't mean it, Frank! I didn't mean it! I don't want you to get a divorce! I love you and want you! Oh, please, Frank, don't get a divorce, don't get a divorce!" Then she wept, the tears flowing in a stream down her fat cheeks and dropping, unheeded, on her dress.

Ruth motioned to Handsome. "I think there's some coffee left in the kitchen."

When he returned with it Ruth held the cup for Mary, while she sipped. After she had taken several cups Mary wiped her eyes and dried her cheeks and hiccupped, "I—I guess I feel better. Except about Frank."

Handsome told her, "It isn't any of my business, but why don't you reduce and get your husband back?"

"It's too late," Mary lamented. "He's already started to divorce me."

"If he loves you he'll stop that," Handsome advised. "But from what I know of it, you've got to show him yourself slimmed down first."

"Oh, I couldn't—"

"You could, if you want him back enough. It isn't easy taking off what you'd have to, but it could be done."

She stared at him. "What do you know about it, Handsome?"

"In the Army I was assigned for awhile to a mess sergeant and we had a couple of problem cases whose poundage had to come off. I know enough to see you could do it if you really wanted to."

Ruth turned eagerly to Mary. "Let Handsome do it for you."

Mary looked at Handsome. "Could you?"

The prospect tickled Handsome. He enjoyed helping people. In addition it fitted in with one facet of his going about the country. People often were in trouble and when he entered their lives and was in a position to help straighten them out, he found it satisfying. He appraised Mary. "What was your normal weight?"

"A hundred and twenty."

Ruth smiled reminiscently. "Men whistled at it. You should have seen her onstage in a G-string and a narrow bra."

"That means you'd have to take off a hundred pounds," said Handsome.

"Oh, Handsome," said Mary, "if you could do it, I'd pay you extra."

Ruth suggested, "Give him five dollars a pound; it's cheap at the price. That'll be five hundred dollars."

"Would that be all right, Handsome?" Mary inquired.

He grinned. "It's a deal if you really mean it."

"I really mean it."

"You do now, but tomorrow will you do as I say?"

"I will, I absolutely will."

"I just want to know one thing: If you change your mind, do you want me to go ahead anyway?"

Mary told him resolutely, "No matter what I say, Handsome, you go ahead."

Ruth laughed. "I'm a witness on Handsome's side. This ought to be good. Let's have a drink to celebrate it."

Mary said, "But drinking—"

"If you feel like it," Handsome told her, "you'd better have one, because it's the last you're going to get for a long time."

They all had a drink, toasting the decision that had been made, lifting their glasses gaily.

In the morning when Handsome told Mrs. Kendall about it she said skeptically, "Maybe you mean it but she don't."

"She will. When you take her breakfast to her all she gets is a small dish of prunes, weak tea without milk or sugar, and a single piece of dry toast."

With delight Mrs. Kendall said, "I can't wait to see her face."

"Don't you weaken and give her any more."

"Don't worry. Her tea won't be much more than colored water."

"I want you to tell me the location of every bottle of liquor in the house."

She told him and he searched them out, put them in a large cardboard carton, and carried this to the loft of the barn, where he buried it under some hay. Then he telephoned Dr. Walden and asked him to come over later in the morning. Following that he went up to the bedroom next to that of Mary and began to dismantle the furniture and carry it out. From Mary's room, when Mrs. Kendall took her the breakfast he had ordered, he heard loud cries of lament which subsided only after Mrs. Kendall marched out, broadly smiling, and did not return.

Handsome began to transport the reducing equipment into the now empty room. He set up the rubbing table and put a sheet over it. He connected the sweat cabinet to an electric outlet. He was arranging everything to his satisfaction when Dr. Walden, a trim little man, arrived upstairs with a grin on his face that seemed to stretch from ear to ear. "Young man," he predicted to Handsome "you'll never do it."

"I can try," Handsome told him, "if you'll give her a physical examination first to see if she can stand it."

The little doctor's grin broadened. "We'll see." He knocked on Mary's door and went in.

Ruth emerged from her room clad in a glamorous negligee. Handsome, after taking in her appearance with appreciation, explained what he was doing and showed her the reducing room. "I'm going to need your help."

"Just tell me what kind, Handsome. I think this is going to be even better than it seemed last night."

Dr. Walden came out of Mary's room and left the door open. His grin persisted when he told Handsome. "She's yours, though I'd like to have a look at her from time to time as it goes on—if it goes on."

"Can I cut her down to eight hundred calories a day?"

"That's about as drastic as you can safely get. I don't envy her." He glanced in the room next door. "Just don't overdo exercise. I'd work on the sweating mostly."

The doctor departed and Handsome and Ruth entered Mary's room. Sitting massively in the middle of it, like a female Buddha, she looked woebegone. Indicating her empty breakfast tray, she complained, "I'm hungry."

Handsome smiled. "You're going to be hungrier." He went into the other room and returned with one of the sweat suits. "Put this on." He dropped it on the bed.

Mary gazed at it mournfully. "Handsome—"

"Put it on. Then come in the other room." He turned to Ruth. "You'd better get dressed. Then come in while I give her a massage; I'd like you to be there every time I do that."

Ruth's eyes lighted with amused anticipation. "You're going to—?"

Handsome told her, "I had a job once as a masseur at a Florida beach club."

Ruth asked, "Did you work on women there?"

"No, but—"

From the bed belated understanding of what they were talking about penetrated to Mary, who cried, "Handsome, you're not!"

He demanded, "Is there anybody else in town who can do it?"

"There isn't, but I couldn't let you."

Brutally, he told her, "If you think, when I touch the lard on you, I'll feel a woman, you're crazy. It's got to be done, so I'll do it."

"I won't let you."

"I'll be waiting for you." He went into the next room and closed the door.

Mary followed, then Ruth joined them. She looked grotesque in the thick sweat suit. Great bulges filled it completely, thrusting forward here and there, sometimes in surprising places. She gazed at the equipment as though it might be machinery for her destruction, said, "I can't do it," turned, and began to go back to her room.

Handsome placed himself between her and the door. "Get on the bicycle," he ordered.

She turned back and eyed the bicycle with horror. Slowly, reluctantly, she went to it, and clambered aboard, overflowing it alarmingly. She placed her feet tentatively on the pedals.

"Start pumping," Handsome told her.

She started to pedal, without enthusiasm.

"Faster."

She pumped faster, but soon she stopped entirely.

"Keep on, until you start to sweat."

She scowled at him, but kept on.

He forced her to keep at it until sweat broke out on her face. Then he let her stop, saying, "That's enough of the bicycle for today." Gladly she got off its seat. "Now I want you to pick up these dumbbells twenty times and hold them above your head."

"Pick them up from the floor?"

"It won't do you much good if I hand them to you."

"If I bend that far down I'm likely to fall down and never get up."

"You won't fall and you'll get up."

She bent 20 times and lifted 20 times, adding to the sweat on her face. When she was finished he ordered, "Now run around the room until I tell you to stop."

She didn't exactly run, but she waddled at a little faster pace than a walk. Her face and bulbous neck were bathed in sweat when he told her to stop. She gasped, "Handsome, I love my husband and want him back the way I said, but it won't do any good to get him back if you kill me."

He handed her a towel. "Wipe your face, take off the sweat suit while I turn my back, and then sit in the sweat box. It's already on and heated up."

He turned his back. A moment later he heard a whimper. He turned and saw her head sticking up out of the round opening at the top of the sweat box. Her head said, "I'll never live through this."

"You'll live through it."

Ruth came in during the last part of the sweat box treatment and laughed at her friend, who said, "You wouldn't laugh if you were in here."

"I guess I wouldn't," Ruth conceded. She picked up a towel and wiped Mary's face.

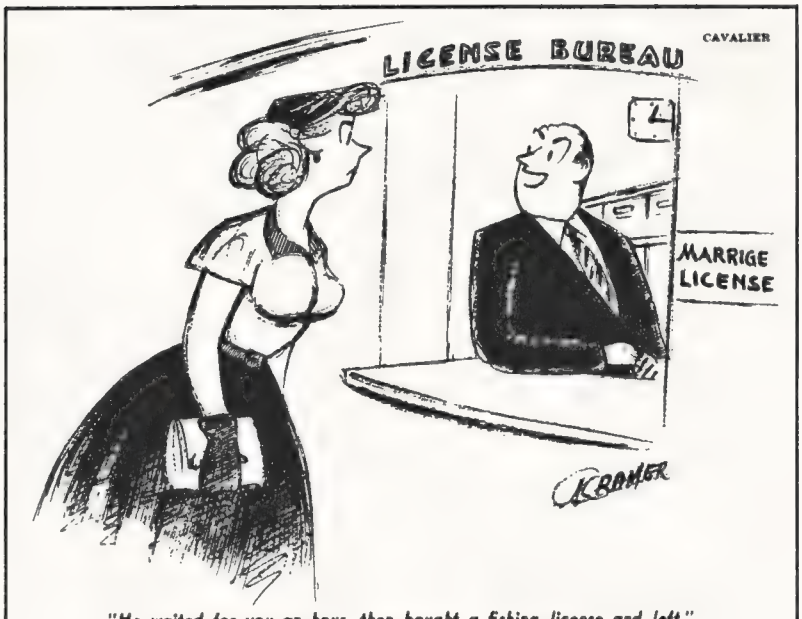
"I'm going to turn my back again," Handsome said to Mary. "Ruth will get you out of the box, wrap you in a sheet, and then you get up on the rubbing table."

"Handsome, I told you I'm not going to let you—"

"You're going to let me."

A moment later Ruth announced, "She's ready not to let you."

Mary, wrapped in a sheet, lay on her



"He waited for you an hour, then bought a fishing license and left."

stomach on the table. Handsome took up a bottle of rubbing oil and stepped over to her. He eased the sheet down from her back, applied the oil and began his massage, patting and slapping the folds of flesh. Finished with that section he pulled the sheet lower and worked there, including the bulging hips.

All this time Mary had said nothing. Now she hid her face and lamented, "Oh, Handsome, I don't see how you can even look at me."

Ruth said, "He's a man of courage."

Handsome, arranging the sheet so as to keep hidden Mary's most intimate sections, ordered her to turn over.

He worked on her arms, then the bloated middle section of her body, and finally on her legs, concentrating on her puffy thighs. Discretely, he kept her covered where it counted. His touch was sure and business-like. She sighed, "It feels wonderful, Handsome."

He gave her a final slap and said, "I want you to rest now. You'll probably feel like taking a nap. When you get up you can have half a glass of water, no more."

Relaxed, Mary proposed sleepily, "Let's go for a ride this afternoon."

"We'll go for a walk," he informed her. "At least two miles. Tomorrow it will be three. When Dr. Walden says your heart can stand it, it will be a jog, and then a run. After we come back from today's walk we'll do this all over again."

That awakened her enough for her to protest weakly, "Oh, no!"

Handsome left them to go down to the kitchen and confer with Mrs. Kendall about diet and give her the charts he had found in the barn.

For lunch Mary had a small glass of tomato juice, a piece of broiled liver, some steamed chopped spinach, a dry salad, and a glass of skimmed milk. When she saw this her face fell. "I'll starve to death," she declared.

"You're going to starve," Ruth told her, "but not to death."

Ruth passed up joining them when Handsome ordered Mary into her sweat suit and they started on their walk. He took her around the fields of her estate. She waddled laboriously, breathing hard, once stopping to state, "I can't go another step."

"Pick them up and make them go," he instructed.

She picked them up and made them go. Back at the house he let her rest for a time before he started her on the bicycle again and then through the same routine as the morning, including the massage, which was attended by a highly entertained Ruth. Afterward, when he weighed her in, they discovered she had lost only a pound for the day's work.

"The trouble is," said Handsome, "you can live off your fat alone for awhile."

Before dinner that evening Mary demanded a drink and when Handsome reminded her that alcohol was out, she protested, "You're a sadist!" She adopted other tactics. In a honey-dripping voice she pleaded, "Oh, Handsome, just one teensy-weensie drink?"

"Not a chance."

Ruth told her, "You don't know the sacrifice Handsome and I are making for you in not having any ourselves."

In a withering voice Mary remarked, "*You're* being tortured?"

For dinner, to her utter disgust, Mary had a cup of cold bouillion, a small broiled steak, one-half a medium-sized baked potato, some raw carrot strips, another glass of skimmed milk, and half a cup of unsweetened grapefruit juice. After she consumed this she asked for coffee.

Handsome consulted a duplicate of the diet he had given Mrs. Kendall. "You can have it," he reported, "black."

"I like sugar and cream in it."

"Black."

She had it black, drinking it with a wry face.

Late that night, when the household was in darkness, a large figure waddled down the stairs. It tiptoed to the kitchen like a conspirator and there turned on the light. Then it clumped to the refrigerator and opened the door. It was just about to reach in when its hand was arrested by someone saying, "Close it."

Mary turned, her blobs shaking and quivering. "Handsome!"

"Close it."

She closed the refrigerator door. In a small-girl voice she pleaded, "I'm hungry."

"You can have a vitamin pill; we forgot that today."

He gave her a pill and some water. "That's all?"

"Get back to bed. I'm going to lock you in your room."

"Oh, Handsome, you don't have to do that."

"I do have to do it."

He turned the key in her door and put it in his pocket. He saw to it that the second door of her room, leading into the reducing chamber, was also locked.

At the end of the second day Mary flatly refused to go on, declaring, "I can't stand it!"

Ruth reminded, "Don't you want Frank back?"

"Of course I do, but—"

"Then go on with it. Handsome's doing a fine job."

"You lost nearly two pounds today," Handsome said. "We'll try to drop around three a day while it's pure shortening, then slow up at the finish."

Mary groaned.

"Anybody getting two massages a day from Handsome," Ruth told her, "shouldn't be kicking."

At dinner on the third night, Mary's main course was steamed cod without any sauce on it. She looked at it with loathing and said, "I don't like it."

"It's what your diet calls for," Handsome told her, "so eat it."

"I won't."

"It's better than nothing," he warned. He reached out his hand for it.

She slapped it away and began to wolf the cod.

On the fourth day, after Handsome had put her through her paces, with the goal of three pounds lost daily now having been reached, Mary announced casually, "I think I'll go for a walk to the village. I haven't been down for a long time."

Handsome regarded her narrowly. "I'll go along with you."

"You don't have to, Handsome."

"I feel like walking to the village myself."

"But really—"

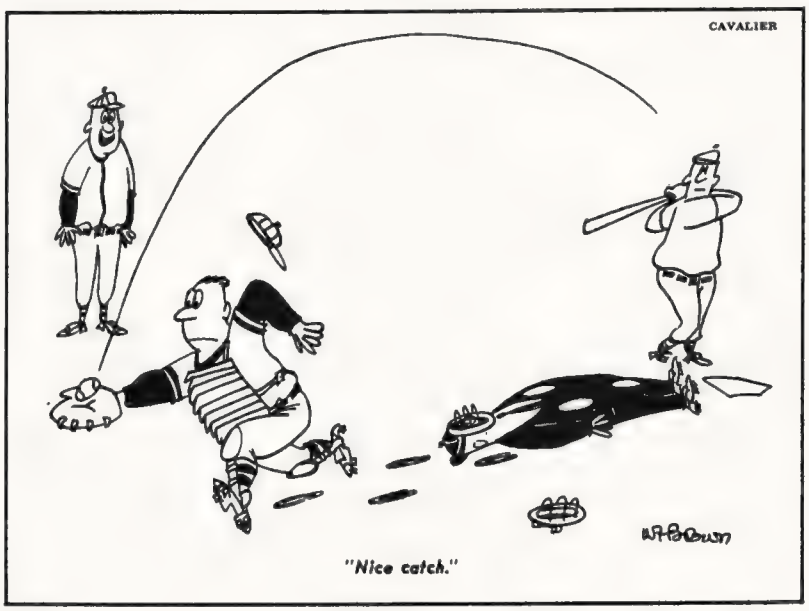
"I feel like it, too," said Ruth, smiling. She put her arm companionably through Handsome's.

Mary accepted their company without enthusiasm. When they reached the village she said, "I think I'll go in the general store for a minute; neither of you has to bother."

"I'll go in, too," said Handsome.

"It isn't any bother," said Ruth.

She glared at them as they accompanied her into the store. Inside it became evident that she had nothing to do there, at least in their company, except to walk about looking at the food. She



"Nice catch."

stood for a long time in front of the meat counter just looking in the glass case. She stared at the vegetables. She gazed hungrily at the candy. She peered at the fruit. She reached out a hand and touched with love a bag of potato chips. Finally, making a pained, exasperated sound, she walked heavily from the store, and strode home, clumping along with Handsome and Ruth on either side of her, all solemnly saying nothing.

After a week, even though she had lost 17 pounds, Mary decided, "I can't go on with it, no matter how much I want Frank back. I'm too hungry all the time."

"You'll go on with it," Ruth said.

"I won't! Handsome, I want to call it off. Let's say you've taken off twenty pounds and I'll give you a hundred dollars for that. But it's finished."

"No."

"Your bargain is a hundred pounds and you pay him a full five hundred," Ruth reminded her.

"But I'm telling you both I don't want to."

"And you told me," Handsome pointed out, "that no matter what you said I was to keep on with it, so we'll keep on."

"Now look here, you give me the key to my room and stop—"

"You're not getting any key. You're being locked in there tonight. And you'll be ready to sweat tomorrow."

She was furious. Then she wept helplessly.

Dr. Walden came at the end of the second week to examine Mary. She had lost 38 pounds, her skin hung on her in folds, and her eyes were dull. "She's all right," the physician said, "but she's weak. I think you'd better start to slow it down to not more than two pounds a day. And let her have nine hundred calories."

"I told you!" Mary shrilled. "You're killing me!"

"He isn't killing you," Dr. Walden told her sharply. "He's probably saving your life and he may save your marriage, if you still want it saved."

Contritely, she admitted that she did.

For some days after that she cooperated without complaining very much. She even admired the difference in her appearance made by the weight she had lost; it now showed quite definitely. Then again the desperate, almost hunted look of the ravenous came to her eyes. She claimed the small added amount of food allowed her made no difference and that she had to have more.

Handsome did not even deign to comment. He was awakened late that night by the sudden roar of the motor of the convertible outside his barn apartment door. He sprang up and rushed out in his pajamas, to see the car going out the drive so fast its tires spurted gravel, turning, with a squeal of rubber, into the road and away.

He glanced up at the second story of the house, at Mary's room. The rear window was open over the low porch roof below, from which a trellis dropped. That was normal. Then a thought struck him. He did not think it was possible, but it made him go into his quarters for the key to Mary's room and then hurry into the house.

In the hall on the second floor he met Ruth in her dressing gown, who said, "I heard the car and then you coming in—what's happened?"

He brushed past her to Mary's door. After knocking briskly and receiving no answer, he used the key and went in. Over his shoulder Ruth exclaimed, "She's gone!"

"I don't know how she ever got down that trellis without falling and killing herself or breaking a leg, but she did. And we've got to go after her. Be out at the jeep in two minutes."

He ran down the stairs to the barn, pulled on his clothes and was backing out the jeep when Ruth appeared and climbed in. They raced out the drive, down the road and to the village. Everything there was dark, including the inn, the only place Mary could have found food and drink.

"Where do you think she went?" Ruth asked.

"There are three towns nearby where there might be some place open—Hancock, Peterborough, or Keene."

"There won't be anything in Hancock. There could be in the other two."

"Then we'll try Peterborough first," Handsome decided. He spurted the jeep forward.

On the way Ruth snuggled up beside him and said, "It's like looking for a drunk."

"There isn't a great deal of difference," Handsome said. "Alcoholism and compulsive over-eating are much the same; sometimes they go together."

In Peterborough they searched, but couldn't find Mary.

They returned to the jeep. Handsome got it under way again and said, "It's Keene. She's taken the short cut, getting there way ahead of us, and faster."

They raced through the dark night to Keene and when they got there found several places open. Mary was not in the first two, but the convertible was parked outside the third.

Inside she was sitting at a dish-laden table, her bulk overflowing the chair, eating as fast as she could, currently in the process of polishing off the last of a steak and a platter of french fried potatoes. Other empty dishes lay before her, including a glass that obviously had contained a drink. An open candy box was nearly empty.

When Mary saw them, she chewed rapidly, swallowed the last piece of steak, and gulped, "Oh."

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked Ruth.

"I couldn't help it." She sat back, giving a delicate belch. "It all tasted so good. Handsome, let's call the whole thing off and I'll pay you the full five hundred."

"Nothing doing," Handsome told her coldly. "What did you have?"

"Do you have to know?"

"Tell me."

"You won't like it."

"I don't like it right now."

"I just had to have some candy. And I had cream of tomato soup."

Handsome shuddered.

"Then maybe a lobster before the steak, and—"

"A lobster?"

"Two, and a couple of pieces of cornbread with butter. I had french frieds," she confessed, "and a salad with Thousand Island dressing."

"That's the worst for calories," said Ruth.

"No other vegetables?" Handsome inquired icily.

In a small voice she admitted, "Well—I guess a plate of spaghetti."

"How many drinks and what?"

"Only three Tom Collins."

"Only the very worst," observed Ruth.

"What did you have with the drinks?"

"I guess a few peanuts."

"No potato chips?"

"Potato chips," she whispered.

"That's all?"

"I forgot some crackers with the soup."

"It's a good thing," said Ruth, "we got here before you could have dessert."

A guilty look stole over Mary's face.

"Didn't we?"

"I'll tell you about that," Mary said. "When I came in I saw this chocolate cream pie. It's really awfully good; you ought to try—"

Handsome interrupted witheringly,

"What else has stripes besides a zebra?"

"You're lucky I think it would take too long to get your stomach pumped out to do any good. What you've eaten," he calculated, "means over five thousand calories. You only get sixty-three hundred on your diet for a whole week."

"Think of what you've gained," said Ruth. "Every pound does Handsome out of five dollars. You ought to be ashamed."

"I'll make it up."

"You'll make it up," Handsome promised her.

"I'm sorry, Handsome," she said abjectly. "I was so hungry."

He did not acknowledge her apology.

Back in West William, Mary, in disgrace, was ordered to bed. While Ruth, smiling widely, watched from the doorway, Handsome obtained a hammer and thin spikes and nailed the two windows of Mary's room fast. She made no protest, not even suggesting she would not get any fresh air.

In the morning, when Handsome started to put her through her paces, he instructed, "Ride your bicycle twice as long today."

"Twice?"

"And raise the dumbbells fifty times."

He was unmerciful to her all that week, and she obeyed his every order without protesting or complaining.

At the end of the week, when, according to schedule, she should have lost 52 pounds in all, she had lost 50. But they were at the half-way mark, and even Mary was encouraged. She was getting accustomed to the diet and no longer felt starved, just mildly hungry. Her clothes did not fit her now and she began to eye, with hope, those she formerly wore. She looked at herself in the mirror and said, "At a hundred and seventy pounds I'm still repulsive, but I'm coming along."

Handsome and Ruth agreed with her. At the end of the fourth week she was down to 156. Handsome worked hard during his massages to tighten and tone up her stretched skin. As he worked at this one afternoon while she lay prone, she glanced around at him and said, "Handsome, do you know when I'll be sure its really going to work?"

"I think I do."

Ruth defined it. "When Handsome begins to feel he's massaging a woman instead of a tub of lard."

"Handsome," Mary asked, "are you beginning to feel anything yet?"

He didn't reply, but his hands hesitated for an instant as they worked at her bare hips.

Mary giggled.

Handsome slapped her smartly where she deserved it most, covered her up with the sheet, and said, "That's the end of the massages; you don't need them any more, anyway."

Both women laughed, and, for once, nonplused, Handsome made his escape, with Ruth crying after him, "Handsome, you're precious!"

By the end of the fifth week Mary weighed only 142, within 22 pounds of the goal. She had regained her former beauty. Mrs. Kendall and her husband congratulated her, as did many of the townsfolk, some of whom came to call out of curiosity. One old couple expressed their opinion plainly!

"Never thought it'd come out," said the man.

"Off, you mean," his wife corrected.

Mary herself, during the sixth and seventh weeks, worked assiduously, taking off the eight pounds needed for the final week in only three days. Then came the moment when she stepped on the scales and tipped them at almost exactly 120. She looked stunning.

She stepped off the scales to throw her arms around Handsome's neck and embrace him. "Oh, Handsome, how can I thank you enough?" she cried.

He smiled at her. "Just keep it that way."

"You'd better get Frank here so he can see you before he goes any further with the divorce," Ruth said.

Mary phoned her husband in Boston that evening. She was subdued when she told him that she did not expect him to stop his divorce proceedings, that she had been entirely at fault, and that all she wanted was for him to come to dinner the next night. At first he refused, then he seemed to catch something in her voice that made him change his mind.

Mary was radiant and hopeful as they waited in the living room the next evening. She trembled a little when she heard a car stop outside and its door slam. Her husband let himself in with his own key. Handsome saw a tall, broad, strong-featured man appear in the doorway and stop there. He glanced at all of them. At first he did not seem to see Mary, and her face fell. Then it became evident that he had not recognized her, the change was so dramatic.

"Mary!" he cried.

"Frank." She stared at him with brimming eyes.

"Mary, you—you look wonderful!"

She murmured, "I was hoping you'd think so, Frank."

He stepped into the room. "And your dress—you wore that on our honeymoon. You can get in it again. You look just the same."

"Yes, Frank," she whispered. "And I feel just the same as I did then."

He went to her and she received him with outstretched arms. The next instant she was weeping, then half-crying and laughing, as they embraced. He looked up to ask, "But how—?"

Ruth, with her arm in that of Handsome, told him, "This is Handsome, Frank, the new hired man. Along with his other work he did that to Mary."

Frank Warren looked puzzled and then a slight frown came to his face.

Mrs. Kendall, who had entered the room, stated, "You don't have to worry about anything like that, Mr. Warren. Handsome is a fine, moral young fellow; I've been here all along and I'd know anything different."

"Hello, Mrs. Kendall," Frank greeted her, and added, "I'm sure you would." He laughed, then left Mary and came over to Handsome. "I want to thank you and shake your hand."

"I promised him five hundred dollars if he did it," Mary said.

"I'm going to give him a thousand," Frank announced.

"Five hundred is enough, and all I'll take," Handsome told him.

"You can settle that," Mrs. Kendall ordered, "after you eat dinner, which is ready."

At the table Frank could not take his eyes off Mary. He kept repeating, "You look wonderful."

"Frank," she said, "I don't want to criticize, but haven't you put on a few pounds?"

"I admit it. Maybe Handsome will agree to take them off me."

Handsome shook his head. "I think I'll be going on."

Ruth looked up. "You're leaving?"

"Don't go, Handsome," Mary pleaded.

"Stay on," Frank urged.

"I've seen and done everything here I want."

Ruth spoke slowly. "Have you, Handsome?"

"Well, almost," he told her.

They tried to prevail upon him to stay, but Handsome said he never remained very long in one place, and that he had a lot of the world still to see and would depart tonight, right away.

Not long after dinner he went out to the barn for his few belongings. When he returned to the kitchen Mr. Kendall was there, coming to call for his wife. Handsome shook hands with him and then turned to Mrs. Kendall. He decided to override New England conservatism and gave her an embrace and a kiss; taken off guard she hugged him back and sniffled, "Never was so sorry to see a body go as you, Handsome."

Mr. Kendall offered, "Be hell-blamed if I thought I'd see the day to say the same, but I do."

In the living-room Frank wrote him out a check for $500 and shook hands again, gratefully. Mary kissed him warmly and thanked him for the last time. Ruth gave him a kiss that lingered just a little and wished him good luck. Her eyes were misty when he said goodbye and went out the door.

A little later Ruth left Mary and Frank alone and went to her room. As soon as she entered and closed the door behind her she sensed that something in the room had changed, or it contained a presence that had not been there before. She glanced at the bed and gasped, "Handsome!"

Only his dark curly head and bare arms showed out of the covers. He grinned at her. "If Mary could climb down, I can climb up."

In a low voice Ruth said, "I should have known."

"Did I figure right that this is the way your play ends?"

"Exactly right."

"And afterward each goes his own way?"

She smiled. "They don't, but I've always found real life more fun."

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Because I don't want West William to know, especially the Kendalls. I'll really be leaving before she arrives in the morning."

Ruth caught her breath. "Then let's not waste time." She began to unzip, fast. •

RIDDLE OF RAGGED STRANGER

Continued from page 36

home dripping with medals. And then he had gone back to work in his father's butcher shop, married Ruth and settled down on the second floor of a two-family house that Ruth's mother owned. It was in the vestibule of that house, when Carl and Ruth were returning from the movies, that the double shooting had taken place.

Ruth Wanderer, Charlie learned, had been several weeks pregnant. Charlie, poking around, asking all sorts of questions, ran across a friend of Carl's and Ruth's. "It was a funny thing about Carl when he knew Ruth was going to have a baby," the neighbor told Charlie.

"What do you mean?" asked MacArthur.

"Well, somehow Carl didn't seem to be excited about it. You know how the average guy is when he finds out his wife's going to have the first child. Well, Carl wasn't that way at all."

"How was he different?"

"Oh, I can't exactly explain it. He just didn't seem happy, that's all."

MacArthur, his head filled with vague suspicions, began to follow Wanderer around without the hero being any the wiser. Charlie would hang around Wanderer's home, tail him to the butcher shop, then hang around the butcher shop and tail him when he went out to lunch and so on until he tailed Wanderer back to the two-family house at the end of the day. A shrewd judge of character, MacArthur quickly noticed an interesting thing about the war hero. Carl Wanderer walked with a trace of a swish, slightly swinging his hips and treading in a mincing sort of way. "I wonder," Charlie asked himself, "if the son of a bitch is a fairy?"

Charles MacArthur, for all his rough-and-tumble, hard-drinking ways, was a fellow with a brilliant and far-ranging mind. He read everything from sports to psychology. He had, not long before the murder of Ruth Wanderer, been absorbing the theories of Sigmund Freud, the great Viennese physician who was the father of psychoanalysis. One of Freud's theories, Charlie was excited to recall, was that certain homosexuals have affairs not only with men but with women. Such men were what the boys called double-gaited. They would have a man one night, a woman the next.

Charlie went to the library and began to go through Freud's works again. His eyes widened when he came to a statement by Freud saying that if there is one thing a double-gaited man loathes more than anything else it is approaching fatherhood. The homosexual doesn't want to be a man in the first place; he wants, deep inside of him, to be a woman. And fatherhood, or its approach, is the thing that disturbs him most. Some double-gaited men, according to Freud, were likely to become violent when they discovered that they were about to become fathers. Freud cited one instance of such a fellow in Munich who, learning that his wife was about to bear him a child, murdered her.

Had Carl Wanderer been a homosexual who somehow lured The Ragged Stranger into the vestibule and shot both his wife and The Ragged Stranger to escape parenthood? And had he then made the whole terrible business look like a job that had originated with a common stick-up?

Upon his return from the wars, Carl Wanderer had been given a hero's reception by the folks in his neighborhood, with the American Legion whooping it up. Looking at the newspaper clippings of the reception, Charlie saw that several residents of Chicago and vicinity who had served overseas with Carl had attended. Charlie jotted down the names of Wanderer's buddies and began to seek them out and interview them.

"What impression of Wanderer did you have when both of you were overseas?" Charlie asked the first man.

"He was kind of queer, Carl was."

"How do you mean?"

"It's hard to say. Funny, that's all."

It wasn't until Charlie came across an ex-buddie of Wanderer's who lived in suburban Winnetka that he got what he was looking for. "We always thought Wanderer was a fairy," said this ex-buddie.

"Can you prove it?"

"Well, there's this. I was walking along a street in Paris one day when I saw Wanderer coming out of a place that everybody in Paris knew was a fairy joint."

Next day, Charlie, now seething with suspicion, dropped into the office of Chief of Detectives John Norton, a grizzled veteran of the murder beat, and, shoving his hat to the back of his head, put his feet up on Norton's desk. "Chief," said Charlie, "do you believe Carl Wanderer's story?"

"*Believe* it!" replied Norton. "What do you mean believe it?"

"Do you think he's telling the truth about what happened in the vestibule that night?"

"Sure. Who says anything otherwise?"

"I do," said MacArthur.

Norton sat there blinking at the scribe. "The case," he said, "is open and shut."

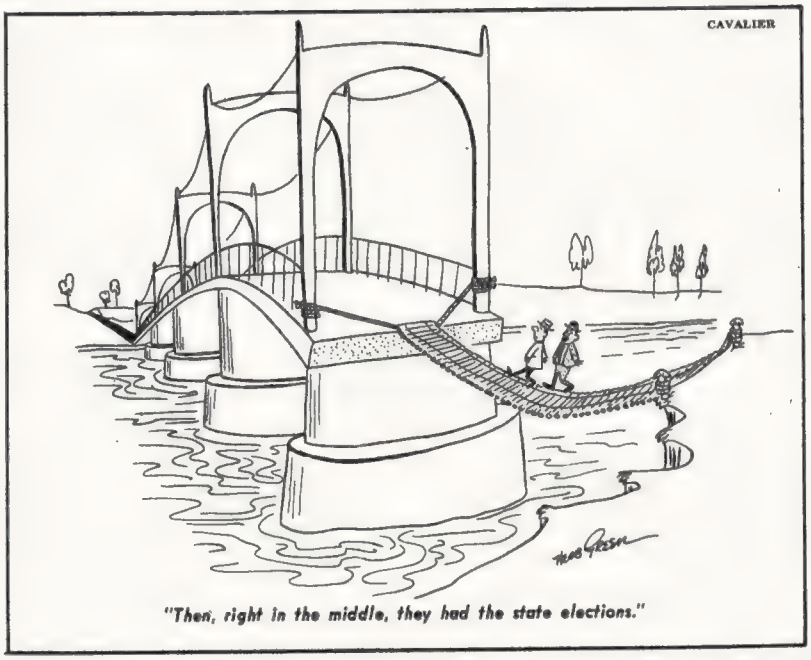
"The hell it is," said Charlie.

MacArthur explained to Norton why he thought there was something fishy about the murder—that look in the eyes of The Ragged Stranger, the expensive weapon in the possession of a derelict, Wanderer's singing while he pressed his pants 12 hours after the murder, and, finally, the most convincing point of all—a fairy loathing approaching fatherhood. "Poppycock," grunted Norton when Charlie finished his recital. "Pure poppycock."

MacArthur just sat there, glaring at Norton and biting his lips. "Well, then," he said at length, "will you do one thing for me? Will you give me the serial number of the gun The Ragged Stranger used to kill Mrs. Wanderer?"

Norton just smiled indulgently, reached into the files and gave Charlie the number: Colt Number 2282.

MacArthur got off a letter to the Colt people, asking them when and to whom Number 2282 had been shipped. While he was waiting for an answer, he thought up what he always regarded as a cute stunt. He got a couple of other reporters and they went to the morgue where The Ragged Stranger lay embalmed awaiting identification, paid a drunken custodian to look the other way, snatched the body, put it in a wagon, and hustled it up to



"Then, right in the middle, they had the state elections."

the front door of one of MacArthur's favorite saloons.

"I got a great idea for doubling your business," Charlie said to the saloonkeeper.

"How?"

Charlie told the saloonkeeper he had the stiff in a wagon outside. "We'll just put it at the end of the bar; where you keep the free lunch, and offer a twenty-five-dollar reward for anybody who can identify it."

"But that'll drive business away—not double it."

"You don't know the value of human curiosity," said MacArthur.

Charlie was right. The Ragged Stranger, lying there in place of the free lunch at the end of the bar, stark naked, created quite a draft at the swinging doors. Business doubled the first day and trebled the second day. But the law got wind of what was going on and snatched the stiff before anybody could identify it.

Weeks passed and the story of the grim business in the vestibule dropped from the papers. Carl Wanderer, still putting on quite a show of grief, went back to his chopping block, listening to the whine of the penny-pinching housewives: "Don't leave too much fat on the chops, Carl."

Now came MacArthur's answer from the Colt factory: Number 2282, nine years previously, had been shipped to the prominent Chicago sporting goods store of Van Lengerke and Antoine.

MacArthur spent three days at Van Lengerke and Antoine's, peering over the shoulder of a clerk who riffled through the back records of firearms sales. His patience was rewarded when he got the answer: Number 2282 had been sold to a Chicagoan named Hoffman whose address, Charlie was quick to notice, was not far from Carl Wanderer's.

When Hoffman, a mild-mannered clerk, came home from work that night there was MacArthur camping on his doorstep. MacArthur got right to the point: where was Colt Number 2282?

Hoffman looked at MacArthur for a few seconds and shrugged. "I wouldn't know," he said. "I sold that gun several years ago."

"To whom?"

"A friend of mine."

"What's his name?"

"Fred Wanderer."

Charlie MacArthur could feel his blood pressure rising. Fred, he quickly learned, was Carl Wanderer's cousin. To MacArthur, Fred readily admitted that he had lent the weapon to his cousin Carl.

Chief Norton was now forced to listen to MacArthur. He sent for Wanderer and, with Charlie present, reeled off the incriminating information about the gun. Wanderer ran his hand over his egg-shaped head, blinked his big eyes, licked his lips, and looked at the floor.

Now Charlie chimed in with the incriminating odds and ends he had accumulated about the suspect. "Tell the Chief here the whole story about how you shot your wife and The Ragged Stranger," he concluded.

Wanderer, knowing that the cards were falling against him looked at Charlie, then at Norton. Now he began to talk. What he admitted to was one of the most unique stories in the annals of Chicago crime.

Carl Wanderer began by saying that he had had a wonderful time in Paris with both the boys and the girls. After he returned to civilian life, Carl's father asked him when he and Ruth were going to get married. Carl just shrugged and said there was no hurry but his old man said: "But of course there's a hurry, Carl. Your mother and Ruth's mother have been waiting for the day when they could see you and Ruth married." And so Carl just looked off into space and nodded.

There he was, then, one day in March 1922, standing at the altar with Ruth Warren while his parents and Ruth's widowed mother sat in a front pew beaming and crying as a road-company tenor sang, "Oh Promise Me." After a brief honeymoon in Wisconsin the newlyweds settled down on the second floor of a two-family house in a dreary block. Ruth's mother lived with them. Carl Wanderer, he told MacArthur and Norton, felt cruelly trapped.

One night toward the end of May, two months after the Wanderers had been married, Carl learned that his wife was pregnant.

"I didn't want to say anything until I was sure," she said. "I've been to the doctor's this afternoon. I'm going to have a baby."

Wanderer looked off into space.

Ruth studied her husband as he sat there. "*Say* something, Carl," she said. "Aren't you happy?"

"Oh," said Wanderer. "Sure I'm happy. I couldn't be happier."

Ruth Wanderer, compounding the felony, began to race all around the neighborhood telling close friends and casual acquaintances that she was going to become a m-o-t-h-e-r. Customers at the Wanderer butcher shop would congratulate Carl on the coming event and he would just blink at them and mutter his thanks.

Wanderer couldn't sleep at nights or think clearly during the day, for worrying about his approaching fatherhood. Late one muggy afternoon in June, when he was walking home from work, the solution came to him. He would murder his wife. . . .

By day, as he waited on customers in the butcher shop, and by night, as Ruth sat in a little living room already knitting tiny garments and all but wearing a halo, Wanderer's thoughts were on nothing else than how to do away with his spouse and his unwanted, unborn child. One night, as Carl was sitting there opposite his wife, he determined just how he would do away with her. As the details coursed through his mind, he sat there, open-mouthed, staring at Ruth. She looked up from her knitting and asked: "What are you staring at, Carl?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered. "Nothing at all."

Carl Wanderer owned a gun—a Colt that he had brought out of the Army with him. But he needed two guns for the plot that was simmering in his mind. He knew that a cousin of his, Fred Wanderer—the man MacArthur had traced The Ragged Stranger's gun to—owned a heavy, expensive Colt. So he dropped in on Fred, just for a little chat.

"How's everything?" asked Fred.

"Just great," said Carl, the hammy thespian. "I can't wait till the baby comes."

Now Carl professed to be worried. "I've mislaid my Army Colt," he said to Fred. "I wonder if you'll lend me yours."

"Sure," said Fred. "But why do you need a gun?"

"There've been a lot of hold-ups in our neighborhood lately," said Carl, speaking the truth. "You never know when you're going to have to protect yourself."

So Carl walked out of Cousin Fred's house with Fred's Colt in his pocket.

A few days later, on the morning of June 21—Wanderer confessed to MacArthur and Norton—he told his father that he had some business to attend to in downtown Chicago. Carl went down to Skid Row, where the derelicts were lying in flop houses, sleeping off hangovers. Wanderer, cunning, went through several flop houses peering into faces, looking for just what he wanted.

At length Carl found the one he was searching for—a fellow of about 30, short, dirty, drink-sodden, none-too-bright looking. The fellow was lying on a cot, just emerging from a hangover.

"You got a family?" asked Carl.

"No," came the answer. "Why?"

"How'd you like to make an easy $25?"

"Doing what?"

"Staging a fake hold-up."

"Will I get in trouble with the cops?"

"Not a chance," replied Wanderer. He went on to spin the details of the plot. Wanderer said that his wife was a tightwad who always carried a couple of hundred dollars in her pocketbook. "I'm going to the movies with her tonight," he said to the derelict, "and I want you to pick us up near our house and follow us into the vestibule. All you got to say is 'Stick 'em up!' and I'll tell my wife to hand over her pocketbook. Then I'll meet you here tomorrow. I'll give you your $25 and I'll take the rest."

The bum rubbed the stubble on his chin and thought it over. The idea sounded great and he said he'd be glad to go along with it. What could he lose? Perhaps he even thought he'd double-cross Wanderer and skip town with the proceeds.

The derelict had just one question to ask: What would he use for a gun during the fake hold-up?

"You won't need a gun," said Wanderer. "It's dark in the vestibule and my wife'll never know the difference."

Now Wanderer filled in the bum on just where, when and how to connect up with him that night.

That night, after dinner, Wanderer suggested to his wife that they take in the neighborhood movie. So they walked around the corner to see an evening show. Getting out of the movie at 9 o'clock, Wanderer took his wife to a soda fountain where they drank cokes. Then they began the slow walk home. The night was dark and sticky and the neighbors on North Campbell Avenue were sitting out

on their front porches.

Half a block from home, Wanderer spotted the derelict, lurking in the shadows as the script required. As Carl and Ruth passed the man, Carl gave him the high sign by making a motion with his hand behind his back. Now the bum fell into stride a few feet behind the Wanderers. The neighbors didn't notice Carl's high sign but they did notice the bum emerging from the shadows and trailing Carl and Ruth.

Ruth, apprehensive of everything since her pregnancy, became aware of the man behind her. "Carl," she whispered, "I think we're being followed."

"Don't worry," said Carl. "I've got my gun on me."

When the Wanderers went into the vestibule of their house, the bum went right up the steps after them, leaving the outside door open behind him. "What do you want!" yelled Wanderer, so loudly that his mother-in-law, upstairs, and the neighbors out on their porches, could hear him.

Now Wanderer, whipping out his own service revolver, yelled to the bum: "Put that gun away!" Now he emptied his service revolver into the bum and the bum crumpled to the floor. Wanderer's war experience had made him a crack shot, and the shooting was all over almost as soon as it started.

Next, the war hero, shouting at the top of his voice, was saying to the bum: "Don't fire at *her!*" As the words were coming from him he was emptying into his wife the gun that he had borrowed from his cousin the day before.

Quickly now, because he could hear his mother-in-law coming down the stairs and the screams of the alarmed neighbors, Wanderer wiped his fingerprints from the weapon he had borrowed from his cousin and placed it in the right hand of the derelict.

When the neighbors, Wanderer's mother-in-law, and the cop on the beat arrived, it seemed clear what had happened: A stick-up man had emerged from the shadows, trailed Carl and Ruth and, during an attempted stick-up, murdered Ruth. Carl had then emptied his gun into the hold-up man.

The trouble with Charlie MacArthur's detective work, and with Carl Wanderer's confession, was that Wanderer got hold of a couple of foxy lawyers and recanted the whole thing. Placed on trial for the murder of his wife, Wanderer took the tack that his confession had been obtained by means of a rubber hose. He also maintained that he had been temporarily insane. Carl, rubbing his hand over his bald, egg-shaped head, had a look of extreme vacuity in his eyes and the jury was impressed enough with his story to take a middle course. They found him guilty but recommended that, if he behaved himself in Joilet, he be set free in 13 years.

That 13-year verdict so enraged Charlie MacArthur that the day following the verdict, he talked *The Examiner* into publishing on its front page a photograph of the jury under the caption:

A DOZEN SOFT-BOILED EGGS

In those days, public officials paid a lot of attention to newspaper criticism and

"Well, couldn't we have a 'do-it-yourself' ceremony?"

when MacArthur continued to say in *The Examiner* that Wanderer had not got what was coming to him, the boys in the State's Attorney's Office, wanting to get out from under the heat, decided to put the war hero on trial a second time, this time for the murder of The Ragged Stranger.

This time, with public opinion aroused, it took the jury just 25 minutes to bring in a verdict of guilty without a recommendation for mercy. This meant the gallows for Carl Wanderer.

For some obscure reason, Wanderer had taken a liking to MacArthur despite the fact that Charlie had been basically responsible for placing him in the Death House. Charlie introduced Ben Hecht to Carl and soon Charlie and Ben were the only two reporters he would permit to interview him.

As the friendship between the murderer and the two scribes ripened they began to play three-handed poker. They played a game daily, including Sundays, for small stakes. Wanderer and Hecht never owed much to each other but, as the fatal day approached, Carl found himself in debt for about $20 to Charlie.

The day before the execution, MacArthur, filled with mirth but sober of mien, grabbed the bars of Wanderer's cell and glared in at the killer. "Why are you staring at me like that, Charlie?" asked Wanderer.

"I want you to settle up that poker debt."

"But," said Wanderer, pulling his pants pockets inside out, "I'm dead broke."

"This is a very dishonorable thing to do, Carl, to go away without settling up with a pal."

MacArthur then pretended to be visited by a bright idea. "Tell you what," he said. "I'll forget all about what you owe me if you'll do me a little favor."

"Just name it, Charlie," said Wanderer, relieved to be released from the poker debt. "Just name it, pal."

MacArthur reached into his pocket and handed Wanderer a sheet of typewritten paper. "All I want you to do," he said, "is read this tomorrow when you're up on the gallows and they ask you if you have anything to say before they spring the trap."

What MacArthur had written was a vitriolic essay about the city editor of his paper, accusing the man of everything from being the father of three illegitimate children to being illegitimate himself. Wanderer smiled as he read what MacArthur had written. "Sure," he said, "I'll be glad to read this, Charlie."

Hecht said he'd like to add a few words to what MacArthur had written. Now Wanderer handed it back to MacArthur and MacArthur handed it over to Hecht. What Hecht added were some reflections on the ancestry of *his* city editor. This marked the first collaboration of the writing team of Hecht and MacArthur who were, in the years that lay ahead, to gain Broadway and Hollywood renown.

Next day, Ben and Charlie were standing in the front row when Carl Wanderer, carrying the sheet containing their collaboration in his right hand, ascended the steps to the gallows. He glanced down at Ben and Charlie and smiled and they smiled back.

Then an unforeseen thing happened. Both Ben and Charlie had overlooked the fact that the first thing that is done to a man who steps up on the gallows is that his hands are strapped tightly to his sides. So the collaborators stood there, muttering to themselves, as Wanderer's hands were strapped to his sides. Thus it was impossible for him to read their collaborative effort. He just looked helplessly at Ben and Charlie.

Wanderer, a ham to the bitter end, now decided to burst into song. He chose for his finale a sobbie of the era entitled "Dear Old Pal O' Mine." Carl had just gotten into the first two lines of the ballad

My arms embrace
An empty space

when the warden sprung the trap and Carl dropped into an empty space. •

WIZARD WITH 10 EYES

Continued from page 45

stenographer on her first Las Vegas fling. I figured there had to be something wrong with the dice."

He shook his head at human perversity. "Tops!" he said. "He must have thought I was just off the farm."

One night at another Strip hotel a hustler slipped up in trying to palm the dice. When he tossed them, *three* cubes rolled out on the table, in place of the standard two. The box-man calmly pocketed the extra cube and shoved two dice back to the red-faced grifter.

"Go ahead and shoot," said the box-man. "Your point's 15."

Customers who fumble too awkwardly with their chips and spill them on the table also run up the warning flag for box-men.

"They'll wait until the shooter has a 4 or 10 for a point," McCollum said. "They act drunk and drop a lot of $25 chips on the table, real sloppy. In picking them up, they slip $50 or $100 on the don't-pass line. The 4 and 10 are the hardest points—the odds are 2-to-1 against making them—so the don't-pass is a terrific bet. You *know* the chips weren't on the don't before the guy spilled them. But it's a hard thing to challenge once they sneak the chips on there. The guy can yell and swear he had them down before the shooter got his point."

When McCollum gets a chip-spiller, he signals the dealer on that side of the table. The dealer devotes all his attention to the suspect and helps him restack his chips every time he drops them, while McCollum takes over and tends the rest of the layout. With the dealer watching his every move, the spiller either starts betting honestly or he takes his drunk act elsewhere.

In addition to watching the customers, the box-man also must keep a sharp eye on his own cohorts. Dealers and stickmen get $25 a shift, during which several hundred thousand dollars may pass through their hands. Often they conceive the idea, inspired by the easy-come-easy-go, of siphoning off a portion of this flood of money for themselves. There are a number of unobtrusive ways of doing this, all of which tend to give the box-men ulcers on their ulcers.

They can get a confederate to pose as a customer and pay him for non-existent bets. Or they can wait until the box-man is watching the other end of the table, and slip a bet onto the layout. If it wins, they can pay it openly to their friend. This form of larceny is known as "working a combination."

A dealer can also cheat the house without any help, through a bizarre dodge known as "chip-eating."

Each dealer, because of the tension of his job, gets a short rest period every hour. When a chip-eater sees his relief man walking toward the table, he palms one or more $25 chips from the huge stack in front of him, yawns elaborately—and slips the chips in his mouth. His relief takes over, and he goes to the men's room and transfers the chips to his wallet. In Las Vegas, chips are accepted in any casino as legal tender, so he doesn't have to cash them in at his own place of employment. By yawning seven times a shift at $50 a yawn, a dealer can raise his pay from $25 to $375 a day. Such a magnificent increase in wages is extremely hard for a dealer to resist, especially when he is handing out thousands of dollars daily to strangers who do nothing to earn it except throw the proper numbers on two plastic cubes.

The management has two defenses against chip eaters. It can simply fire any dealer who yawns too much, on the old theory that where there's smoke there must be fire. It also has several floor men—who are sort of ambulatory box-men—roving the casino and watching the dealers from odd angles. The dealer who feels a $50 yawn coming on never can be sure that there isn't a floor man just three feet off his port stern, fixing him with an eagle eye. This causes them to steal quick glances around before they steal anything else.

"You can tell an honest dealer just by watching the back of his neck," says Belden Katleman, owner of El Rancho Vegas. "He keeps his eyes on the table and doesn't twitch around to see who is watching him. If his conscience is clear, he doesn't care."

El Rancho is the oldest of the "strip" resorts, has a well-screened staff, and attracts mainly the carriage trade. Although its box-men keep their eyes down and their guards up, El Rancho isn't often tested by the grifters.

"Our worst problem are the customers who make an honest mistake," says Katleman, a handsome, tanned fellow who resembles a riverboat gambler.

"A customer makes a come bet, and say it goes on a nine. He has some other bets scattered around. The shooter sevens out and the come bet goes into the rack. The next shooter gets a point and then makes a nine. All of a sudden the customer remembers he had some money on it and sets up a howl. If he obviously is honest and just mixed up, our box-men are instructed to pay him. We prefer to keep the game moving without argument."

This kindly attitude toward befuddlement is not the rule in Las Vegas. In most casinos, you get only what you win.

Since casino chips are accepted throughout Las Vegas as readily as Uncle Sam's chips, attempts are made now and then to counterfeit them. Not long ago two ex-convicts were picked up with a suitcase full of home-made chips patterned on those used in one of the major resorts. They didn't get a chance to try their handiwork. A bellhop grew suspicious because they insisted on lugging the heavy suitcase, and he tipped off the house detective.

Although the workmanship on the phony chips was excellent, the casino boss said flatly, "We'd have caught them if they had put them into play." This particular house uses an invisible dye marker on its chips. It shows up only when the viewer is wearing specially made glasses and there is one man at every table scanning the chips. With the glasses, an unmarked chip hits you in the eye like a rock.

Box-men are paid double the rate of a dealer, or $50 a shift. Most of them are veteran gamblers with years of training in the old "wide-open" days back in Minneapolis, Chicago, Saratoga, East St. Louis, Hot Springs and Miami. They have to be honest as well as experienced, because a crooked box-man can wreck a casino quicker than emory dust will stop a Swiss watch. To encourage honesty, some casinos cut their key men in on a percentage of the profits. Las Vegas also has an efficient grapevine, and if a box-man gets fired for "going on the take" he might as well grab the next outbound plane. He won't get another job in Vegas.

They still talk about the downtown casino that got taken seven years ago. It was opened by a Cleveland man who had made a chunk of money in the nightclub business during the war, and decided to ladle up some of the Las Vegas gravy. He was a smart operator—back in Ohio.

Within a week after he opened, word spread around town that there was a "square" running on Fremont Street. The tipoff was the crew he had running his dice table. They were a bunch of riff-raff he had picked up the way a cheap restaurant hires dishwashers.

The owner had a partner he could trust, and between them they tried to watch the store 24 hours a day by serving as their own box-men. Each one worked a 12-hour shift.

After a couple of weeks, a fellow started dropping in during the small hours of the night. He won a little and lost a little—and got friendly with the owner's partner.

One morning about 3 o'clock he came in and found the place empty except for a couple of die-hard tourists playing the slot-machines. He exchanged greetings with the partner, and then tossed a hundred dollar bill on the table.

"Guess I'll try to warm up the dice by myself," he said. In ten minutes he had dropped the $100.

"You're too tough for me," he said, and tossed the dice over to the amateur box-man. He looked around the casino and yawned. "Dead tonight, huh?"

"Yeah," said the partner. "Usually is between 2 and 8 in the morning."

The customer leaned on the table a while and chatted. The tourists fed their last nickels into the slots and left.

"Come on and I'll buy you a drink over at the Golden Nugget," the customer told the partner. "I won a bundle tonight out on the Strip."

The partner hesitated. "Guess I might as well," he said. "There's nothing doing here." He told the lone dealer and the stickman he'd be back in a little while.

The customer led the lamb down Fremont to the busy Nugget and bought him a drink. He paid for it with a fat roll, and launched into an account of how he'd outguessed the dice out on the Strip. When he finished one drink he signaled for another round. It was a long story, and he told it in minute detail. After 45 minutes the partner said he'd better be getting back to the table. "Okay," said the customer, "we'll have just one more."

An hour after they had left, they strolled back to the casino. They found three men rolling the dice—and the chips on the wrong side of the table.

"Geez, boss, where you been?" said the dealer. "We been taking a helluva beating."

Between them, the three crapshooters had $55,000 in chips. They looked at the casino partner and grinned. "Mister," said one of them, "you sure got some hot dice on this table. I just hope you got a lot of cash in the till."

The ashen-faced partner went back and cleaned out the casino safe of its entire bankroll of $50,000. The lucky winners set up a clamor because he was $5,000 short, and he wound up giving them an I.O.U. Then he got on the phone and routed the owner out of bed and told him the bad news.

The next morning the three winners, the "customers" and the dealer and stickman from the casino met in a hotel room and divided up the $50,000. The lucky streak had been a carefully staged coup. The "customer" was the pit-boss of one of the Strip hotels. He had arranged the casino raid by bribing the two employees. When he lured the partner out, his friends moved in and the crooked employees shoved the chips across the table as fast as the "winners" could throw the dice.

When the owner heard his partner's story, he knew he had been taken. The next day he refused to honor the $5,000 I.O.U. The swindlers simply called the cops, showed them the I.O.U., and that afternoon the casino was shut down. In Las Vegas, the house pays off or it closes.

Within a matter of days, the story was all over Vegas of how the Ohio square had lost $50,000 trying to save $50 on a box-man. The Strip resort promptly fired the pit-boss who had sheared the lamb. Such shenanigans can give the town a bad name, and Las Vegas likes to be known as naughty but nice.

The victim left town in a daze. He got a job in Los Angeles as a bartender, saved his money, and in a couple of years opened a bar of his own. He's doing fine now that he's back in his own racket. There's no point in embarrassing him by using his name, but his bar is easy to spot.

It's the one without a dice box. •

ALL THE STEAMERS WEREN'T STANLEYS

Continued from page 52

which he was unable to put into practice when he built his machine. That the steamer operated in its original state is a known fact, and that the principal parts, the engine, and the framework with its two seats and three wheels, have been preserved to this day is a fortunate thing, as far too many of America's early pioneer transportation products have disappeared forever from the face of the earth. Thanks to recent work on the part of several automotive historians, George A. Long and his otherwise obscure steam-propelled tricycle of more than three-quarters of a century ago will live on indefinitely.

The fourth and final little-known American steam pioneer covered in this discussion is one whose vehicles are no longer extant, yet he constructed several machines, both two and three-wheeled, in the 1880's and even organized a company for the promotion and manufacture of his product. Indeed, the multi-paged illustrated advertising pamphlets issued by the company offering the vehicles invented and proposed by Lucius D. Copeland, of Smithville, N.J., are undoubtedly the earliest examples of American automotive advertising literature. Little did Copeland realized what a staggering variety of similar literature would flood the country each year long after his little business venture had collapsed and been all but forgotten.

About 1884, Copeland equipped a Star bicycle, the type of high-wheeler whose large wheel was in the back rather than in the front, with a small one-cylinder steam engine and a boiler, and successfully operated the device. Several years later an English-built tricycle was similarly equipped for Copeland by the newly formed Northrop Manufacturing Co., of Camden, N.J., of which one Sandford Northrop was secretary. In 1889 the name of the company offering Copeland's invention had been changed to the Moto-Cycle Manufacturing Co., with offices in Philadelphia. At this time Northrop was no longer an officer.

Illustrated articles on Copeland's vehicles appeared in many scientific and engineering magazines of the 1880's, a detailed description, for instance, of the self-propelled Star bicycle being in the March 27, 1886, issue of *Universal Engineer*. In it one reads that "one of the latest novelties in mechanism for locomotion is the application of steam for propelling bicycles."

The machine (see picture 5) was provided with a vertical boiler attached to the front bar of the bicycle, with the engine mounted higher on the bar, above the boiler. The single cylinder had a 1 1/16-inch bore and a three-inch stroke, and with 100 pounds of steam pressure gave a continuous one-quarter horsepower. For short periods of time, one-half horsepower was available. The normal speed of the engine was 1,000 revolutions a minute, rather high for those days, but quite feasible in this instance because of the tiny size of the engine. Power was communicated to the large, or driving, wheel by means of a round belt, the engine pulley being one-ninth the size of the one on the wheel.

The boiler, made of copper and brass, was provided with a safety valve, a glass water gauge, and a pressure gauge. Here, again, gasoline was specified as the fuel, a one-pint supply being sufficient for running the engine for one hour. The water tank, in the form of a globe, and mounted below the engine, held an hour's supply also. Operation of the machine was described as noiseless, with no smoke or escaping steam visable to the onlooker. The entire power plant added only 18 pounds to the weight of the bicycle, while the engine alone weighed barely two pounds.

The slightly later tricycle (see picture 6), for which Copeland was best known, weighed about 185 pounds, was powered with a tiny two-cylinder engine, and is today probably most famous for the fact that it was brought to Washington to be demonstrated to officials of the Smithsonian Institution, where it fortunately was photographed for posterity. Equipped with a dainty fringed top, not unlike the surrey of musical fame, and a quaint little warning bell that apparently continuously tinkled while the machine was in motion, the tricycle seated two persons, the passenger perched precariously on the more commodious seat ahead of the operator. Pedals, connected by chains to the driving mechanism, enabled the operator to aid the steam engine, no doubt required when ascending hills, or for sudden spurts when trying to avoid frightened runaway horses.

A study of the illustrations and photographs of the various Copeland vehicles shows a nicety of precision workmanship and engineering on the part of the constructor. It is puzzling just why the venture did not prosper and last longer than it did. Today, in addition to the photographs and the contemporary descriptions and accounts of Copeland and his vehicles, the only tangible things remaining are the engine and the boiler of the Star bicycle. They treasured exhibits of the Arizona Museum at Phoenix, where Copeland spent many of his later years.

It remained for men like the Stanley twins, F. E. and F. O., to successfully place the steam automobile on the market in America in 1897, and for others like White, Delling, and Doble to further perfect the idea. Many years have elapsed, however, since steam automobiles have been produced in this country. Untold numbers of steam vehicle enthusiasts, still dream of such a renaissance. Will their dreams ever come true? Who knows. •

THE GREATEST RASCAL OF THEM ALL

Continued from page 25

Chicago shop girl, she had married James King, an eccentric and sex-conscious lumber tycoon many years her senior, slowly but surely worn him out, and inherited several million dollars. She spent her time having such fun as dropping stink bombs in the House of Parliament in London and tossing empty champagne bottles from the top of Eiffel Tower.

Gaston, who by now could smell money, needed wads of it to back up his bad judgment at the tracks and in the stockmarket, had decided to latch on to some of Maude's lucre. And so he had sat down and written a series of poison-pen letters to the dame, threatening her in every conceivable way. Then he had contrived a meeting with the red head at her 20-room suite in Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel and convinced her that she needed protection for herself and her money.

Thus we find Gaston Bullock Means, at the age of 35 ensconced in Maude's suite at the Edgewater Beach. One of the first things that Gaston did after moving in to handle Maude's affairs was to handle Maude herself. The Means prowess on the couch was something that would in later years have fascinated the good Dr. Kinsey.

After one horizontal session, Gaston, lying there with Maude, said, "My dear, signing all those checks is too much of a chore for you. Why don't you just let me handle those details?" Maude, starry-eyed, and none too bright to begin with, gave Gaston power of attorney over a fat checking account.

Gaston began to lounge around a branch brokerage office right in the hotel. After a session at the ticker tape, he would hustle up to the apartment and inform Maude that he had had a good day in the market for her. The girl was so enamored of Gaston that she didn't realize that he was losing her shirt in the market.

One day, an assistant manager at the hotel, a fellow named Phillips who wouldn't have cashed a check for his own mother and who had long cast a jaundiced eye on Gaston, asked Maude how she was making out in the market. "Oh," said Maude, "Mr. Means is making another fortune for me."

"Have you actually laid eyes on any of the stock?"

Now that the question was asked, Maude realized she hadn't. So she asked Gaston where her securities were. Means said he had sent them to a bank down home for safe keeping. "All right," said Maude, not suspicious but with a one-track mind, "let's go down to North Carolina and look at them stocks."

Arriving in Concord, Gaston took Maude King to the Means homestead. He wasn't in any hurry about going to the bank and getting the stocks. Instead, late in the afternoon of their arrival, Gaston suggested to Maude that she accompany him to a neck of woods on the outskirts of town to shoot jack rabbits.

Less than an hour later, Gaston was back. "Oh my God!" he said to his old man, hamming it up. "Poor Maude has accidentally killed herself!" Between sobs that shook his big frame, Gaston blubbered that Maude, the flighty one, had taken to fooling around with a revolver until it had gone off and shot her behind the left ear.

The so-called accident was a sensation throughout North Carolina. A coroner's jury of apple knockers, ignoring the fact that it would have taken a contortionist to have shot herself behind the left ear, brought in a verdict of "suicide or accidental death."

Phillips, the assistant hotel manager in Chicago, reading in the papers about the untimely end of the international screwball, couldn't shake off the feeling that Gaston had had a hand in the death. So he sat down and wrote a letter to Hayden Clement, the State Solicitor of North Carolina, suggesting that Means might have murdered Maude to cover up a big-time theft.

Clement, a rising young go-getter, who didn't stand in awe of the Means clan, sent a couple of flatfeet out to Chicago and when they delved into the dead eccentric's fiscal affairs, they learned that Gaston was unable to account for almost $100,000. So Clement got Means indicted for the murder of Maude King.

What happened at the murder trial of Gaston Bullock Means would seem to be practically beyond belief but, as H. L. Mencken always said, a fact is a fact. Means hired a cagey mouthpiece who saw to it that most of the jurors were, in some way or other, obligated to the powerful Means clan. Gaston got Billy Burns, his ex-employer, to testify as a character witness. When the famous little dick got on the stand and said that Means was the salt of the earth, the mouths of the jurors flapped open in admiration for the defendant.

Gaston got on the stand in his own defense. Thespian that he was, he put on a great show of grief over the death of dear Maude. Then, getting hold of himself, he branched out from the issue at hand and, knowing that most of the jurors were Ku Kluxers, began to dramatically expound on white supremacy. Nobody else could have gotten away with the circus Means put on in that courtroom. But he had known what he was doing when he lured Maude King to safe home grounds to scrag her.

Gaston Bullock Means was acquitted of the murder. Maude King, it seemed, had met an accidental end.

After his acquittal, Gaston became an investigator for a crooked lawyer in Chicago. One day the lawyer sent him to New York to collect $57,000 in hot cash and ship it to the Windy City by express. Gaston shipped a wooden box from North Carolina but when it arrived in Chicago it contained not the cash but a block of wood. The crooked lawyer sued Gaston for the money and Gaston, with a fine show of innocence, sued the express company. Nobody got anywhere—except Gaston.

What the rascal had done, of course, was to short-circuit that $57,000 in hot cash and substitute for the money that block of wood. But Gaston knew that his victim would have one hell of a time proving that *he* stole the cash. Anyway, Means never looked more innocent than when he was dripping with guilt and he walked around his home town, stopping friends on the street, vowing that he would locate that crook in the express company if it was the last thing he did.

It was along about now that Gaston got married to a childhood sweetheart who within a year bore him a son. The little family lived at the Means homestead in Concord, where Gaston, what with the Maude King and wooden-box capers under his belt, didn't exactly have to go out and hustle for a job. He sat around the house most of the day, swigging mint juleps and reading history.

In November 1920, when Gaston was 40 years old, Warren G. Harding, the political accident from Ohio, was elected president of the United States. Means got a telephone call from his old friend Burns. What Gaston had on Burns will never be known, but he must have had something on Billy because Burns continued to behave as if Gaston were the salt of the earth. The reason for the Burns call was that the little dick was, when Harding was inaugurated, to be made Chief of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice, the forerunner of the present F. B. I., and he wanted Means to be his chief investigator.

Thus, the day after the inauguration, we find the murderer and swindler ensconced as a top government investigator, a few desks away from a young man by the name of J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover was about the only honest fellow in the Department because, shortly after Harding took office, an assorted crew of the most unsavory characters ever to congregate outside of a jail yard packed their bags in cities, towns and villages the length and breadth of the land, but mostly in Ohio, and entrained for Washington.

The Ohio Gang was fixing to take over the country. This was the crowd of political blackguards who were to peddle practically everything but the Washington Monument to the highest bidder. Privileges, opportunities and physical assets were placed on the block. Oil lands, judgeships, whisky from bonded warehouses in an era of prohibition, power sites on Indian reservations,

stock-market tips, government timber lands, in fact anything and everything that could be price-tagged was to go up for sale. Most of the boys, such as Harry Daugherty, the Attorney General, were to leave under a cloud, and some of them, like Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, were to go to prison as common crooks. But it was to be great while it lasted. The curtain was up on the era of wonderful nonsense, little black bags, and pay-offs under two-watt bulbs.

Gaston had been a Department of Justice man for about six months when Burns called him in one day and said he had a special assignment for him. Gaston was to go to the White House, give his name to the Secret Service man at the door, and take it from there.

Waddling up the front steps of the White House, Means presented his credentials to a Secret Service man and presently found himself ushered into a parlor on the second floor. There sat Mrs. Warren G. Harding, the wife of the President of the United States.

"Mr. Means," said Mrs. Harding, a harassed-looking little woman, "Mr. Burns informs me that you are the best man he has when it comes to finding things out."

"Thank you, Mrs. Harding, for the compliment. I shall do my best to deserve it."

The First Lady asked Means if he could keep a dreadful secret. Gaston answered, in effect, that he could keep silent in seven languages. Now Mrs. Harding divulged that her husband had, about two years previously, been indiscreet with an Ohio stenographer named Nan Britton and that she understood that a little bundle of illegitimate joy had ensued from the union. "You can well understand, Mr. Means," said Mrs. Harding, "what a terrible thing this would be be if it got out."

Means did indeed. The First Lady said that she was under the impression that her husband had, at the time of his extramarital fling with the stenographer, been so incautious as to write her some letters. "I want you to get those letters for me—at all costs, Mr. Means." The letters, Mrs. Harding understood, had practically admitted Harding's illicit relationship with Nan Britton and the fathering of the child—a girl.

Nan Britton had lived near the Hardings in the President's home town of Marion, Ohio, so Gaston lit out for there. Nan was no longer around but, good gumshoe that Means was, it didn't take him long to trace Nan to an apartment house on Chicago's North Side.

One night while the Britton doll was out at the movies, Gaston broke into the apartment. His cherubic face must have been wreathed in an evil smile when he left, the pockets of his baggy suit bulging.

Gaston had come away with two things: a diary that Nan Britton kept and a number of letters that Harding had written to the girl. The diary was as revealing as most diaries are; it named Harding as the father of the little bastard. Harding's letters must have been written when he was half crocked because the letters, too, tacitly admitted the fatherhood. The plot that had been cooked up by the lovers, it seemed, was that Harding was to divorce his wife and marry Nan Britton. But Mrs. Harding, getting a taste of being First Lady, was going to stand for no such nonsense.

"Is Bwana ready to face great man-eating Simba now?"

Returning to Washington, Means decided to play both ends against the middle and collect not only from Mrs. Harding but from the President. Easing himself into the White House, he informed Mrs. Harding that he had been only partially successful.

"What do you mean, Mr. Means?"

"There were no letters from your husband to Miss Britton," said Gaston. "But I was able to purchase something even more important."

"And what was that, Mr. Means?"

"A diary that Miss Britton kept." Means reached into his coat pocket and handed over the diary. It didn't take Mrs. Harding long to realize that the thing was dynamite. "You say you had to pay for this, Mr. Means? Whom did you pay and how *much* did you have to pay?"

Gaston cleared his throat, put on that honest look, and said he had paid 25 grand. "I went right to the source, Mrs. Harding," he continued. "I bought this diary from Nan Britton herself."

It took Mrs. Harding a couple of days to dig up the money but she turned it over to Gaston without a flicker of an eyelid.

Now Means was ready to blackmail the President of the United States. Gaston and his wife and son were living in an opulently-furnished white brick house on Sixteenth Street, northwest. It was there that Means sat down and wrote a letter to the President telling him that he had just returned from Chicago with some letters and adding that it would be to his advantage to telephone him and drop in after dark some time. Now Gaston, getting nervier by the hour, stuck the letter in an official Department of Justice envelope and sent it to the White House by messenger. Means had a photostat machine in the basement of his home and now he got busy making copies of the letters that the President had written to Nan Britton.

A few hours after the letter had been delivered to the White House, Means' phone rang. Believe it or not, no less a personage than the President of the United States was on the wire. "I've heard of you by reputation as an investigator, Mr. Means," said Harding. "Just what is it you have on your mind?" Means coughed and said that he would advise Harding not to discuss the matter on the phone, but to drop over. "I will be there tonight at nine o'clock," said the President.

A long black limousine drew up in front of the house on Sixteenth Street a few minutes after 9 o'clock that night and the President walked into the Means home. Gaston, oily and confident, led Harding to the basement and handed him the letters he had written to Nan Britton. "Where did you get these!" Harding demanded. "And *why!*"

Means, ignoring the questions, said he thought the letters would be worth something to the President—worth, say, about $25,000. Harding stood there glaring at Means, then stuck the letters in his pocket. "I'll see that you're ruined for this!" he said to Gaston. Harding, a man who could hold his own in physical combat, turned to go. "Go right ahead," said Means. "I have photostats of every one of the letters. I want twenty-five thousand dollars here in the morning or I'm going to sell the photostats to the newspapers."

The 25 grand was there bright and early next morning.

By the spring of 1923, two years after he had gone to Washington to be an early-day G-man, Gaston Bullock Means was being loaned out to various members of the Ohio Gang to perform assorted skulduggery. He was both a payoff man and a receiver of loot for the Gang—practically the indispensable man. Seldom did a night pass without a couple

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of long black limousines drawing up to that white brick house on Sixteenth Street and a figure getting out to slink through the shadows to the front door that opened mysteriously.

Gaston was really living it up. The house on Sixteenth Street was jumping with servants and Means had three custom-built cars and countless cases of fine old whisky sprung from Government bonded warehouses. If ever anybody gave the horse laugh to the old bromide that crime does not pay it was Gaston Bullock Means.

Gaston, with that prowess that would have fascinated Doctor Kinsey, was hitting the sack with dolls all around town. If ever a man pulled the wool over his wife's eyes, it was Gaston. On those rare occasions when he would spend a quiet evening at home, listening to the radio, he would volunteer some piece of scandal to his wife, usually about a husband who was cheating, make a ticking sound with his tongue, and say, "Now, isn't that just *terrible*, dear?"

By this time, Means sure could get rid of money. It went through his fingers almost as fast as it came in. Gaston was, purely and simply, a sucker for any kind of gambling—the horse races, the stock market, and the roulette wheel. Once in a while, he would make a killing in the market, thanks to an inside tip from high in the Harding Administration. But as soon as he laid hands on the killing, he would hustle out to a track and get rid of it in an afternoon, or settle himself at a roulette wheel in one of Washington's tony gambling hells and get rid of it in an evening. As a matter of fact, Gaston's stupidity at the track and at the roulette wheel was in direct ratio to his craftiness in other matters. Easy come, easy go.

Attorney General Daugherty—a man who could hide behind a corkscrew—had a Man Friday by the name of Jesse Smith. Smith was a former department-store manager from Ohio who, because of a boyhood friendship with the Attorney General, had been brought to Washington to act as a liaison man between the crooks and the money.

One night, Jesse Smith dropped into the house on Sixteenth Street for a few drinks with Means. "Gaston," he said, "I'm scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Scared that this whole business down here will blow sky high and we'll all go to prison."

"Nonsense," said Means.

"I'm serious," Jesse continued. "Do you know what I'm thinking of doing?"

"No. What?"

"Making a clean breast of the whole thing to avoid going to prison."

A few nights later, Jesse Smith, who lived in an apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel, went to bed early with a headache. Along toward dawn, a milkman making deliveries on Sixteenth Street happened to spot Gaston Means slinking out the front door of his house. Almost two hours later, at a few minutes before 7 o'clock, two neighbors across the street from the Means house saw Gaston easing himself along the street on foot and going into his house.

Promptly at 7 o'clock, the telephone jangled in the apartment of the manager of the Wardman Park Hotel. William J. Burns, who lived in the hotel, was on the other end. "Something terrible has happened," Burns told the manager. "Come right up to Jesse Smith's apartment."

When the manager got to the apartment, there was Jesse Smith, lying on the floor with a bullet through his temple, a gun in his right hand. "Poor fellow," said Burns, who said he had been awakened by the shot. "He's committed suicide." That was sufficient for everybody—the Burns diagnosis of the cause of death. The weak link in the graft chain had been removed.

The death of Jesse Smith was a seven-day sensation in the capital. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the city's millionheiress social leader, a professional busybody always looking for some way to get her name in the papers, hired a couple of private gumshoes to look into the death of Smith, who was by this time back in Ohio, six feet under. The gumshoes quickly reported to Little Evalyn, as Mrs. McLean was called, that Smith had been known to always carry on his person a little green book containing highly confidential memoranda. No such book had been found in Smith's effects after his death. Many members of the Ohio Gang were noticeably breathing easier.

Next Little Evalyn's gumshoes dug up the milkman who had seen Means leaving the house before the murder and the two neighbors who had seen him returning afterward. Had Jesse Smith been murdered by the man who had, eight years before, gotten away with murder down in North Carolina?

Digging deeper, Little Evalyn's gumshoes dug up the prize of them all—a bellboy in the Wardman Park Hotel who, after spending the night with a lady guest, had been sneaking down the fire escape when who had he passed but Gaston Means.

Now Little Evalyn's two sleuths unearthed a startling fact about Jesse Smith. The Ohioan had, all his life, dwelt in mortal dread of firearms. One time, a few weeks before his death, he had been walking along a downtown Washington street with a woman when they approached a window displaying guns. "Oh," said the lady, "let's stop and look in this window, Jesse." Smith turned green, then rushed to the curb and vomited.

Mrs. McLean sent for Means. This was the first time the two had ever met. "Means," said Little Evalyn, "I think you murdered Jesse Smith. I don't know exactly whom you were acting for—but I think you murdered that man." Means just stood there, running his tongue over his lips, looking slit-eyed at Little Evalyn as she talked. When she was through, she asked Means what he had to say for himself. "Just this," said Gaston, an evil smile on his fat face. "Go to hell and *prove* it."

The trouble with Little Evvy was that she leaked at the mouth so much that the right people didn't take her seriously enough. And so Gaston Bullock Means continued on his evil course, another murder under his belt.

Three months after Jesse Smith's end, President Harding popped off. That did

it. The lid was off the scandal can and the odor swept the Ohio Gang from Washington. Congress began an investigation into the Gang's crooked work and Gaston found himself out of a job and broke.

Sitting at home in Chevy Chase, he finally hit upon a scheme. He would become confidential agent for Andrew W. Mellon, the honest Secretary of the Treasury, without Mellon knowing about it. The Treasury Department was in charge of the millions of dollars of good whisky that was under bond in government warehouses throughout the country. Big-time bootleggers had their tongues hanging out for the stuff and were willing to pay practically anything for it.

Getting set to go, Gaston rented a suite in the Gordon Hotel in the nation's capital. He fixed the place up with a dummy phone. Then he went up to New York and got in touch with a big-time bootlegger named Charlie Johnson. "I can fix you up with some fine bonded liquor," Gaston told Johnson.

"How?" asked Johnson. "You're no longer with the Government."

Gaston just smiled. He produced a note on engraved personal stationery bearing the name of Andrew W. Mellon that was as spurious as it was impressive. The note, in handwriting that Means had simulated as Mellon's, said:

G. M.—I WILL APPROVE LIMITED NUMBER OF RELEASES IF SUFFICIENT CONTRIBUTIONS ARE MADE TO ANTI-FORD FUND.

A.W.M.

"What does Mellon mean?" asked Johnson. Means had a way of looking at people that made them feel stupid. "Surely you've heard that Henry Ford wants to be President. Well, Secretary Mellon is raising a fund to keep Ford out of the White House. He's willing to release a limited quantity of bonded whisky to contributors to the fund." Means cleared his throat. "It's not exactly crooked," he said, "but it's not exactly legal, either."

Johnson wanted to know how much stuff he could get, where it would be sprung from, and how much it was going to cost him. Means said they'd have to go to Washington to get such details. Thus Johnson was taken into the hotel room with the fake phone. Means deposited himself in a swivel chair at his desk, picked up the phone and called the number of the Treasury Department. A less artful man than Means would have gotten right through to the Secretary of the Treasury. But Mellon was too busy to talk to Means right then; the Secretary would call back within an hour.

It was more than an hour before the phone rang. It was Mellon. In guarded language, Means said he had a campaign contributor lined up and asked the questions Johnson had asked him. Then he merely nodded or said, "uh-huh," as he got the answers; he was scribbling things on a pad as Mellon talked. When the conversation was over, Means turned around on his swivel chair, put the fingertips of his right hand

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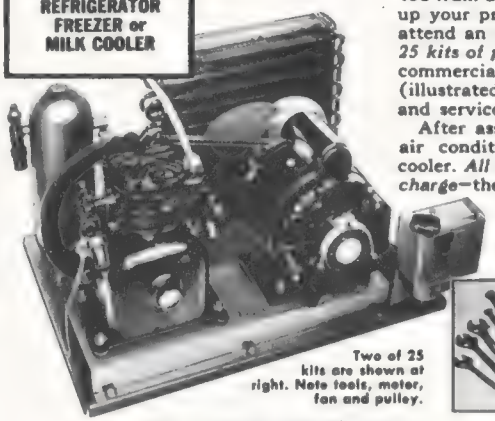

Two of 25 kits are shown at right. Note tools, motor, fan and pulley.

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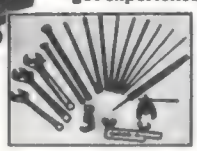

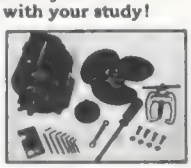

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against the fingertips of his left hand, smiled, and said, "Well, it's all fixed."

Mellon was going to okay the release of $100,000 worth of rye from the Sam Thompson Distillery in Pennsylvania if Johnson was willing to contribute $20,000 to keep Henry Ford out of the White House. It was a deal; the trouble was Johnson had only $15,000 cash with him. "Just make out a check for the balance," said Means. "To Mellon?" asked Johnson. "No, to cash." Johnson made out the check. Means went up to New York, opened a bank account under the name of Williams, deposited the check and got the dough.

Weeks passed. Johnson phoned Means from New York at all hours of the night and day. Means improvised as he went along; he never planned very far ahead, but wrote the scenario to fit developing circumstances. He kept stalling Johnson. Then Johnson came to Washington. "I gave Mellon the money," said Means. "I can't help it if he hasn't gone through with his end of the bargain."

Means had meanwhile lured other bootleggers to the room in the Gordon Hotel, there to let them listen in fascination as he talked over his fake phone, then take them for amounts ranging from $5,000 to $25,000. As time passed, Means convinced the other bootleggers that Mellon, while accepting their contributions, had been afraid to go through with the liquor-springing deals. "Too much pressure on him," Means would say. The bootleggers shrugged and charged the contributions off to profit and loss. They couldn't have done much anyway; to "expose" Mellon, they would have had to admit conspiracies on their part. Johnson, the original sucker, was different. "You get that dough up or I'm going right to Mellon!" he told Means. Means couldn't get the dough up for the simple reason that he didn't have it. He had bought the rented house in Chevy Chase for $40,000 and blown the rest on the bangtails.

Johnson lodged a squawk and Gaston Means was indicted.

While this indictment was hanging over him, Means was summoned as a witness before a Congressional committee that was investigating the Department of Justice under the Burns regime. Looking unruffled and very important as he arrived in the hearing room carrying several briefcases bulging with documents, Means got off a crack that was widely relished in Washington. When asked what his occupation was, he smiled until his dimples showed and replied brightly, "Answering indictments."

Means went on trial for the Johnson whisky deal. Secretary Mellon was the principal witness against him. Johnson produced the check that Means had cashed under the name of Williams. The Williams signature was pronounced by handwriting experts to be that of Means. Means maintained that the Secretary of the Treasury, acting for mysterious unnamed interests, was framing him out of circulation. He was found guilty. He entered Atlanta Penitentiary in 1924 at the age of 44 to serve four years.

Means was in the third year of his four-year stretch, when, in 1927, Nan Britton, President Harding's ex-flame, came out with her sensational book, *The President's Daughter,* a fairly well-documented volume that pretty well established that Harding had been the father of a little bastard born to her near Asbury Park, New Jersey. Means got hold of a copy of *The President's Daughter;* he saw at once that there was big dough to be made in exposé literature and Gaston was no man to let big dough lie.

Gaston, plotting the future, pretended to get religion. He was either praying or reading the Bible whenever the Reverend Fred Ladlow, a prison chaplain, saw him. The Reverend Ladlow was both moved and impressed. Gaston's angle was that the minister was a close friend of Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, a prominent writer, and the sister of the Reverend Thomas Dixon, whose novel *The Clansman* was used as the basis of D. W. Griffith's motion picture *The Birth of a Nation.* Mrs. Thacker often visited the Atlanta can in the course of welfare work. The chaplain introduced Means to her.

Means suggested that Mrs. Thacker collaborate with him on a book exposing the Ohio Gang. Mrs. Thacker thought such a book would be in the nature of a public service. Immediately upon being sprung in 1928, Means rented a home in Chevy Chase, a fashionable Washington suburb, and got busy with Mrs. Thacker on a collaboration. She was just what he needed; the book, to be called *The Strange Death of President Harding,* would bear the names of both Means and Mrs. Thacker. He was banking on her reputation to overcome his.

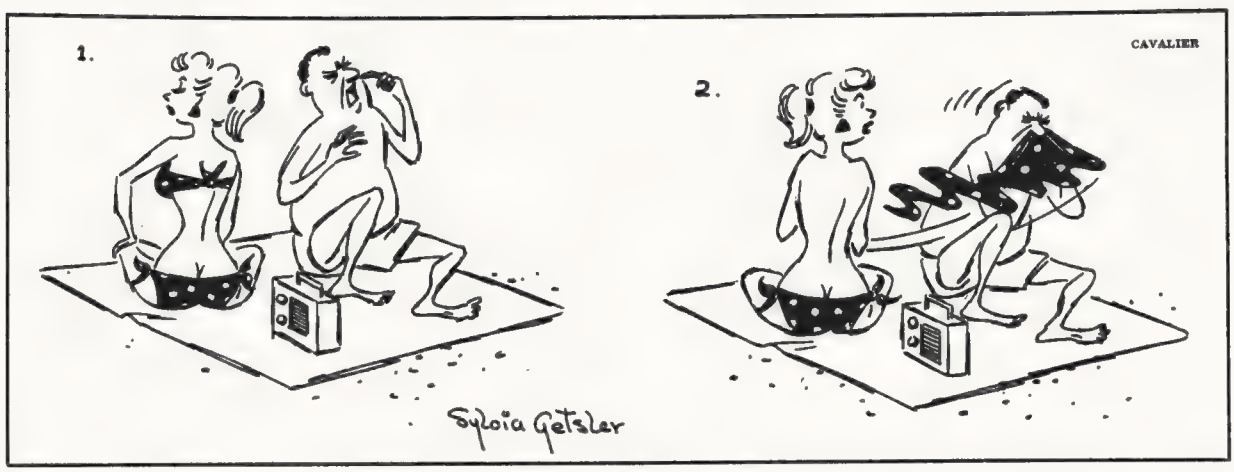
The book, while it did reflect the intrigue and the sinister glamor of the Washington of the Harding administration, was packed with Means' fiction that Mrs. Thacker had been deceived into accepting as fact. It implied, among other things, that Mrs. Harding had poisoned her husband. Cynical and well-informed readers thought that such a crime wouldn't have been a bad idea, but they knew it wasn't true.

The Strange Death of President Harding became a runaway best-seller. Means was rolling in the first legitimate money of his life—if money derived from a basic fraud could be called legitimate. He clumped into bookstores, beaming and signing autographed copies for charmed and fascinated readers. Suddenly, he realized that he had become respectable. The thought of an honest life appalled him.

Wanting to get back into the crooked swing of things, Means took to the newspapers and saw that a society lady in Tarrytown, New York—Mrs. Finley Shepherd, formerly Helen Gould of *the* Goulds—had organized a committee to combat Communism. Gaston thereupon became the first man in the United States to put anti-Communism on a paying basis. He went to Montreal and wrote a series of letters to Mrs. Shepherd, warning her that she and everybody in her family would get theirs for their attitude. He signed the letters *Agents of Moscow.*

Then Means dropped down to New York again and wangled an introduction to Mrs. Shepherd. He began to talk about one thing and another and then said that he had heard, through his vast connections, that the Communists were plotting against her life. That did it. Mrs. Shepherd put Gaston on the payroll at $200 a week to track down the letter writers.

It took Gaston several weeks to put a



stop to the letters but when he did so, Mrs. Shepherd told all her friends what Means had done. Then Gaston started writing letters to the lady's friends. They all put him on the payroll at $200 a week and, for a couple of years, Gaston was so busy writing threatening Commie letters that he developed writer's cramp. The trouble was that the dough was going on the races and in the market as fast as he collected it.

Means was lolling in his home in Chevy Chase on the morning of March 2, 1932, nursing a hangover, when he snapped on a radio and heard the news that the Lindbergh baby had been kidnapped in New Jersey the night before. His instinct as a con man alerted him to the fact that the crime in New Jersey was something that might be put on a paying basis.

In the days that followed, when every second car along the Atlantic Seaboard was being searched for the missing baby, the whole country went on a monumental emotional binge. Derbied tunesmiths in Tin Pan Alley were hammering out such competition to Rodgers and Hart as:

His father flew over the ocean
Is this how we show our devotion?
Who put the snatch on the Lindbergh kid?
Did you? Did you? Did *you?*

Means just sat around his home in Chevy Chase, gulping bourbon and listening to the radio bulletins, awaiting the propitious moment and the propitious victim. It was on the eighth day after the snatch that he came to two conclusions: the time was ripe and the victim should be his old enemy, Evalyn Walsh McLean.

Means picked up the phone and called Mrs. McLean. "Now please don't hang up, Mrs. McLean," said Gaston, after identifying himself. "This is about the Lindbergh baby."

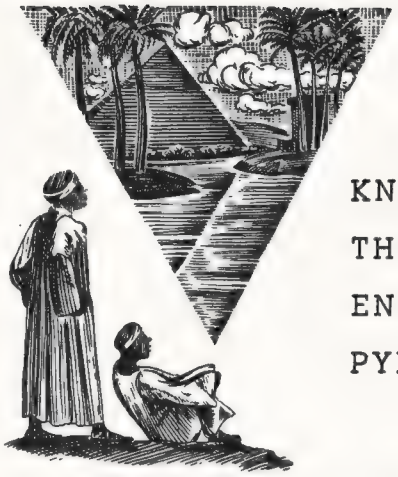
Means could tell, he informed J. Edgar Hoover later, from the way Little Evalyn snapped: "What *about* the Lindbergh baby!" that he had her on the hook.

"It's a matter," said Means, his voice low and conspiratorial, "that I'll have to discuss with you in person."

"Come right over!"

The story that Means told Mrs. McLean, as he sat in her drawing room, his face suffused by a strangely pious light, was, on the surface, a likely one. An emissary of the kidnap gang, who had not identified himself, had telephoned to Gaston and said that the kidnap gang had, because of Means' long record as an arch-criminal, selected him to act as a liaison man between the kidnappers and the ransom payer. "The gang thinks," Means told Little Evalyn, "that perhaps you would like to pay the ransom and get the child and then the Lindberghs could reimburse you."

Little Evalyn, sitting there staring at Means, could just picture herself dramatically appearing with the stolen child and becoming the heroine of the entire country. But she didn't trust Means.



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"How much," she asked him, "are the kidnappers demanding for ransom?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," said Gaston.

Little Evalyn didn't get the chance to speculate on the fact that Means was the last man on earth to be trusted with a hundred grand. Because Gaston now added the master touch—the psychological twist that made the whole thing sound completely on the level. He coughed and said: "Of course, your actual outlay would be a trifle in excess of one hundred thousand, Mrs. McLean."

"What do you mean!"

"There would be my expenses, which I estimate would be about four thousand dollars."

Little Evalyn relaxed. Would a man attempting to steal $100,000 ask for $4,000? Certainly not!

Means had arisen, gone to a window and was standing with his back to Little Evalyn. She heard what she thought was a sob and now, as she studied the back of the hulking figure, she could see it shaking. "Means!" snapped Mrs. McLean. "What are you doing!"

Gaston turned, sheepishly. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Means, you're crying!"

Means looked at Mrs. McLean, like a dog waiting to get in out of the cold, then fell to his knees. He began to pray aloud, asking God to forgive him for his past sins and let him atone by acting as an agent for this dear lady in retrieving the lost baby. Gaston's performance as the rehabilitated human being was so touching that Mrs. McLean, a woman so emotional that she would cry at a card trick, broke into tears, too.

Mrs. McLean had the four thousand but not the hundred grand so, within 48 hours, she placed a block of downtown office buildings in hock for the ransom. Now her lawyers stepped in. Little Evvy, her lawyers knew, had been on a narcotics kick, and they wanted to make sure that if she had to do any travelling she would be accompanied by a nurse. And so an old doll in her late fifties by the name of Miss Carson was assigned to accompany Little Evvy wherever she might have to go to hand over the ransom money to Means who would in turn hand it over to one of the kidnappers.

"What do we do now, Means?" asked Mrs. McLean when she and Miss Carson were all set to take off with the hundred grand packed in a wooden box. "I would suggest," said Means, "that we go to that winter cottage you have down in Aiken, South Carolina."

"How will the kidnappers know where we are?"

Gaston just smiled. "They're watching my every move."

Means, who was playing the thing by ear, slipped away in South Carolina to contact an old friend—a disbarred criminal lawyer by the name of Norman Whittaker. Whittaker, a man with a hard, frightening face, was, like Means, something of an actor. So, as the two stood under a street light, conspiring at every pore, Means concocted the script for the part Whittaker was to play in the days to come. It was Gaston's idea to put on one hell of a show for Mrs. McLean before grabbing that hundred grand.

Next night, while the wind was howling through the bare trees and Means and Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson were sitting around the cottage in Aiken, waiting for some action, there was a knock on the back door. Means, rolling his eyes, put a finger to his lips to prevent either Little Evvy or her nurse from speaking, tip-toed to the door and opened it. There stood Whittaker, wearing a black mask over his eyes, looking like something out of a nightmare. "We got to make sure there ain't no double cross," Mrs. McLean could hear Whittaker saying to Means.

"There won't be," Means assured Whittaker. "Who are you, anyway? What shall I call you?"

"Just call me The Fox."

The Fox, a big man, lumbered in and scowled at Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson. "Where's the ransom?" he asked. "I got to tell the rest of the gang I really laid eyes on the ransom."

Mrs. McLean slid open the lid of the wooden box and showed The Fox the money. The Fox, carefully acting out Gaston's little drama, picked up one stack of bills, satisfied himself that the stuff was genuine, and put it back.

For the next two days, Means and Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson sat around waiting for the next communication from The Fox. Little Evvy, caught up in the drama of the thing, was too engrossed by its unfolding to think. Here Gaston was employing that old con man principle: Keep 'em so emotionally stirred up that they haven't time to stop and think. But Miss Carson, the old nurse, was something else again. She was, while present, on the *outside* of what was going on, not emotionally involved. And Means, with that instinct that he had about people, knew, he was one day to tell J. Edgar Hoover, that the old doll didn't exactly trust him.

On the fourth night of the vigil in Aiken, The Fox put in a second appearance. "Go to El Paso," Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson heard him saying to Means at the door. "Check into a hotel there and we'll contact you."

"But," countered Means, his voice throbbing with anxiety and earnestness, "why can't the child be delivered here?"

"Too many cops up this way."

"Can you give me your assurance the child is all right?"

"He's absolutely all right. We got a nurse takin' care of it." The Fox, still sticking to the Means script, paused, then said: "You think we'd be crazy enough to let anything *happen* to that kid?"

Down in El Paso, Means and the two ladies spent three days in connecting hotel suites waiting around for word from The Fox. On the evening of the third day, the phone rang. Means picked it up while Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson sat there looking at him. "It won't be long now," they could hear The Fox's words coming through the receiver. "Maybe a few days."

"But is the baby still all right?"

"Sound as a dollar," said The Fox. (The Lindbergh baby—or the corpse that was to pass for it—had not yet been found a few miles from the crime scene).

Means, with that crafty instinct of his, could tell by now that Miss Carson, the old nurse, was definitely suspicious of him. And so he kept his ear to the door when Little Evvy and the nurse were together in an adjoining room. An hour or so after that call from The Fox, Means, his ear to the door, could hear Miss Car-

son saying to Mrs. McLean: "Do you know, Mrs. McLean, I don't trust that man Means."

"Why do you say that, Miss Carson?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just think there's something fishy about this whole business."

A couple of days afterward, Gaston was listening through the door again as Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson were talking. "Mr. Means," Miss Carson was telling Little Evvy, "is one of the finest men I've ever known."

Means could well imagine Little Evvy giving the nurse a double take. "What's changed your mind?" she asked. Means, of course, knew the answer that Miss Carson wasn't disclosing. He had, only the night before, made the old girl an ex-virgin. One thing had to be said for Gaston: He was willing to make practically any personal sacrifice in the pursuit of his profession of separating suckers from their money.

It was on the seventh day in El Paso that the action started. Letters began to arrive for Gaston—coded communications of Means' authorship which, as Gaston decoded them for Mrs. McLean, said that the delivery of the Lindbergh baby was imminent. And there were telephone calls. Then, late on the ninth night, who appeared at the door of Little Evalyn's suite, having slipped on his mask, but The Fox.

"Everything's ready," The Fox announced to Means while Little Evalyn and the seduced nurse stood by, mouths open, hearts thumping. The baby, The Fox said, was across the Rio Grande River in Juarez, Mexico. "Why is the little one there?" Means asked The Fox. "Because," answered The Fox, still sticking closely to the Means script, "we don't want no ransom paid where them God-dam G-men are around."

"In other words," said Gaston, "you're over in Mexico for safety's sake."

"You got it," said The Fox. Now The Fox, who was completely ignoring Little Evalyn and Miss Carson, said to Means: "Get the dough and come with me."

"And I'll come back with the baby?"

"Look—we want to get that kid off our hands. He's too hot."

"How soon will I be back with the baby?"

"It oughtn't take more'n a couple of hours."

Means, grabbing the box with the hundred grand in it, asked Mrs. McLean and the old seduced nurse if they would say a few words of prayer. After they did, he left with The Fox. It was about 11 o'clock.

By 1 o'clock, when Gaston should have been back with the baby, the tension in the hotel suite began to thicken. Two o'clock came and no sign of Gaston. Three o'clock. Four o'clock. Five.

At a few minutes after five, there was a knock on the door. Opening it, Mrs. McLean saw Means—alone. He had given himself a terrific shellacking. His face was all marked up, blood was streaming from two deep cuts in his head, and his clothes were a mess. He just stood there, looking at Mrs. McLean for almost a minute, then staggered in and collapsed in a chair.

When he recovered himself, Gaston told Mrs. McLean and Miss Carson a likely story. "We've all been double-crossed," he muttered. Now he looked heavenward, extended his hands in supplication, and asked God to punish the double-crossers.

"Get to the point, Means!" snapped Little Evvy, not suspicious but terribly disappointed. "Exactly what happened?"

Means said that when he and The Fox crossed into Mexico, The Fox led him not to the baby but into a den of thieves. There the money was stolen and Gaston was seriously beaten up, and tossed in the road while The Fox and his confederates vanished in the night. Little Evvy, not knowing quite what to think, looked at Miss Carson. "What do you think?" she asked. The old nurse, breaking into tears, rushed for Means, threw her arms about him, kissed him, then went to the bathroom to get something to dress his wounds.

A couple of days later, when Gaston had recovered from his horrible experience he and Little Evvy and the old nurse went back to Washington. Little Evalyn's attorneys phoned her and asked what had happened. When she told them, they phoned the F.B.I. Means was picked up, and so was Whittaker, charged with crossing a State line in the furtherance of a scheme to defraud.

Gaston, the foxy one, would say nothing. Then Whittaker broke down and spilled the whole plot and, in a deal for a short jolt, turned Government's evidence against Means. The F.B.I. wanted Miss Carson to testify against Gaston. "Testify against Mr. Means!" said the old seduced doll. "I should say not!"

"But he has already confessed that that whole business down in Texas was a swindle."

"I don't care," said the nurse. "Mr. Means is the finest man I've ever known." When that remark was passed on to Gaston, he smiled and said: "When I love 'em, they *stay* loved."

Means was sentenced to Leavenworth for 15 years. In his sixth year of durance vile he had a heart attack. Prison doctors told him that the end was near. Hoover sent a couple of men to the big cage to ask Gaston where that hundred grand was. He told them, almost proudly, everything about himself, except about the Maude King and Jesse Smith deaths. His lips also remained sealed about that hundred grand. Then, with a faint smile on his face, the greatest all-round male-factor in criminal history passed into eternity and that hundred grand, which Means didn't have a chance to spend, is still to be found. •

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JIM SHOULDERS: KING OF THE SUICIDE CIRCUIT

Continued from page 14

ranks of the 3,000 pro rodeo hands because he came up the same route, when it was even rockier. No ranch boy (most rodeo hands are raised on a ranch), Shoulders was born and raised on his father's small acreage just east of Tulsa's city limits, and they kept no livestock a tough rooster couldn't chase. About the only "ranch" experience he'd had was riding some tough cows with a neighbor boy.

At the age of 14, on summer vacation from high school, Jim was shocking wheat under a broiling 110-degree sun in a field near Tulsa—stifling hot and dusty work at $2.50 for a 10-hour day. Rather than waste a Fourth of July holiday he entered a small rodeo at the nearby town of Oilton. Jim had been following his oldest brother Marvin to state-wide bucking contests, watching, listening and learning. He'd mastered enough tricks about staying on the bare back of a hell-bent horse that, at Oilton's one-day show, he won the 5th place money—$18—in his event. This, Jim decided instantly, sure as hell beat shocking wheat for a living.

That same year, intent on giving the wheat back to the farmers, Jim followed Marvin to the rodeo at Dewey, Oklahoma. This time he put his money into an entry fee to ride those bitter Brahma bulls. Marvin had tried to tell Jim that even old hands didn't mess around with these boogery bulls until they had experience, else they didn't get to be old hands, but apparently the boy hadn't been listening. Marvin, who picked up money by announcing as well as riding in the events, was drawling his running comment to the Dewey crowd until young Jim shot out of the chute on a dragon-tempered bull. It spun like a small tornado in one spot, rocketed into devil's rocking-chair bucking that spilled Jim about the third jump. Marvin's drawl erupted over the loudspeaker, "RUN LIKE HELL, JIM!—RUN LIKE HELL!" Dazed, Jim got one glance of the enraged bull as it wheeled and came hooking after him. The crowd roared and Jim outran the monster to a fence, proving he had at least one essential of the bullrider—fast legs on the ground.

It gave the lad a thinking point: if the bulls were so bad, obviously there'd be fewer men willing to tackle them and less competition. This can also be said of teasing tigers or juggling dynamite for a living; Jim still had a lot to learn about the Brahmas.

And as far as his Tulsa classmates at East Central High school could see, he might have made the top in a much less hazardous game—basketball. Rangy and quick of reflexes, Jim was a steady flash in all sports but in basketball he seemed to be national cage material. This view was confirmed when, in an accident in the science lab, Jim burned his left hand to a useless blob in a bath of phosphorous. He bandaged it into a solid ball to cushion shocks and played one-handed through the district tournament game, shooting goals worth 20 points.

But during the summer of 1944 he passed up baseball as well as the wheat fields to hit the rodeos in Oklahoma and Texas and came home with $550 in cash prizes. Next summer he netted some $600 the same way, chiefly at the Muskogee rodeo. He wasn't getting rich, but it was nice money for a kid and he was absorbing a lot of savvy. Even in the rodeo business the age of the specialist was rapidly coming, Jim saw readily, and the man who bore down on a couple of skills was coining more money sooner than anyone who tried to sweep the field of events. Jim set his sights strictly on bareback broncos and the bulls. His eyes were wide open in this choice now, for he'd seen gory sights of what a bull will do to a man on the ground and he knew that a Brahma separated from the herd lived with only one thought in the little brain guiding its one-ton body—homicide, or more precisely, cowboycide.

He learned to sleep on bedrolls with a saddle for a pillow, and to breathe the constant biting aroma of the bucking arena and stock pens—said to be composed of equal parts of fresh horse manure, bull sweat, alfalfa dust and the salty tears of the the losers, mingled with odors of hamburgers and popcorn from nearby stands. He rode for "splits" when funds were low; that is, a friend put up his entry fee and took half of any winnings, but in the more common case of losing no debt existed for the fee. And he was a "Turtle." To any old rodeoer, a turtle is a cowboy who was not able to get off an explosive bronco fast enough to collect from a shady promoter going south with the gate receipts and all prize money. The Cowboys Turtle Association, one of the loosest "organizations" ever known, was a general fellowship trying for better and surer purses, with uniform rules. How they got the name is obscure, except that many rodeo hands wore turtle-neck sweaters and their password was the unprintable punchline to a weird joke about turtles. By 1945 they evolved into the Rodeo Cowboys Association which in a few years froze out both crooked promoters and undesirable contestants—drunks, hot check artists and the cowboys more interested in trouble than rodeoing.

Jim was bent on outwitting the bulls. He concentrated on developing the one-handed grip on the "loose rope" that was the only aid to riding them, while keeping the rest of his body relaxed enough to follow the unpredictable gyrations and lunges of the beast. At the smaller rodeos where he rode, more than

half the riders couldn't complete an 8-second ride on a Brahma; if he could hang on to better than 50 per cent of the devils the prizes were waiting.

Like hundreds of other beginners he shoveled dung in the stock pens and took odd jobs on the grounds—anything to hang around and watch seasoned hands do their stuff. Besides the valuable advice of brother Marvin, his serious persistence won him a boosting friend in veteran Paul Bond, a man soon to place third in the national bareback-bronc ratings. Bond was then also doing some stock-contracting, furnishing the rodeo with the wildest bulls and horses to be found.

During one of his high-school years, Jim arrived at the Will Rogers Rodeo at Claremore, supervising two truck-loads of bucking stock for Bond and driving one. Ready to compete in his usual two events, he encountered a new kind of hassle: a majority of the riders were putting over a rule aimed squarely at barring Jim Shoulders from competing, on the slim technicality that his work for the contractor gave him prior knowledge of the horses and bulls to be ridden.

"All I know about this stock," he told the cowboys, "is that it's ornery as hell about anybody with two legs. Now, either I get my chances like the rest of you, or nobody rides—I'll drive the stock back where I got it." The ruling was dropped. It happened that Jim's modest winnings showed the others had overrated him, but actually the ruling was high compliment for a string-bean kid, coming from old pros who were simply afraid the boy was too good.

Jim was no terror yet, but he had all the makings. He graduated from high school in the spring of 1946 with two clear-cut aims. He married pretty classmate Sharron Heindselman whose first date with a boy had been with Jim, and they spent their honeymoon in a good rodeo town. They discussed going to college together, but Jim said there was money in rodeoing that wouldn't wait, and you couldn't train for rodeo life in a library or lab.

Events proved he was right to be confident. During his first full season of rodeoing the young ball of fire won over $7,000. He then hit Madison Square Garden, which has the richest purse in the country, $75,000 and up, at the age of 19 and shanked so many roaring, rampaging broncs into bareback submission through the four-week meet that he walked off with the major loot—the youngest rider ever to win the Garden trophy saddle. Two years later, 1949, he was champion all-around cowboy with 21,495 points in the national scorings, which meant the same number of dollars won.

This flash in the pan scored more than $27,000 in each of the next two years, and in both years he was runner-up for the all-around championship. In 1949 he finally made it—Champion All-Around Cowboy. The "all-around" title is somewhat a misnomer; it goes to the year's top money-winner at a dollar a

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point, provided he won the money in at least two events of the accepted seven: saddle bronc, bareback bronc, bull riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, steer roping and team roping. The last two pay slim prizes.

The official scores usually quoted don't reflect the champ's income accurately, either. The all-around saddle means $3,000 extra at year's end, and $1,200 for championships in the various events, plus merchandise, bonds, etc., in side awards.

But Jim's championship—and profits—were menaced from the beginning by the threat of serious injury. "Serious" injuries mean only those forcing idleness in a hospital; Jim soon accumulated enough to nearly wreck his career. Back in 1946 a bull's lashing hoof had caught him as he rolled in a miscalculated hop-off and made a bloody mess of his face, but the only permanent damage was a broken tooth. The bulls have an unerring way, for all their wildness, of stomping a downed man's head as a sure way to kill him. When he accepted the 1949 championship Jim spoke tersely through a gold inlay replacement of several front teeth, removed by the battering ram of a bull's hind hoof that season. Another year he impulsively jumped on behind Harry Tompkins (four-time bullriding champ) to ride a bull double at Boston Garden. This stunt is the rodeo version of Russian Roulette; when two men come out on one Brahma it is only a question of which man will be hurt. It was Jim who fell too near the plunging ton of fury which stepped on him, cracking an ankle. Three other times he has had brain concussions. Yards of tape and bandage on sprains or mending bones have never stopped him. If he could climb the chute unaided to mount the beast, he figured he'd better be riding.

Despite his injuries, Jim stuck to his Brahmas, from the Boston Garden to the Houston Fat Stock Show, to San Francisco's Cow Palace and the Calgary Stampede. Within the limits of the rules laid down by the Rodeo Cowboys' Association, Jim improved his technique. The standard bull rope has to be passed through a loop on one end, with no knots, hitches or buckles allowed; the rider can grip it with only one hand, and this grip alone must hold the rope around the bull *and* hold the rider to what seating he enjoys. Made of hemp braided to the leather bellyband and loop, strong enough to tow a truck, Jim's special bull ropes have two clanging cowbells instead of the required one and cost him $15 each. He wears out at least a dozen each season.

Maintaining that one-handed grip had by now given Jim the distinction of living with a right arm that looked like it belonged on another man, its massive biceps grown to stovepipe proportions while the free-waving left arm remained at well-developed normal. He had learned, too, that only the rodeo clowns—who rightfully call themselves bullfighters—make it possible for a rider to enter the arena with a Brahma and leave it alive. Because the bulls will charge and gore any living thing when enraged, no pick-up man could ride alongside on a horse and help the contestant quit his bellowing tiger. Even in the big-time the percentage of riders thrown before the 8-second gun is about 50 per cent and no pickup man could help effectively near that short-coupled pitching, hooking and kicking of a Brahma.

After dropping to fourth, despite an official $22,875 in the nationwide scorings for 1952, thanks to fractures of an arm and a foot, Jim headed into a fateful 1953 that opened with champ-promising winnings over squalling broncos and the eternally evil Brahmas. Then early in May came what Jim says "you always figure will come later on down the road." He shot spinning out of the chute at Midland, Texas, on a goaded bull that went into contortions—a mad willingness to break its own neck in getting rid of the thing on its back. And suddenly the bull threw himself and Jim was tossed under that 2,000 pounds of horned rage. The clowns rushed in extra fast to taunt the roaring brute away with a better target, for Jim was getting up very slowly. His collarbone was broken. It didn't bother him too much, and he even tried riding a bronc within two weeks, but in the third week he had to undergo surgery for the insertion of a steel pin in the bone. Back to work in July, he was again thrown and landed on the bad shoulder partially—with enough force to bend the steel pin. That sent him to the hospital and sidelines for nearly two months, and washed up 1953 for him with scant profit if any. It also gave him a tricky, touchy collarbone which he later pulled loose again, leaving a bull too late. It's beginning to bother him, and could send him permanently back to his ranch, as the last set of doctors stoutly advised.

In 1951, Jim bought the 2,500-acre *J Lazy S* ranch at Henryetta, Okla. where he will retire if his injuries get bad enough. With a partner, he raises beef cattle, and "takes it easy." Taking it easy for him means 12 hours or more daily of sweaty cattle raising—feeding, hauling, doctoring sick stock from dawn to dark. When Jim goes out to pasture, he can't be reached that day and maybe the next. When a truck-trailer rolls onto the ranch with several tons of baled hay or sacked feed, Jim automatically falls out for unloading and does as much backbreaking labor as any two hired hands—this by the amazed confession of two hired hands. This slender, cable-muscled man "relaxes" at a pace that would ruin the average stevedore. He does all this to keep in shape.

Whatever relaxation Shoulders gets during his short shifts as a ranch boss doesn't last long. As an example of why the RCA calls rodeoing an 11 month season, Jim made an earlier start than usual at the first rodeo open at Odessa, Texas, on January 3 of this year. Only weeks before, in December, he had reluctantly left the *J Lazy S* in December to fend off a late-season rush by one Johnny Hawkins of California for the bareback bronc championship, although he already had an unbeatable lead on the all-around awards. Jim retained the bareback crown too, but by a bare 18 points.

Today it's a serious, non-stunting James Arthur Shoulders who has worn the all-around laurels as well as the bareback bronc and bullriding championship belts the last two years, and stayed as all-around runner-up the preceding

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two seasons. If he isn't fighting the frenzied schedules of the suicide circuit, sitting at an RCA meeting as director of the bull-riding department, or looking after such investments as a quarter interest in his Mesquite, Texas, 18-acre rodeo showplace, then he's busy "resting" among the beef cattle—having once said he would have the *J Lazy S* in shape for his retirement at 30.

Jim stays at the riding weight of about 155 pounds, unchanged for years, although when he kept riding last fall through an attack of Asiatic flu he was down to less than 145. Standing 5 feet 11 with only mildly bowed legs, he "looks like any other farmer around here," as his neighbors say, and wears a loud cowboy shirt only in the arena to help please the crowd. One thing he wears constantly, except when taking a bath and sometimes even then, is an alarm wrist watch. It permits him to snatch catnaps on airport benches in his travels, and the sweep second hand is for timing what may sum up at several thousand dollars per second in final payoffs. Not that he does any timing while aboard

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the fire-brained bulls or broncs; those seconds of his life posted their own marks some years ago in Jim's prematurely gray-streaked hair.

His only hobby is calf-roping, and he has done well enough at it that he may try it heavily in competition this year. That calf-roping is popular was indicated by the 155 men competing in one "go-around" at Cheyenne Frontier Days last year; when Jim started rodeoing 20 entries in any event was a big deal. And when he started he never dreamed that in order to keep winning those prizes against mushrooming competition he'd have to enter three rodeos at the same time, as he did in 1956, commuting by chartered plane and all-night auto drives for four days to overlapping rodeos at St. Joseph, Mo., Wichita, Kans. and Omaha. Every rodeoing man must select his own spots to enter, where he hopes to find the meanest and "rankest" of mounts that will impress the judges, and once entered must show up to fill his billing or bring a doctor's certificate to explain why not. Otherwise the RCA hangs him on the long list of those suspended for this and worse errors. In 1957 Jim's bill for air transport alone—scheduled and charter flights—was $3,500.

Jim once nixed the plan of Henryettans to put up large highway signs advertising the town as his home. Of his simple, hardworking life he says quietly, "Why should I put on any big-ass front?" He likes people; they like him and his still-boyish grin. He gives the public his damnedest in an arena, after which he appreciates a bit of privacy and doesn't think the public need be interested in what he's paid for wearing and endorsing "Wrangler" pants by Blue Bell Company, or for designing and wearing a special bull spur.

If you think Jim never takes time to enjoy the best in life, that's because you haven't met his pert and adoring wife or his three children, aged one-and-a-half, six, and nine years. Sharron cooks steak or lean hamburger for three meals a day when Jim's home and sometimes accompanies him to the rodeo wars.

It was Sharron that he once told he'd retire after 10 years, promising they'd have a going and growing ranch. Most of the dream has come true. As to quitting, the conservative Rodeo News may have tabbed him right: after noting that he has won just about everything available in rodeo for his skills, including more impressive "firsts" and "all-time" highs than any other professional cowboy, they ventured after due consideration that "Jim is very apt to retire as champion." •

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MY IMPOSSIBLE ESCAPE AT THE SOUTH POLE

Continued from page 39

was very quick. McCarthy said that he could contrive some sort of covering for the *James Caird* if he might use the lids of the cases and the four sledge-runners that we had lashed inside the boat for use in the event of a landing on Graham Land at Wilhelmina Bay. This bay, at one time the goal of our desire, had been left behind in the course of our drift, but we had retained the runners. The carpenter proposed to complete the covering with some of our canvas, and he set about making his plans at once.

Noon had passed and the gale was more severe than ever. We could not proceed with our preparations that day. The tents were suffering in the wind and the sea was rising. We made our way to the snow-slope at the shoreward end of the spit, with the intention of digging a hole in the snow large enough to provide shelter for the party. I had an idea that Wild and his men might camp there during my absence, since it seemed impossible that the tents could hold together for many more days against the attacks of the wind; but an examination of the spot indicated that any hole we could dig probably would be filled quickly by the drift. At dark, about 5 p.m., we all turned in, after a supper consisting of a pannikin of hot milk, one of our precious biscuits, and a cold penguin leg each.

The gale was stronger than ever on the following morning (April 20). No work could be done. Blizzard and snow, snow and blizzard, sudden lulls and fierce returns. During the lulls we could see on the far horizon to the north-east bergs of all shapes and sizes driving along before the gale, and the sinister appearance of the swift-moving masses made us thankful indeed that, instead of battling with the storm amid the ice, we were required only to face the drift from the glaciers and the inland heights. The gusts might throw us off our feet, but at least we fell on solid ground and not on the rocking floes. Two seals came up on the beach that day, one of them within ten yards of my tent. So urgent was our need of food and blubber that I called all hands and organized a line of beaters instead of simply walking up to the seal and hitting it on the nose. We were prepared to fall upon this seal *en masse* if it attempted to escape. The kill was made with a pick-handle, and in a few minutes five days' food and six days' fuel were stowed in a place of safety among the boulders above high-water mark.

There was a lull in the bad weather on April 21, and the carpenter started to collect material for the decking of the *James Caird*. He fitted the mast of the *Stancomb Wills* fore and aft inside the *James Caird* as a hog-back and thus strengthened the keel with the object of preventing our boat "hogging"— that is, buckling in heavy seas. He had not sufficient wood to provide a deck, but by using the sledge-runners and box-lids he made a framework extending from the forecastle aft to a well. It was a patched-up affair, but it provided a base for a canvas covering. We had a bolt of canvas frozen stiff, and this material had to be cut and then thawed out over the blubber-stove, foot by foot, in order that it might be sewn into the form of a cover. When it had been nailed and screwed into position it certainly gave an appearance of safety to the boat, though I had an uneasy feeling that it bore a strong likeness to stage-scenery, which may look like a granite wall and is in fact nothing better than canvas and lath. As events proved, the covering served its purpose well. We certainly could not have lived through the voyage without it.

Another fierce gale was blowing on April 22, interfering with our preparations for the voyage. Some cases of stores left on a rock off the spit on the day of our arrival were retrieved during this day. We were setting aside stores for the boat journey and choosing the essential equipment from the scanty stock at our disposal. Two ten-gallon casks had to be filled with water melted down from ice collected at the foot of the glacier. This was a rather slow business. The blubber-stove was kept going all night, and the watchmen emptied the water into the casks from the pot in which the ice was melted.

The weather was fine on April 23, and we hurried forward our preparations. It was on this day I decided finally that the crew for the *James Caird* should consist of Worsley, Crean, McNeish, McCarthy, Vincent, and myself. A storm came on about noon, with driving snow and heavy squalls. Occasionally the air would clear for a few minutes, and we could see a line of pack-ice, five miles out, driving across from west to east. This sight increased my anxiety to get away quickly. Winter was advancing, and soon the pack might close completely round the island and stay our departure for days or even for weeks. I did not think that ice would remain around Elephant Island continuously during the winter, since the strong winds and fast currents would keep it in motion. We had noticed ice and bergs going past at the rate of four or five knots. A certain amount of ice was held up about the end of our spit, but the sea was clear where the boat would have to be launched.

Worsley, Wild, and I climbed to the summit of the seaward rocks and examined the ice from a better vantage-point than the beach offered. The belt of pack outside appeared to be sufficiently broken for our purposes, and I decided that, unless the conditions forbade it, we would make a start in the *James Caird* on the following morning. Obviously the pack

might close at any time. This decision made, I spent the rest of the day looking over the boat, gear, and stores, and discussing plans with Worsley and Wild.

Our last night on the solid ground of Elephant Island was cold and uncomfortable. We turned out at dawn and had breakfast. Then we launched the *Stancomb Wills* and loaded her with stores, gear, and ballast, which would be transferred to the *James Caird* when the heavier boat had been launched. The ballast consisted of bags made from blankets and filled with sand, making a total weight of about 1000 lbs. In addition we had gathered a number of round boulders and about 250 lbs. of ice, which would supplement our two casks of water.

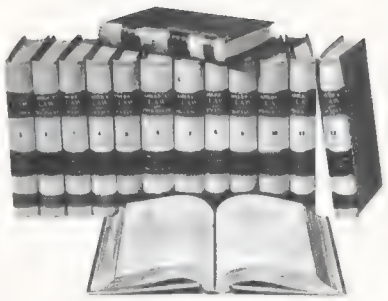
The swell was slight when the *Stancomb Wills* was launched and the boat got under way without any difficulty; but half an hour later, when we were pulling down the *James Caird*, the swell increased suddenly. Apparently the movement of the ice outside had made an opening and allowed the sea to run in without being blanketed by the line of pack. The swell made things difficult. Many of us got wet to the waist while dragging the boat out—a serious matter in that climate. When the *James Caird* was afloat in the surf she nearly capsized among the rocks before we could get her clear, and Vincent and the carpenter, who were on deck, were thrown into the water. This was really bad luck, for the two men would have small chance of drying their clothes after we had got under way.

The *James Caird* was soon clear of the breakers. We used all the available ropes as a long painter to prevent her drifting away to the north-east, and then the *Stancomb Wills* came alongside, transferred her load, and went back to the shore for more. As she was being beached this time the sea took her stern and half filled her with water. She had to be turned over and emptied before the return journey could be made. Every member of the crew of the *Stancomb Wills* was wet to the skin. The water-casks were towed behind the *Stancomb Wills* on this second journey, and the swell, which was increasing rapidly, drove the boat on to the rocks, where one of the casks was slightly stove in. This accident proved later to be a serious one, since some seawater had entered the cask and the contents were now brackish.

By midday the *James Caird* was ready for the voyage. Vincent and the carpenter had secured some dry clothes by exchange with members of the shore party (I heard afterwards that it was a full fortnight before the soaked garments were finally dried), and the boat's crew was standing by waiting for the order to cast off. A moderate westerly breeze was blowing. The men who were staying behind made a pathetic little group on the beach, with the grim heights of the island behind them and the sea seething at their feet, but they waved to us and gave three hearty cheers.

I had all sails set, and the *James Caird* quickly dipped the beach and its line of dark figures. The westerly wind took us rapidly to the line of pack, and as we entered it I stood up with my arm around the mast, directing the steering, so as to avoid the great lumps of ice that were

"Occupation?" "Social worker."



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flung about in the heave of the sea. The pack thickened and we were forced to turn almost due east, running before the wind towards a gap I had seen in the morning from the high ground. I could not see the gap now, but we had come out on its bearing and I was prepared to find that it had been influenced by the easterly drift. At four o'clock in the afternoon we found the channel, much narrower than it had seemed in the morning but still navigable. Dropping sail, we rowed through without touching the ice anywhere, and by 5:30 p.m. we were clear of the pack with open water before us. We passed one more piece of ice in the darkness an hour later, but the pack lay behind, and with a fair wind swelling the sails we steered our little craft through the night, our hopes centered on our distant goal. The swell was very heavy now, and when the time came for our first evening meal we found great difficulty in keeping the Primus lamp alight and preventing the hoosh splashing out of the pot. Three men were needed to attend to the cooking, one man holding the lamp and two men guarding the aluminium cooking-pot, which had to be lifted clear of the Primus whenever the movement of the boat threatened to cause a disaster. Then the lamp had to be protected from water, for sprays were coming over the bows and our flimsy decking was by no means water-tight. All these operations were conducted in the confined space under the decking, where the men lay or knelt and adjusted themselves as best they could to the angles of our bases and ballast. It was uncomfortable, but we found consolation in the reflection that without the decking we could not have used the cooker at all.

The tale of the next sixteen days is one of supreme strife amid heaving waters. The sub-Antarctic Ocean lived up to its evil winter reputation. I decided to run north for at least two days while the wind held and so get into warmer weather before turning to the east and laying a course for South Georgia. We took two-hourly spells at the tiller. The men who were not on watch crawled into the sodden sleeping-bags and tried to forget their troubles for a period; but there was no comfort in the boat. The bags and cases seemed to be alive in the unfailing knack of presenting their most uncomfortable angles to our rest-seeking bodies. A man might imagine for a moment that he had found a position of ease, but always discovered quickly that some unyielding point was impining on muscle or bone. The first night aboard the boat was one of acute discomfort for us all, and we were heartily glad when the dawn came and we could set about the preparation of a hot breakfast.

This record of the voyage to South Georgia is based upon scanty notes made day by day. The notes dealt usually with the bare facts of distances, positions, and weather, but our memories retained the incidents of the passing days in a period never to be forgotten. By running north for the first two days I hoped to get warmer weather and also to avoid lines of pack that might be extending beyond the main body. We needed all the advantage that we could obtain from the higher latitude for sailing on the great circle, but we had to be cautious regarding possible ice-streams. Cramped in our narrow quarters and continually wet by the spray, we suffered severely from cold throughout the journey. We fought the seas and the winds and at the same time had a daily struggle to keep ourselves alive. At times we were in dire peril. Generally we were upheld by the knowledge that we were making progress towards the land where we would be, but there were days and nights when we lay hove to, drifting across the storm-whitened seas and watching, with eyes interested rather than apprehensive, the uprearing masses of water, flung to and fro. Nearly always there were gales. So small was our boat, and so great were the seas that often our sail flapped idly in the calm between the crests of two waves. Then we would climb the next slope and catch the full fury of the gale where the wool-like whiteness of the breaking water surged around us.

The wind came up strong and worked into a gale from the north-west on the third day out. We stood away to the east. The increasing seas discovered the weaknesses of our decking. The continuous blows shifted the box lids and sledge-runners so that the canvas sagged down and accumulated water. Then icy trickles, distinct from the driving sprays, poured fore and aft into the boat. The nails that the carpenter had extracted from cases at Elephant Island and used to fasten down the battens were too short to make firm the decking. We did what we could to secure it, but our means were very limited, and the water continued to enter the boat at a dozen points. Much baling was necessary, and nothing that we could do prevented our gear from becoming sodden. Lying under the thwarts during watches below, we tried vainly to avoid them. There were no dry places in the boat, and at last we simply covered our heads with our Burberrys and endured the all-pervading water. The baling was work for the watch. Real rest we had none. The perpetual motion of the boat made repose impossible; we were cold, sore, and anxious. We moved on hands and knees in the semi-darkness of the day under the decking. The darkness was complete by 6 p.m., and not until 7 a.m. of the following day could we see one another under the thwarts. We had a few scraps of candle, and they were preserved carefully in order that we might have light at meal-times. There was one fairly dry spot in the boat, under the solid original decking at the bows, and we managed to protect some of our biscuit from the salt water; but I do not think any of us got the taste of salt out of our mouths during the voyage.

The difficulty of movement in the boat would have had its humorous side if it had not involved us in so many aches and pains. We had to crawl under the thwarts in order to move along the boat, and our knees suffered considerably. When a watch turned out it was necessary for me to direct each man by name when and where to move, since if all hands had crawled about at the same time the result

would have been dire confusion and many bruises. Then there was the trim of the boat to be considered. The order of the watch was four hours on and four hours off, three men to the watch. One man had the tiller-ropes, the second man attended to the sail, and the third baled for all he was worth. Sometimes when the water in the boat had been reduced to reasonable proportions, our pump could be used. This pump, which Hurley had made from the Flinders bar case of our ship's standard compass, was quite effective, though its capacity was not large.

While a new watch was shivering in the wind and spray, the men who had been relieved groped hurriedly among the soaked sleeping-bags and tried to steal a little of the warmth created by the last occupants; but it was not always possible for us to find even this comfort when we went off watch. The boulders that we had taken aboard for ballast had to be shifted continually in order to trim the boat and give access to the pump, which became choked with hairs from the moulting sleeping-bags. The four reindeer-skin sleeping-bags shed their hair freely owing to the continuous wetting, and soon became quite bald in appearance. We thought at the time that we never slept. The fact was that we would dose off uncomfortably, to be aroused quickly by some new ache or another call to effort. My own share of the general unpleasantness was accentuated by a finely developed bout of sciatica. I had become possessor of this originally on the floe several months earlier.

Our meals were regular in spite of the gales. Attention to this point was essential, since the conditions of the voyage made increasing calls upon our vitality. Breakfast, at 8 a.m., consisited of a pannikin of hot hoosh made from Bovril sledging ration, two biscuits, and some lumps of sugar. Lunch came at 1 p.m., and comprised Bovril sledging ration, eaten raw, and a pannikin of hot milk for each man. Tea, at 5 p.m., had the same menu. Then during the night we had a hot drink, generally of milk. The meals were the bright beacons in those cold and stormy days. The glow of warmth and comfort produced by the food and drink made optimists of us all. We had two tins of Virol, which we were keeping for an emergency; but, finding ourselves in need of an oil-lamp to eke out our supply of candles, we emptied one of the tins in the manner that most appealed to us, and fitted it with a wick made by shredding a bit of canvas. When this lamp was filled with oil it gave a certain amount of light, though it was easily blown out, and was of great assistance to us at night. We were fairly well off as regarded fuel, since we had 6½ gallons of petroleum.

A severe south-westerly gale on the fourth day out forced us to heave to. I would have liked to have run before the wind, but the sea was very high and the *James Caird* was in danger of broaching to and swamping. The delay was vexatious, since up to that time we had been making sixty or seventy miles a day; good going with our limited sail area. We hove to under double-reefed mainsail and our little jigger, and waited for the gale to blow itself out. During that afternoon we saw bits of wreckage, the remains probably of some unfortunate vessel that had failed to weather the strong gales south

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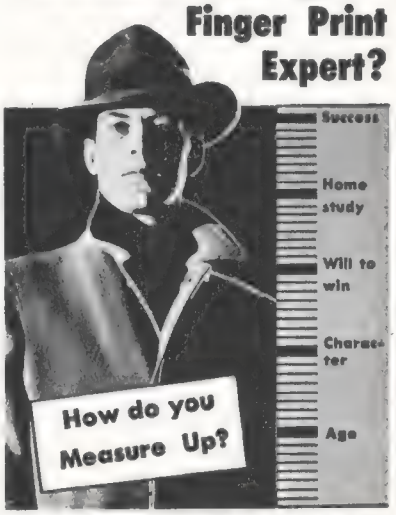

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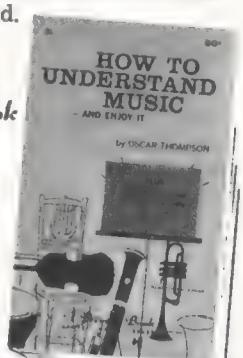

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of Cape Horn. The weather conditions did not improve, and on the fifth day out the gale was so fierce that we were compelled to take in the double-reefed mainsail and hoist our small jib instead. We put out a sea-anchor to keep the *James Caird's* head up to the sea. This anchor consisted of a triangular canvas bag fastened to the end of the painter and allowed to stream out from the bows. The boat was high enough to catch the wind, and, as she drifted to leeward, the drag of the anchor kept her head to windward. Thus our boat took most of the seas more or less end on. Even then the crests of the waves often would curl right over us and we shipped a great deal of water, which necessitated unceasing baling and pumping. Looking out abeam, we would see a hollow like a tunnel formed as the crest of a big wave toppled over on to the swelling body of water. A thousand times it appeared as though the *James Caird* must be engulfed; but the boat lived. The south-westerly gale had its birthplace above the Antarctic Continent, and its freezing breath lowered the temperature far towards zero. The sprays froze upon the boat and gave bows, sides, and decking a heavy coat of mail. This accumulation of ice reduced the buoyancy of the boat, and to that extent was an added peril; but it possessed a notable advantage from one point of view. The water ceased to drop and trickle from the canvas, and the spray came in solely at the well in the after part of the boat. We could not allow the load of ice to grow beyond a certain point, and in turns we crawled about the decking forward, chipping and picking at it with the available tools.

When daylight came on the morning of the sixth day out we saw and felt that the *James Caird* had lost her resiliency. She was not rising to the oncoming seas. The weight of the ice that had formed in her and upon her during the night was having its effect, and she was becoming more like a log than a boat. The situation called for immediate action. We first broke away the spare oars, which were encased in ice and frozen to the sides of the boat, and threw them over board. We retained two oars for use when we got inshore. Two of the fur sleeping-bags went over the side; they were thoroughly wet, weighing probably 40 lb. each, and they had frozen stiff during the night. Three men constituted the watch below, and when a man went down it was better to turn into the wet bag just vacated by another man than to thaw out a frozen bag with the heat of his unfortunate body. We now had four bags, three in use and one for emergency use in case a member of the party should break down permanently. The reduction of weight relieved the boat to some extent, and vigorous chipping and scraping did more. We had to be very careful not to put axe or knife through the frozen canvas of the decking as we crawled over it, but gradually we got rid of a lot of ice. The *James Caird* lifted to the endless waves as though she lived again.

About 11 a.m. the boat suddenly fell off into the trough of the sea. The painter had parted and the sea-anchor had gone. This was serious. The *James Caird* went away to leeward, and we had no chance at all of recovering the anchor and our valuable rope, which had been our only means of keeping the boat's head up to the seas without the risk of hoisting sail in a gale. Now we had to set the sail and trust to its holding. While the *James Caird* rolled heavily in the trough, we beat the frozen canvas until the bulk of the ice had cracked off it and then hoisted it. The frozen gear worked protestingly, but after a struggle our little craft came up to the wind again, and we breathed more freely. Skin frost-bites were troubling us, and we had developed large blisters on our fingers and hands. I shall always carry the scar of one of these frost-bites on my left hand, which became badly inflamed after the skin had burst and the cold had bitten deeply.

We held the boat up to the gale during that day, enduring as best we could discomforts that amounted to pain. The boat tossed interminably on the big waves under grey, threatening skies. Our thoughts did not embrace much more than the necessities of the hour. Every surge of the sea was an enemy to be watched and circumvented. We ate our scanty meals, treated our frost-bites, and hoped for the improved conditions that the morrow might bring. Night fell early, and in the lagging hours of darkness we were cheered by a change for the better in the weather. The wind dropped, the snow-squalls became less frequent, and the sea moderated. When the morning of the seventh day dawned there was not much wind. We shook the reef out of the sail and laid our course once more for South Georgia. The sun came out bright and clear, and presently Worsley got a snap for longitude. We hoped that the sky would remain clear until noon, so that we could get the latitude. We had been six days out without an observation, and our dead reckoning naturally was uncertain. The boat must have presented a strange appearance that morning. All hands basked in the sun. We hung our sleeping-bags to the mast and spread our socks and other gear all over the deck. Some of the ice had melted off the *James Caird* in the early morning after the gale began to slacken, and dry patches were appearing in the decking. Porpoises came blowing round the boat, and Cape pigeons wheeled and swooped within a few feet of us.

We revelled in the warmth of the sun that day. Life was not so bad, after all. We felt we were well on our way. Our gear was drying, and we could have a hot meal in comparative comfort. The swell was still heavy, but it was not breaking and the boat rode easily. At noon Worsley balanced himself on the gunwale and clung with one hand to the stay of the mainmast while he got a snap of the sun. The result was more than encouraging. We had done over 380 miles and were getting on for half-way to South Georgia. It looked as though we were going to get through.

The wind freshened to a good stiff breeze during the afternoon, and the *James Caird* made satisfactory progress. I had not realized until the sunlight came

how small our boat really was. There was some influence in the light and warmth, some hint of happier days, that made us revive memories of other voyages, when we had stout decks beneath our feet, unlimited food at our command, and pleasant cabins for our ease. Now we clung to a battered little boat. So low in the water were we that each succeeding swell cut off our view of the sky-line. We were a tiny speck in the vast vista of the sea—the ocean that is open to all and merciful to none, that threatens even when it seems to yield, and that is pitiless always to weakness. For a moment the consciousness of the forces arrayed against us would be almost overwhelming. Then hope and confidence would rise again as our boat rose to a wave and tossed aside the crest in a sparkling shower like the play of prismatic colors at the foot of a waterfall. My double-barrelled gun and some cartridges had been stowed aboard the boat as an emergency precaution against a shortage of food.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth days of the voyage had few features worthy of special note. The wind blew hard during those days, and the strain of navigating the boat was unceasing, but always we made some advance towards our goal. No bergs showed on our horizon, and we knew that we were clear of the ice-fields. Each day brought its little round of troubles, but also compensation in the form of food and growing hope. We felt that we were going to succeed. The odds against us had been great, but we were winning through. We still suffered severely from the cold, for, though the temperature was rising, our vitality was declining owing to shortage of food, exposure, and the necessity of maintaining our cramped positions day and night. I found that it was now absolutely necessary to prepare hot milk for all hands during the night, in order to sustain life till dawn. This meant lighting the Primus lamp in the darkness and involved an increased drain on our small store of matches. It was the rule that one match must serve when the Primus was being lit. We had no lamp for the compass and during the early days of the voyage we would strike a match when the steersman wanted to see the course at night; but later the necessity for strict economy impressed itself upon us, and the practice of striking matches at night was stopped. We had one water-tight tin of matches. I had stowed away in a pocket, in readiness for a sunny day, a lens from one of the telescopes, but this was of no use during the voyage. The sun seldom shone upon us. A hard north-westerly gale came up on the eleventh day (May 5) and shifted to the south-west in the late afternoon. The sky was overcast and occasional snow-squalls added to the discomfort produced by a tremendous cross-sea—the worst, I thought, that we had experienced. At midnight I was at the tiller and suddenly noticed a line of clear sky between the south and south-west. I called to the other men that the sky was clearing, and then a moment later I realized that what I had seen was not a rift in the clouds but the white crest of an enormous wave. During twenty-six years' experience of the ocean in all its moods I had not encountered a wave so gigantic. I shouted, "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" Then came a moment of suspense that seemed drawn out into hours. White surged the foam of the breaking sea around us. We felt our boat lifted and flung forward like a cork in breaking surf. We were in a seething chaos of tortured water; but somehow the boat lived through it, half-full of water, sagging to the dead weight and shuddering under the blow. We baled with the energy of men fighting for life, flinging the water over the sides with every receptacle that came to our hands, and after 10 minutes of uncertainty we felt the boat renew her life beneath us. She floated again and ceased to lurch drunkenly as though dazed by the attack of the sea. Earnestly we hoped that never again would we encounter such a wave.

The weather was better on the following day (May 6), and we got a glimpse of the sun. Worsley's observation showed that we were not more than a hundred miles from the north west corner of South Georgia. Two more days with a favourable wind and we would sight the promised land. I hoped that there would be no delay, for our supply of water was running very low. The hot drink at night was essential, but I decided that the daily allowance of water must be cut down to half a pint per man. The lumps of ice we

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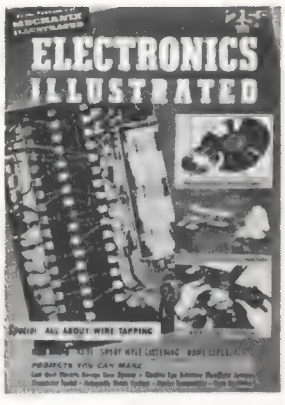

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had taken aboard had gone long ago. We were dependent upon the water we had brought from Elephant Island, and our thirst was increased by the fact that we were now using the brackish water in the breaker that had been slightly stove in in the surf when the boat was being loaded. Some sea-water had entered at that time.

Thirst took possession of us. I dared not permit the allowance of water to be increased since an unfavorable wind might drive us away from the island and lengthen our voyage by many days. Lack of water is always the most severe privation that men can be condemned to endure, and we found, as during our earlier boat voyage, that the salt water in our clothing and the salt spray that lashed our faces made our thirst grow quickly to a burning pain. I had to be very firm in refusing to allow any one to anticipate the morrow's allowance, which I was sometimes begged to do. We did the necessary work dully and hoped for the land. I had altered the course to the east so as to make sure of our striking the island, which would have been impossible to regain if we had run past the northern end. The course was laid on our scrap of chart for a point some 30 miles down the coast. That day and the following day passed for us in a sort of nightmare. Our mouths were dry and our tongues were swollen. The wind was still strong and the heavy sea forced us to navigate carefully, but any thought of our peril from the waves was buried beneath the consciousness of our raging thirst. The bright moments were those when we each received our one mug of hot milk during the long, bitter watches of the night. Things were bad for us in those days, but the end was coming. The morning of May 8 broke thick and stormy, with squalls from the north-west. We searched the waters ahead for a sign of land, and though we could see nothing more than had met our eyes for many days, we were cheered by a sense that the goal was near at hand. About 10:00 o'clock that morning we passed a little bit of kelp, a glad signal of the proximity of land. An hour later we saw two shags sitting on a big mass of kelp, and knew then that we must be within 10 or 15 miles of the shore. These birds are as sure an indication of the proximity of land as a lighthouse is, for they never venture far to sea. We gazed ahead with increasing eagerness, and at 12:30 p.m., through a rift in the clouds, McCarthy caught a glimpse of the black cliffs of South Georgia, just fourteen days after our departure from Elephant Island. It was a glad moment. Thirst-ridden, chilled, and weak as we were, happiness irradiated us. The job was nearly done.

We stood in towards the shore to look for a landing-place, and presently we could see the green tussock-grass on the ledges above the surf-beaten rocks. Ahead of us and to the south, blind rollers showed the presence of uncharted reefs along the coast. Here and there the hungry rocks were close to the surface, and over them the great waves broke, swirling viciously and spouting thirty and forty feet into the air. The rocky coast appeared to descend sheer to the sea. Our need of water and rest was well-nigh desperate, but to have attempted a landing at that time would have been suicidal. Night was drawing near, and the weather indications were not favourable. There was nothing for it but to haul off till the following morning, so we stood away on the starboard tack until we had made what appeared to be a safe offing. Then we hove to in the high westerly swell. The hours passed slowly as we waited the dawn, which would herald, we fondly hoped, the last stage of our journey. Our thirst was a torment and we could scarcely touch our food; the cold seemed to strike right through our weakened bodies. At 5:00 a.m. the wind shifted to the north-west and quickly increased to one of the worst hurricanes any of us had ever experienced. A great cross-sea was running, and the wind simply shrieked as it tore the tops off the waves and converted the whole seascape into a haze of driving spray. Down into valleys, up to tossing heights, straining until her seams opened, swung our little boat, brave still but labouring heavily. We knew that the wind and set of the sea was driving us ashore, but we could do nothing. The dawn showed us a storm-torn ocean, and the morning passed without bringing us a sight of the land; but at 1:00 p.m., through a rift in the flying mists, we got a glimpse of the huge crags of the island and realized that our position had become desperate. We were on a dead lee shore, and we could gauge our approach to the unseen cliffs by the roar of the breakers against the sheer walls of rock. I ordered the double-reefed mainsail to be set in the hope that we might claw off, and this attempt increased the strain upon the boat. The *James Caird* was bumping heavily, and the water was pouring in everywhere. Our thirst was forgotten in the realization of our imminent danger, as we baled unceasingly, and adjusted our weights from time to time; occasional glimpses showed that the shore was nearer. I knew that Annewkow Island lay to the south of us, but our small and badly marked chart showed uncertain reefs in the passage between the island and the mainland, and I dared not trust it, though as a last resort we could try to lie under the lee of the island. The afternoon wore away as we edged down the coast, with the thunder of the breakers in our ears. The approach of evening found us still some distance from Annewkow Island, and, dimly in the twilight, we could see a snow-capped mountain looming above us. The chance of surviving the night, with the driving gale and the implacable sea forcing us on to the lee shore, seemed small. I think most of us had a feeling that the end was very near. Just after 6 p.m., in the dark, as the boat was in the yeasty backwash from the seas flung from this iron-bound coast, then, just when things looked their worst, they changed for the best. The wind suddenly shifted, and we were free once more to make an offing. Almost as soon as the gale eased, the pin that locked the mast to the thwart fell out. It must have been on the point of doing this throughout the hurricane, and if it had gone nothing could have saved us; the mast would have snapped like a carrot. Our backstays had carried

away once before when iced up and were not too strongly fastened now. We were thankful indeed for the mercy that had held that pin in its place throughout the hurricane.

We stood off shore again, tired almost to the point of apathy. Our water had long been finished. The last was about a pint of hairy liquid, which we strained through a bit of gauze from the medicine-chest. The pangs of thirst attacked us with redoubled intensity, and I felt that we must make a landing on the following day at almost any hazard. The night wore on. We were very tired. We longed for day. When at last the dawn came on the morning of May 10 there was practically no wind, but a high cross-sea was running. We made slow progress towards the shore. About 8:00 a.m. the wind backed to the north-west and threatened another blow. We had sighted in the meantime a big indentation which I thought must be King Haakon Bay, and I decided that we must land there. We set the bows of the boat towards the bay and ran before the freshening gale. Soon we had angry reefs on either side. Great glaciers came down to the sea and offered no landing-place. The sea spouted on the reefs and thundered against the shore. About noon we sighted a line of jagged reef, like blackened teeth, that seemed to bar the entrance to the bay. Inside, comparatively smooth water stretched eight or nine miles to the head of the bay. A gap in the reef appeared, and we made for it. But the fates had another rebuff for us. The wind shifted and blew from the east right out of the bay. We could see the way through the reef, but we could not approach it directly. That afternoon we bore up, tacking five times in the strong wind. The last tack enabled us to get through, and at last we were in the wide mouth of the bay. Dusk was approaching. A small cove, with a boulder-strewn beach guarded by a reef, made a break in the cliffs on the south side of the bay, and we turned in that direction. I stood in the bows directing the steering as we ran through the kelp and made the passage of the reef. The entrance was so narrow that we had to take in the oars, and the swell was piling itself right over the reef into the cove; but in a minute or two we were inside, and in the gathering darkness the *James Caird* ran in on a swell and touched the beach. I sprang ashore with the short painter and held on when the boat went out with the backward surge. When the *James Caird* came in again three of the men got ashore, and they held the painter while I climbed some rocks with another line. A slip on the wet rocks 20 feet up nearly closed my part of the story just at the moment when we were achieving safety. A jagged piece of rock held me and at the same time bruised me sorely. However, I made fast the line, and in a few minutes we were all safe on the beach, with the boat floating in the surging water just off the shore. We heard a gurgling sound that was sweet music in our ears, and, peering around, found a stream of fresh water almost at our feet. A moment later we were down on our knees drinking the pure, ice-cold water in long draughts that put new life into us. It was a splendid moment.

Fending the *James Caird* off the rocks in the darkness was awkward work. The boat would have bumped dangerously if allowed to ride in with the waves that drove into the cove. I found a flat rock for my feet, which were in a bad way owing to cold, wetness, and lack of exercise in the boat, and during the next few hours I laboured to keep the *James Caird* clear of the beach. Occasionally I had to rush into the seething water. Then, as a wave receded, I let the boat out on the alpine rope so as to avoid a sudden jerk. The heavy painter had been lost when the sea-anchor went adrift. The *James Caird* could be seen but dimly in the cove, where the high black cliffs made the darkness almost complete, and the strain upon one's attention was great. After several hours had passed I found that my desire for sleep was becoming irresistible, and at 1:00 a.m. I called Crean. I could hear him groaning as he stumbled over the sharp rocks on his way down the beach. While he was taking charge of the *James Caird* she got adrift, and we had some anxious moments. Fortunately, she went across towards the cave and we secured her unharmed. The loss or destruction of the boat at this stage would have been a very serious matter, since we probably would have found it impossible to leave the cove except by sea. The cliffs and glaciers around offered no practicable path towards the head of the bay. I arranged for one-hour watches during the remainder of the night and then took Crean's place among the sleeping men and got some sleep before the dawn came.

The sea went down in the early hours of the morning (May 11), and after sunrise we were able to set about getting the boat ashore, first bracing ourselves for the task with another meal. We were all weak still. We cut off the topsides and took out all the movable gear. Then we waited for Bryon's "great ninth wave," and when it lifted the *James Caird* in we held her and, by dint of great exertion, worked her round broadside to the sea. Inch by inch we dragged her up until we reached the fringe of the tussock-grass and knew that the boat was above high water mark. The rise of the tide was about five feet, and at spring tide the water must have reached almost to the edge of the tussock-grass. The completion of this job removed our immediate anxieties, and we were free to examine our

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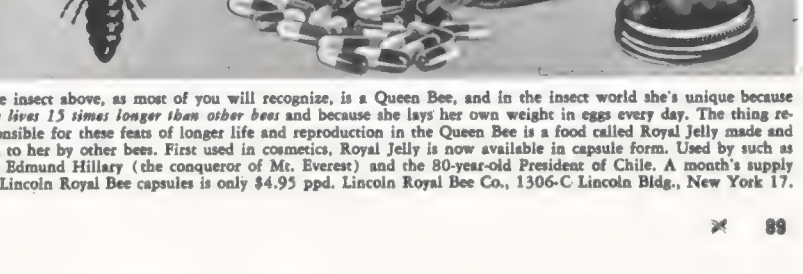

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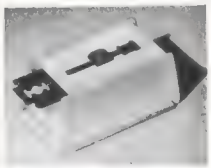

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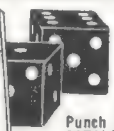

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surroundings and plan the next move. The day was bright and clear.

Our cove lay a little inside the southern headland of King Haakon Bay. A narrow break in the cliffs, which were about a hundred feet high at this point, formed the entrance to the cove. The cliffs continued inside the cove on each side and merged into a hill which descended at a steep slope to the boulder beach. The slope, which carried tussock-grass, was not continuous. It eased at two points into little peaty swamp-terraces dotted with frozen pools and drained by two small streams. Our cave was a recess in the cliff on the left-hand end of the beach. The rocky face of the cliff was undercut at this point, and the shingle thrown up by the waves formed a steep slope, which we reduced to about one in six by scraping the stones away from the inside. Later we strewed the rough floor with the dead, nearly dry underleaves of the tussock-grass, so as to form a slightly soft bed for our sleeping-bags. Water had trickled down the face of the cliff and formed long icicles, which hung down in front of the cave to the length of about fifteen feet. These icicles provided shelter, and when we had spread our sails below them, with the assistance of oars, we had quarters that, in the circumstances, had to be regarded as reasonably comfortable. The camp at least was dry, and we moved our gear there with confidence. We built a fireplace and arranged our sleeping-bags and blankets around it. The cave was about 8 ft. deep and 12 ft. wide at the entrance.

While the camp was being arranged Crean and I climbed the tussock slope behind the beach and reached the top of a headland overlooking the sound. There we found the nests of albatrosses, and, much to our delight, the nests contained young birds. The fledgelings were fat and lusty, and we had no hesitation about deciding that they were destined to die at an early age. Our most pressing anxiety at this stage was a shortage of fuel for the cooker. We had rations for ten more days, and we knew now that we could get birds for food; but if we were to have hot meals we must secure fuel. The store of petroleum carried in the boat was running very low, and it seemed necessary to keep some quantity for use on the overland journey that lay ahead of us. A sea-elephant or a seal would have provided fuel as well as food, but we could see none in the neighborhood. During the morning we started a fire in the cave with wood from the top-sides of the boat, and though the dense smoke from the damp sticks inflamed our tired eyes, the warmth and the prospect of hot food were ample compensation. Crean was cook that day, and I suggested to him that he should wear his goggles, which he happened to have brought with him. The goggles helped him a great deal as he bent over the fire and tended the stew. And what a stew it was! The young albatrosses weighed about fourteen pounds each fresh killed, and we estimated that they weighed at least six pounds each when cleaned and dressed for the pot. Four birds went into the pot for six men, with a Bovril ration for thickening. The flesh was white and succulent, and the bones, not fully formed, almost melted in our mouths. That was a memorable meal.

The final stage of the journey had still to be attempted. I realized that the condition of the party generally, and particularly of McNeish and Vincent, would prevent us putting to sea again except under pressure of dire necessity. Our boat, moreover, had been weakened by the cutting away of the topsides, and I doubted if we could weather the island. We were still 150 miles away from Stromness whaling-station by sea. The alternative was to attempt the crossing of the island. If we could not get over, then we must try to secure enough food and fuel to keep us alive through the winter, but this possibility was scarcely thinkable. Over on Elephant Island 22 men were waiting for the relief that we alone could secure for them. Their plight was worse than ours. We must push on somehow. Several days must elapse before our strength would be sufficiently recovered to allow us to row or sail the last nine miles up to the head of the bay. In the meantime we could make what preparations were possible and dry our clothes by taking advantage of every scrap of heat from the fires we lit for the cooking of our meals. We turned in early that night, and I remember that I dreamed of the great wave and aroused my companions with a shout of warning as I saw with half-awakened eyes the towering cliff on the opposite side of the cove.

The bay was still filled with ice on the morning of Saturday, May 13, but the tide took it all away in the afternoon. Then a strange thing happened. The rudder, with all the broad Atlantic to sail in and the coasts of two continents to search for a resting-place, came bobbing back into our cove. With anxious eyes we watched it as it advanced, receded again, and then advanced once more under the capricious influence of wind and wave. Nearer and nearer it came as we waited on the shore, oars in hand, and at last we were able to seize it.

May 15 was a great day. We loaded up the boat and gave her a flying launch down the steep beach into the surf. Heavy rain had fallen in the night and a gusty north-westerly wind was now blowing, with misty showers. The *James Caird* headed to the sea as if anxious to face the battle of the waves once more. We passed through the narrow mouth of the cove with the ugly rocks and waving kelp close on either side, turned to the east, and sailed merrily up the bay as the sun broke through the mists and made the tossing waters sparkle around us. After having once more had to beach the boat, we decided to move overland.

We overhauled our gear on Thursday, May 18, and hauled our sledge to the lower edge of the snouted glacier. The vehicle proved heavy and cumbrous. We had to lift it empty over bare patches of rock along the shore, and I realized that it would be too heavy for three men to manage amid the snow plains, glaciers, and peaks of the interior. Worsley and Crean were coming with me, and after consultation we decided to leave the sleeping-bags behind us and make the

journey in very light marching order. We would take three days' provisions for each man in the form of sledging ration and biscuit. The food was to be packed in three socks, so that each member of the party could carry his own supply. Then we were to take the Primus lamp filled with oil, the small cooker, the carpenter's adze (for use as an ice-axe), and the alpine rope, which made a total length of fifty feet when knotted. We might have to lower ourselves down steep slopes or cross crevassed glaciers. The filled lamp would provide six hot meals, which would consist of sledging ration boiled up with biscuit. There were two boxes of matches left, one full and the other partially used. We left the full box with the men at the camp and took the second box, which contained forty-eight matches. I was unfortunate as regarded footgear, since I had given away my heavy Burberry boots on the floe, and had now a comparatively light pair in poor condition. The carpenter assisted me by putting several screws in the sole of each boot with the object of providing a grip on the ice. The screws came out of the *James Caird.*

We turned in early that night, but sleep did not come to me. My mind was busy with the task of the following day. The weather was clear and the outlook for an early start in the morning was good. The distance to Husvik, according to the chart, was no more than seventeen geographical miles in a direct line, but we had very scanty knowledge of the conditions of the interior. No man had ever penetrated a mile from the coast of South Georgia at any point, and the whalers I knew regarded the country as inaccessible. During that day, while we were walking to the snouted glacier, we had seen three wild duck flying towards the head of the bay from the eastward. I hoped that the presence of these birds indicated tussock-land and not snow-fields and glaciers in the interior, but the hope was not a very bright one.

We turned out at 2 a.m. on the Friday morning and had our hoosh ready an hour later. The full moon was shining in a practically cloudless sky, its rays reflected gloriously from the pinnacles and crevassed ice of the adjacent glaciers. The huge peaks of the mountains stood in bold relief against the sky and threw dark shadows on the waters of the sound. There was no need for delay, and we made a start as soon as we had eaten our meal. McNeish walked about 200 yds. with us; he could do no more. Then we said good-bye and he turned back to the camp. The first task was to get round the edge of the snouted glacier, which had points like fingers projecting towards the sea. The waves were reaching the points of these fingers, and we had to rush from one recess to another when the waters receded. We soon reached the east side of the glacier and noticed its great activity at this point. Changes had occurred within the preceding 24 hours. Some huge pieces had broken off, and the masses of mud and stone that were being driven before the advancing ice showed movement. The glacier was like a gigantic plough driving irresistibly towards the sea.

Lying on the beach beyond the glacier was wreckage that told of many ill-fated ships. We noticed stanchions of teak-wood, liberally carved, that must have come from ships of the older type; iron-bound timbers with the iron almost rusted through; battered barrels and all the usual debris of the ocean. We had difficulties and anxieties of our own, but as we passed that graveyard of the sea we thought of the many tragedies written in the wave-worn fragments of lost vessels. We did not pause, and soon we were ascending a snow-slope, heading due east on the last lap of our long trail.

The snow-surface was disappointing. Two days before we had been able to move rapidly on hard, packed snow; now we sank over our ankles at each step and progress was slow. After two hours' steady climbing we were 2500 ft. above sealevel. The weather continued fine and calm, and as the ridges drew nearer and the western coast of the island spread out below, the bright moonlight showed us that the interior was broken tremendously. High peaks, impassable cliffs, steep snow-slopes, and sharply descending glaciers were prominent features in all directions, with stretches of snow-plain overlaying the ice-sheet of the interior. The slope we were ascending mounted to a ridge and our course lay direct to the top. The moon, which proved a good friend during this journey, threw a long shadow at one point and told us that the surface was broken in our path. Warned in time, we avoided a huge hole capable of swallowing an army. The bay was now about three miles away, and the continued roaring of a big glacier at the head of the bay came to our ears. This glacier, which we had noticed during the stay at Peggotty Camp, seemed to be calving almost continuously.

I had hoped to get a view of the country ahead of us from the top of the slope, but as the surface became more level beneath our feet, a thick fog drifted down. We roped ourselves together as a precaution against holes, crevasses, and precipices, and I broke trail through the soft snow. With almost the full length of the rope between myself and the last man we were able to steer an approximately straight course, since, if I veered to the right or the left when marching into the blank wall of the fog, the last man on the rope could shout a direction. So, like a ship with its "port," "starboard," "steady," we tramped through the fog for the next two hours.

Then, as daylight came, the fog thinned and lifted, and from an elevation of about 3,000 ft. we looked down on what seemed to be a huge frozen lake with its farther shores still obscured by the fog. We halted there to eat a bit of biscuit while we discussed whether we would go down and cross the flat surface of the lake, or keep on the ridge we had already reached. I decided to go down, since the lake lay on our course. After an hour of comparatively easy travel through the snow we noticed the thin beginnings of crevasses. Soon they were increasing in size and showing fractures,

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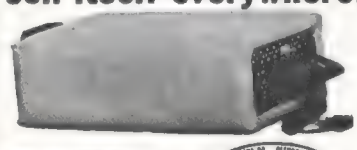

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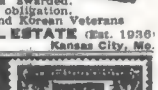

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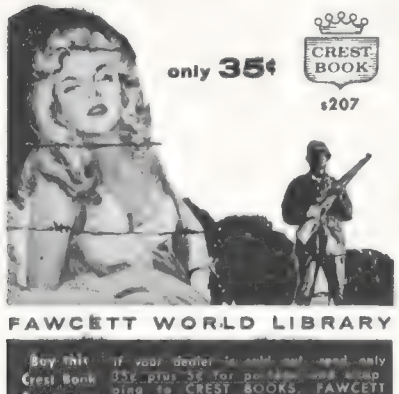

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indicating that we were travelling on a glacier. As the daylight brightened the fog dissipated; the lake could be seen more clearly, but still we could not discover its east shore. A little later the fog lifted completely, and then we saw that our lake stretched to the horizon, and realized suddenly that we were looking down upon the open sea on the east coast of the island. The slight pulsation at the shore showed that the sea was not even frozen; it was the bad light that had deceived us. Evidently we were at the top of Possession Bay, and the island at that point could not be more than five miles across from the head of King Haakon Bay. Our rough chart was inaccurate. There was nothing for it but to start up the glacier again. That was about seven o'clock in the morning, and by nine o'clock we had more than recovered our lost ground. We regained the ridge and then struck southeast, for the chart showed that two more bays indented the coast before Stromness. It was comforting to realize that we would have the eastern water in sight during our journey, although we could see there was no way around the shoreline owing to steep cliffs and glaciers. Men lived in houses lit by electric light on the east coast. News of the outside world waited us there, and, above all, the east coast meant for us the means of rescuing the 22 men we had left on Elephant Island.

The sun rose in the sky with every appearance of a fine day, and we grew warmer as we toiled through the soft snow. Ahead of us lay the ridges and spurs of a range of mountains, the transverse range that we had noticed from the bay. We were travelling over a gently rising plateau, and at the end of an hour we found ourselves growing uncomfortably hot. Years before, on an earlier expedition, I had declared that I would never again growl at the heat of the sun, and my resolution had been strengthened during the boat journey. I called it to mind as the sun beat fiercely on the blinding white snow-slope. After passing an area of crevasses we paused for our first meal. We dug a hole in the snow about three feet deep with the adze and put the Primus into it. There was no wind at the moment, but a gust might come suddenly. A hot hoosh was soon eaten and we plodded on towards a sharp ridge between two of the peaks already mentioned. By 11 a.m. we were almost at the crest. The slope had become precipitous and it was necessary to cut steps as we advanced. The adze proved an excellent instrument for this purpose, a blow sufficing to provide a foothold. Anxiously but hopefully I cut the last few steps and stood upon the razor-back, while the other men held the rope and waited for my news. The outlook was disappointing. I looked down a sheer precipice to a chaos of crumpled ice 1,500 feet below. There was no way down for us. The country to the east was a great snow upland, sloping upwards for a distance of seven or eight miles to a height of over 4,000 feet. To the north it fell away steeply in glaciers into the bays, and to the south it was broken by huge outfalls from the inland icesheet. Our path lay between the glaciers and the outfalls, but first we had to descend from the ridge on which we stood. Cutting steps with the adze, we moved in a lateral direction round the base of a dolomite, which blocked our view to the north. The same precipice confronted us. Away to the north-east there appeared to be a snow-slope that might give a path to the lower country, and so we retraced our steps down the long slope that had taken us three hours to climb. We were at the bottom in an hour. We were now feeling the strain of the unaccustomed marching. We had done little walking since January and our muscles were out of tune. Skirting the base of the mountain above us, we came to a gigantic *bergschrund*, a mile and a half long and 1,000 feet deep. This tremendous gully, cut in the snow and ice by the fierce winds blowing round the mountain, was semicircular in form, and it ended in a gentle incline. We passed through it, under the towering precipice of ice, and at the far end we had another meal and a short rest. This was at 12:30 p.m. Half a pot of steaming Bovril ration warmed us up, and when we marched again ice-inclines at angles of 45 degrees did not look quite as formidable as before.

Once more we started for the crest. After another weary climb we reached the top. The snow lay thinly on blue ice at the ridge, and we had to cut steps over the last fifty yards. The same precipice lay below, and my eyes searched vainly for a way down. The hot sun had loosened the snow, which was now in a treacherous condition, and we had to pick our way carefully. Looking back, we could see that a fog was rolling up behind us and meeting in the valleys a fog that was coming up from the east. The creeping grey clouds were a plain warning that we must get down to lower levels before becoming enveloped.

The ridge was studded with peaks, which prevented us getting a clear view either to the right or to the left. The situation in this respect seemed no better at other points within our reach, and I had to decide that our course lay back the way we had come. The afternoon was wearing on and the fog was rolling up ominously from the west. It was of the utmost importance for us to get down into the next valley before dark. We were now up 4500 ft. and the night temperature at that elevation would be very low. We had no tent and no sleeping-bags, and our clothes had endured much rough usage and had weathered many storms during the last ten months. In the distance, down the valley below us, we could see tussock-grass close to the shore, and if we could get down it might be possible to dig out a hole in one of the lower snowbanks, line it with dry grass, and make ourselves fairly comfortable for the night. Back we went, and after a detour we reached the top of another ridge in the fading light. After a glance over the top I turned to the anxious faces of the two men behind me and said, "Come on, boys." Within a minute they stood beside me on the ice-ridge. The surface fell away at a sharp incline in front of us, but it merged into

a snow-slope. We could not see the bottom clearly owing to mist and bad light, and the possibility of the slope ending in a sheer fall occurred to us; but the fog that was creeping up behind allowed no time for hesitation. We descended slowly at first, cutting steps in the hard snow; then the surface became softer, indicating that the gradient was less severe. There could be no turning back now, so we unroped and slid in the fashion of youthful days. When we stopped on a snow-bank at the foot of the slope we found that we had descended at least 900 ft. in two or three minutes. We looked back and saw the grey fingers of the fog appearing on the ridge, as though reaching after the intruders into untrodden wilds. But we had escaped.

The country to the east was an ascending snow upland dividing the glaciers of the north coast from the outfalls of the south. We had seen from the top that our course lay between two huge masses of crevasses, and we thought that the road ahead lay clear. This belief and the increasing cold made us abandon the idea of camping. We had another meal at 6 p.m. A little breeze made cooking difficult in spite of the shelter provided for the cooker by a hole. Crean was the cook, and Worsley and I lay on the snow to windward of the lamp so as to break the wind with our bodies. The meal over, we started up the long, gentle ascent. Night was upon us, and for an hour we plodded along in almost complete darkness, watching warily for signs of crevasses. Then about 8 p.m. a glow which we had seen behind the jagged peaks resolved itself into the full moon, which rose ahead of us and made a silver pathway for our feet. Along that pathway in the wake of the moon we advanced in safety, with the shadows cast by the edges of crevasses showing black on either side of us. Onwards and upwards through soft snow we marched, resting now and then on hard patches which had revealed themselves by glittering ahead of us in the white light. By midnight we were again at an elevation of about 4,000 ft. Still we were following the light, for as the moon swung round toward the north-east our path curved in that direction. The friendly moon seemed to pilot our weary feet. We could have had no better guide. If in bright daylight we had made that march we would have followed the course that was traced for us that night.

Midnight found us approaching the edge of a great snow-field, pierced by isolated nunataks which cast long shadows like black rivers across the white expanse. A gentle slope to the north-east lured our all-too-willing feet in that direction. We thought that at the base of the slope lay Stromness Bay. After we had descended about 300 ft. a thin wind began to attack us. We had now been on the march for over 20 hours, only halting for our occasional meals. Wisps of cloud drove over the high peaks to the southward, warning us that wind and snow were likely to come. After 1 a.m. we cut a pit in the snow, piled up loose snow around it, and started the Primus again. The hot food gave us another renewal of energy. Worsley and Crean sang their old songs when the Primus was going merrily. Laughter was in our hearts, though not on our parched and cracked lips.

We were up and away again within half an hour, still downward to the coast. We felt almost sure now that we were above Stromness Bay. A dark object down at the foot of the slope looked like Mutton Island, which lies off Husvik. I suppose our desires were giving wings to our fancies, for we pointed out joyfully various landmarks revealed by the now vagrant light of the moon, whose friendly face was cloud-swept. Our high hopes were soon shattered. Crevasses warned us that we were on another glacier, and soon we looked down almost to the seaward edge of the great riven ice-mass. I knew there was no glacier in Stromness and realized that this must be Fortuna Glacier. The disappointment was severe. Back we turned and tramped up the glacier again, not directly tracing our steps but working at a tangent to the south-east. We were very tired.

At 5 a.m. we were at the foot of the rocky spurs of the range. We were tired, and the wind that blew down from the heights was chilling us. We decided to get down under the lee of a rock for a rest. We put our sticks and the adze on the snow, sat down on them as close to one another as possible, and put our arms around each other. The wind was bringing a little drift with it and the white dust lay on our clothes. I thought that we might be able to keep warm and have half an hour's rest this way. Within a minute my two companions were fast asleep. I realized that it would be disastrous if we all slumbered together, for sleep under such conditions merges into death. After five minutes I shook them into consciousness again, told them that they had slept for half an hour, and gave the word for a fresh start. We were so stiff that for the first two or three hundred yards we marched with our knees bent. A jagged line of peaks with a gap like a broken tooth confronted us. This was the ridge that runs in a southerly direction from Fortuna Bay, and our course eastward to Stromness lay across it. A very steep slope led up to the ridge and an icy wind burst through the gap.

We went through the gap at 6 a.m. with anxious hearts as well as weary bodies. If the farther slope had proved impassable our situation would have been almost desperate; but the worst was turning to the best for us. The twisted, wave-like rock-formations of Husvik Harbour appeared right ahead in the opening of dawn. Without a word we shook hands with one another. To our minds the journey was over, though as a matter of fact 12 miles of difficult country had still to be traversed. A gentle snow-slope descended at our feet toward a valley that separated our ridge from the hills immediately behind Husvik, and as we stood gazing Worsley said solemnly, "Boss, it looks too good to be true!" Down we went, to be checked presently by the sight of water 2500 ft. below. We

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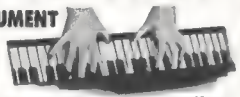

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could see the little wave-ripples on the black beach, penguins strutting to and fro, and dark objects that looked like seals lolling lazily on the sand. This was an eastern arm of Fortuna Bay, separated by the ridge from the arm we had seen below us during the night. Whilst Worsley and Crean were digging a hole for the lamp and starting the cooker I climbed a ridge above us, cutting steps with the adze, in order to secure an extended view of the country below. At 6:30 a.m. I thought I heard the sound of a steam-whistle. I dared not be certain, but I knew that the men at the whaling-station would be called from their beds about that time. Descending to the camp I told the others, and in intense excitement we watched the chronometer for 7:00 o'clock, when the whalers would be summoned to work. Right to the minute the steam-whistle came to us, borne clearly on the wind across the intervening miles of rock and snow. Never had any one of us heard sweeter music. It was the first sound created by outside human agency that had come to our ears since we left Stromness Bay in December 1914. That whistle told us that men were living near, that ships were ready, and that within a few hours we should be on our way back to Elephant Island to the rescue of the men waiting there. It was a moment hard to describe. Pain and ache, boat journeys, marches, hunger and fatigue seemed to belong to the limbo of forgotten things, and there remained only the perfect contentment that comes of work accomplished.

When we picked ourselves up at the bottom of the slope we were not more than 1500 ft. above the sea. The slope was comparatively easy. Water was running beneath the snow, making "pockets" between the rocks that protruded above the white surface. The shells of snow over these pockets were traps for our feet; but we scrambled down, and presently came to patches of tussock. A few minutes later we reached the sandy beach. The tracks of some animals were to be seen, and we were puzzled until I remembered that reindeer, brought from Norway, had been placed on the island and now ranged along the lower land of the eastern coast. We did not pause to investigate. Our minds were set upon reaching the haunts of man, and at our best speed we went along the beach to another rising ridge of tussock.

At 1:30 p.m. we climbed around a final ridge and saw a little steamer, a whaling-boat, entering the bay 2500 ft. below. A few moments later, as he hurried forward, the masts of a sailing-ship lying at a wharf came in sight. Minute figures moving to and fro about the boats caught our gaze, and then we saw the sheds and factory of Stromness whaling-station. We paused and shook hands, a form of mutual congratulation that had seemed necessary on four other occasions in the course of the expedition. The first time was when we landed on Elephant Island, the second when we reached South Georgia, and the third when we reached the ridge and saw the snow-slope stretching below on the first day of the overland journey, then when we saw Husvik rocks.

Shivering with cold, yet with hearts light and happy, we set off toward the whaling-station, now not more than a mile and a half distant. The difficulties of the journey lay behind us. We tried to straighten ourselves up a bit, for the thought that there might be women at the station made us painfully conscious of our uncivilized appearance. Our beards were long and our hair was matted. We were unwashed and the garments that we had worn for nearly a year without a change were tattered and stained. Three more unpleasant-looking ruffians could hardly have been imagined. Emerging at the other end, we met an old man, who started as if he had seen the Devil himself and gave us no time to ask any question. He hurried away. This greeting was not friendly. Then we came to the wharf, where the man in charge stuck to his station. I asked him if Mr. Sorlle (the manager) was in the house.

"Yes," he said as he stared at us.

"We would like to see him," said I.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We have lost our ship and come over the island," I replied.

"You have come over the island?" he said in a tone of entire disbelief.

The man went toward the manager's house and we followed him. I learned afterwards that he said to Mr. Sorlle: "There are three funny-looking men outside, who say they have come over the island and they know you. I have left them outside." A very necessary precaution from his point of view.

Mr. Sorlle came out to the door and said, "Well?"

"Don't you know me?" I said.

"I know your voice," he replied doubtfully. "You're the mate of the *Daisy*."

"My name is Shackleton," I said.

Immediately he put out his hand and said, "Come in. Come in."

When I look back at those days I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea that separated Elephant Island from our landing-place on South Georgia.

Once he had reached civilization on South Georgia, Shackleton immediately obtained a ship and in May he made his first attempt to reach Elephant Island and the 22 castaways. However, the attempt failed since the Island was surrounded by impenetrable pack ice and the rescuers were unable to reach the Island. During the next two months, Shackleton made three more attempts to reach the 22 survivors and it was only on the fourth attempt in August that he was able to maneuver a ship through the ice to the shore and take off all 22 men from the beach plus the important diaries and logs of the expedition. It was none too soon, for the survivors were down to their last four days of food.

Shackleton made one more voyage to the Antarctic (1921-1922) but this one was his last; the great explorer died in 1922 in South Georgia where he is buried, close to the frozen land he loved so well. •

THE SPOTTED HUNTER WHO NEVER MISSES

Continued from page 19

a dog, Rani would chase a ball and carry it around in his mouth. So each time I'd offer him a piece of meat to drop the ball. Finally, he learned to bring me the ball for the meat. Then I tried to teach him to "heel." I was never very successful at this. Rani would follow for a while but then he'd get tired and lie down. Phychologically, as well as physically, Rani was midway between a dog and a cat. Cats can't be trained to heel at all; they're too independent. Rani would heel until he got tired of it. Then he'd lie down and play with his long tail, chase rabbits or just say, "To heck with the whole deal."

Rani's refusal to heel for any long period was a great disadvantage when taking him hunting. When Rani was reasonably well trained in other respects, Jule and I went camping with him in the Southwest for four months, sleeping in a tent with Rani between us and taking him out after game during the day. As the cheetah only stood about two and one-half feet high, he couldn't see over the sagebrush as well as a man. Often I'd see a coyote or an antelope some distance off but meanwhile Rani had wandered away and couldn't be found. But if he were with me, I could lift the cat up by the shoulders until he could see the quarry. Then the fun began.

Rani was death on jackrabbits. At first, the rabbit usually didn't realize his danger and wouldn't go all out . . . pausing every 30 yards or so to make a high bound to see what sort of a thing was after him. But when he realized that Rani was burning up the ground between them, the rabbit would really start moving. A big Texas jack can go like a rocket but a cheetah can go like a spotted flash of light. When the cheetah reached him, the rabbit would try to dodge. A rabbit can out-dodge a single greyhound but he can't out-dodge a cheetah. On the turns, the cheetah's long tail acts as a counter-weight for his body and Rani could spin around within his own length even when going at top speed. After the first few hunts, Rani never tried to seize the jack with his jaws. He'd reach out and knock the rabbit off-balance with his foot before making a grab for him.

Not that Rani always won. Once I saw a fine, big jack with coal-black tips to his ears watching us from behind a little clump of sage. I lifted Rani but until the rabbit moved, Rani couldn't see him. Rani can see a moving ground squirrel on the slope of a hill half a mile away but he can't identify a mule deer at 100 yards as long as the animal stands still. Rani stared out intently over the sage with his big, yellow eyes and then the rabbit made the mistake of sitting up. That was enough for Rani. He dropped to the ground and quietly circled the clump of sage. He wanted to get as close to the rabbit as possible before he started his rush. Cheetahs are sprinters. Their phenomenal burst of speed is limited to a few hundred yards; after that, they're finished.

The rabbit was watching Rani through the brush and when the cat got within 100 feet of him, he started to run. Rani turned loose his terrible rush. He overtook the rabbit as though the jack were standing still, but the rabbit turned and cleared a little arroyo with a single bound. Rani went head first into the arroyo. I thought that he'd broken his neck but he appeared on the other side still going strong. The hare had a lead now but once again Rani overtook him. It looked like an easy kill but the hare knew what he was doing. He ducked under a barbed wire fence. Rani hit the wire full on and doubled up from the impact. I had to carry him back to the car and it was a week before he could run. I never ran him again in wire country.

Cheetahs are not killers in the sense that leopards or even mountain lions are. They are highly specialized for speed and in Africa live on the comparatively small but very fast little antelope and gazelles on the veldt. They cannot kill zebra, gnu or any of the larger game animals. Rani often chased deer but although he could overtake them, he could not pull them down. I did, however, see him take a pronghorn antelope.

A herd of antelope were feeding on some open flats covered with the tall buffalo grass. I had Rani out after jacks but when he saw the antelope, he stopped transfixed. Then he began his stalk. A hunting cheetah does not crawl on his belly like a hunting house cat; he stands almost erect and moves forward so slowly that it is almost impossible to detect the motion. I believe that it took Rani a full minute to lift one leg and put it down again. If one of the herd raised his head, Rani would stand rigid with one foot in the air until the antelope resumed feeding. The stalk must have lasted nearly an hour and during that time Rani was only a few yards closer to the herd but from the cheetah's point of view, every foot he gained was an enormous advantage when he unleashed his sudden charge.

Then one of the herd saw the cat. He raised his head and stood watching Rani who had instantly frozen into immobility. For what seemed an interminable time the two animals stood motionless watching each other. At last the antelope resumed grazing but he must have been watching out of the corner of his eye for the moment that Rani moved again he wheeled and began to trot away. The rest of the herd promptly followed them.

Rani charged. One moment, he had been standing as still as a cheetah carved from stone. The next instant, he was

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half way to the herd, his body a yellow blur among the purple sage. When a cheetah runs, he goes in a series of great bounds, all four legs clear of the ground at the same moment, somewhat like a running hare. The antelope broke into their famous bounding gallop that no North American animal can equal but before they could hit their full stride, Rani was up with them. Racing alongside the last of the herd, the cat struck the antelope on the flank with both feet, trying to roll him over. The antelope staggered but kept going. Again Rani overtook him and this time the antelope stumbled and went down on his knees. In an instant, Rani had him by the throat. There was a wild flailing of hooves and then it was over.

Rani coursed several antelope at other times but the animals were either able to shake him off or kicked so savagely that the cheetah was unable to throw them off balance. At last, Rani gave up. They were too big for him to handle except by a fluke. Years later, when I went to Kenya and saw wild cheetah having trouble with 80 pound impalla, I realized that I'd over-matched Rani by expecting him to take deer or pronghorns. It was like trying to course a coyote with a whippet.

Rani was no coward and could put up a terrific fight if necessary but, like all predators with which I've worked, his basic interest was to obtain food, not to get into fights. His hunting instinct was strong; he would chase anything that was moving. Once when we were in Utah he chased a man on a motorcycle for a quarter of a mile before giving up the pursuit. The driver vanished over the next ridge in a cloud of dust and I'll bet never took another drink as long as he lived. However, once Rani found that the quarry wasn't edible or was too rough to handle, he wouldn't press home the issue as will, for example, a bull terrier. But if the quarry turned on Rani, then Rani would fight.

In California, we decided to try Rani on coyotes. A coyote is not only fast but a fierce fighter. Usually several dogs are needed to pull one coyote down. A big, dog coyote would show what the cheetah could do.

We rented a house in Malibu near the film colony and I took Rani out for a run every morning early when I thought no one would be around. I had to be careful that there were no cattle or dogs about before turning him loose. Ordinarily Rani would stop on command, but not when he saw quarry ahead. This system worked very well for several weeks and then a disaster occurred that nearly got us kicked out of the colony.

I was up in the hills with Rani and we were rounding the slope of a little rise. Suddenly over the rise came a retired film star once famous for playing the role of a sophisticated Continental man-about-town. He was immaculately dressed in sharkskin shorts, a cricket blazer, and had a silk scarf around his throat. He also had three purebred dalmatians on a leash.

The cheetah stood staring at this apparition and then took a flying leap into the middle of the dalmatians. The next second the whole hillside seemed to be covered with dalmatians, silk scarfs, screaming actors, and cheetahs. I managed to grab Rani, who had one of the dalmatians by the back of the neck. I cuffed him over the nose yelling "Drop it!" He finally did and I dragged him off while the actor was collecting himself and his dogs. That afternoon, two policemen arrived at our house with a court order to seize Rani. I succeeded in talking them out of it with the promise that I'd never let the cheetah loose near Malibu again.

After this incident, Jule and I had to drive Rani out into the desert before giving him his daily run. We were always on the lookout for coyotes. A game warden had told us of several places where we'd be likely to find these marauders; near a dump where dead poultry was often thrown, in a melon patch where the ripened fruit offered an irresistible temptation, and along the outskirts of a sheep ranch where there was the chance of picking up a baby lamb. Starting out before dawn with Rani in the seat beside us, we'd visit each place in turn hoping for the sight of a drifting gray shadow over the prairie.

The third morning we were in luck. As we approached the dump, a coyote sprang up and began running. Rani saw him at the same moment that we did and I thought he was going through the windshield. The window beside Jule was open and she shouted to Rani and patted the sill. He went flying out so fast that he lit on his head. Then he was up and after the coyote.

I swung the car off the dirt track that we were following and took after them. The going got too rough so I had to stop and follow on foot. The coyote had disappeared over a rise and when I reached the top, there was Rani scanning the country but no sign of the coyote. He must have doubled down some arroyo or plunged in the brush. As Rani hunts only by sight, he was unable to follow the trail.

I called Rani away but he refused to move. He was standing like a bird dog, pointing with one foot partly raised . . . so rigid that I felt as though if I tweaked his tail he'd reverberate like a plucked violin string. For a long time I couldn't see what he was watching. Then I saw the tiniest flicker of brown-gray among the lighter gray of the sage. There was another coyote. It couldn't have been the original animal for this one was heading our way, completely unconscious of danger.

The coyote would pass within a few hundred yards of us unless something alarmed him. Rani and I stood motionless. Only Rani's big, yellow eyes moved, just above the curious black line that runs from the corners of a cheetah's eyes to the edges of his mouth. Only one other animal has this type of marking . . . the peregrine falcon, the fastest of all birds. Why the fastest bird and the fastest mammal should both possess this identical marking I do not know but it must have some function, possibly to enable them to keep a line on their quarry when

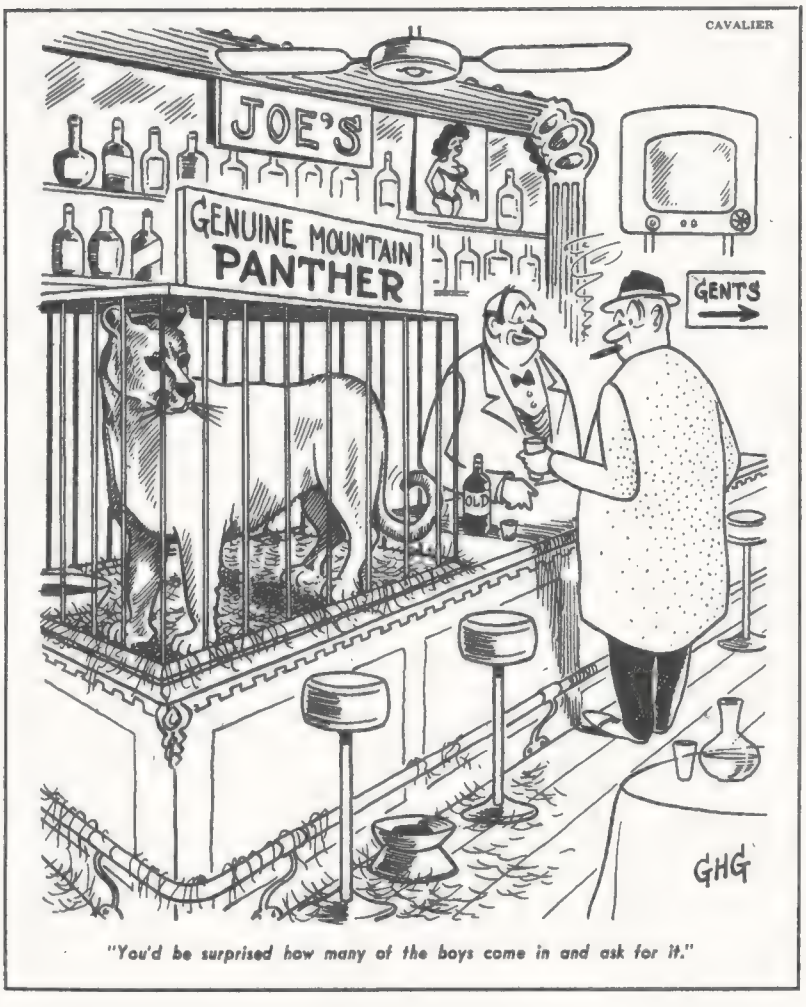
they start their rush. The coyote came closer. Then he stopped and stood staring at us. Neither Rani nor I moved. The coyote raised his head to sniff the wind. Then Rani charged.

To my surprise, the coyote didn't run. He must have seen that it was no use. Rani was on him almost instantly. I have seen Rani rush into a covey of prairie chicken and knock two over before the rest could get into the air and now he was running with the slope of the ground in his favor. As Rani tore in, the coyote sprang for him.

Rani hooked his dewclaws on either side of the coyote's head and threw him down. If Rani had used his jaws, the fight would have been over but Rani disliked biting a coyote. Cheetahs are very fastidious animals and the taste and scent of a coyote are repugnant to them. The coyote rolled over and seized Rani by the foreleg. The cheetah leaped clean into the air, tearing his leg free, and then struck with a raking blow of his dewclaws. Fur flew into the air and the coyote tried to rise but the cheetah was crazy with rage now, striking right and left, and the coyote couldn't regain his feet. He managed to twist around and grab the cheetah by the shoulder. That did it. Rani grabbed him by the back of the neck, not shaking him as a dog would have done but crouching down and sinking his teeth deeper and deeper. When I came up, the coyote was almost dead. I finished the business with a knife. Afterwards, Rani walked around shaking his head and spitting out fur for several minutes. When we got back to the car, I washed out his mouth with water from our canteen but all the way home, Rani was spitting and grumbling to himself.

Rani is now 12 years old. He isn't as fast as he used to be although he can still put on surprising bursts of speed. He has never shown the slightest tendency to revert, even when punished, which I occasionally have to do as he has a tendency to sharpen his dewclaws on the furniture and rugs. He is perfectly housebroken and walks to the door every morning on arising, giving a curious little bird-like chirp to be let out. A few minutes later, he's back to lie in front of the fire and purr like a Diesel engine warming up.

For many years we hoped to get a female cheetah as a companion for Rani but the high cost of the animals plus the expense of feeding them (Rani eats 5 lbs. of beef a day) discouraged us. Cheetahs have never been successfully bred in captivity, but as these wonderful animals are getting fewer and fewer in a wild state, perhaps some animal enthusiast will one day get a pair and manage to perpetuate this vanishing race. •



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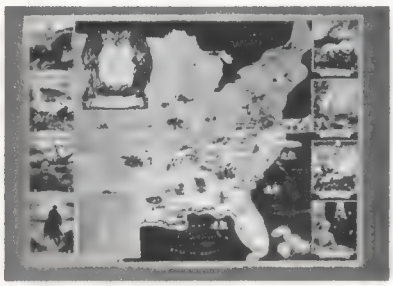
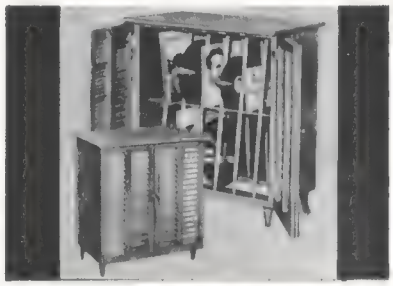
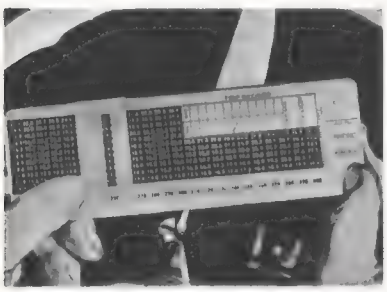


CIVIL WAR PICTURE MAP. This handsome wall-size map shows nearly 100 places, events, and campaigns, gives complete information on all. 4-color map has 8 side panels with individual paintings depicting famous events such as Fort Sumter, Gettysburg, Bull Run and others. Well worth framing. Measures 23"x32". $1 ppd. Lincoln Products, 49-J East 41 St., New York 17, N. Y.



RECORD CABINET holds 225 records upright to prevent warping. Brass name plates at each of 12 compartments for filing your records in any arrangement—alphabetically or by category. 28"x16"x32" high. Hand crafted in honey tone knotty pine or maple finish. $37.50 or easy home kit for $24.95. Express charges collect. Yield House, Department C-5, North Conway, N. H.



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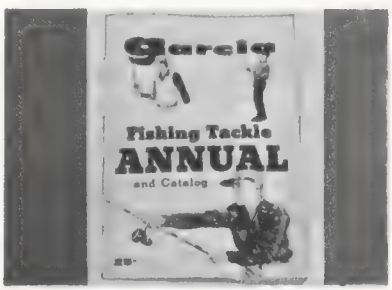

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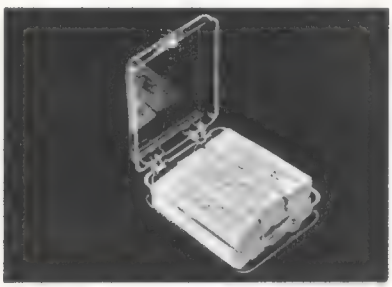

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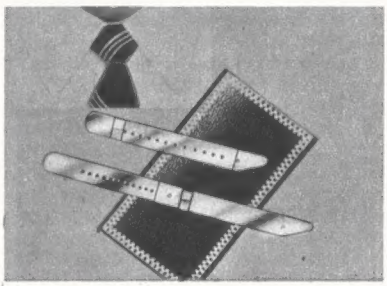

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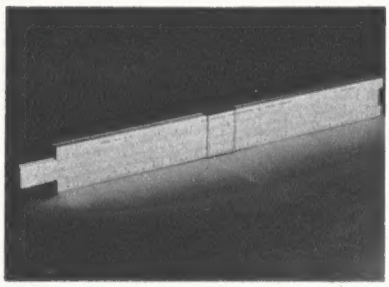

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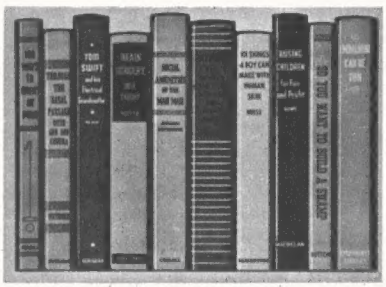
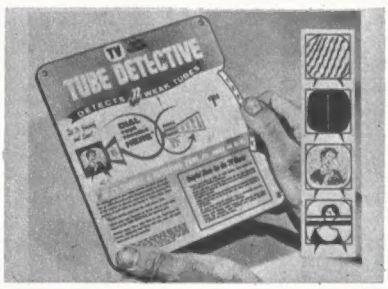


100 WAYS TO CHEAT AT POLO is one of the many titles on these imitation books. The titles are printed in full color and are the size of real books. Another of the crazy titles is *101 Things a Boy Can Make With Human Skin.* Get a set for the house, office and for your literary friends. $1 a set. Lynn Sales, 1405 Bedford Street, Los Angeles 35, Calif.



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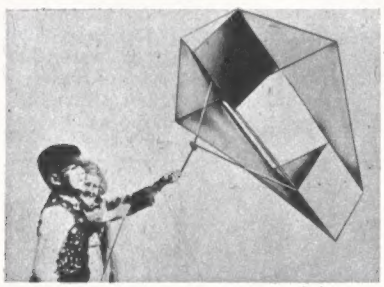

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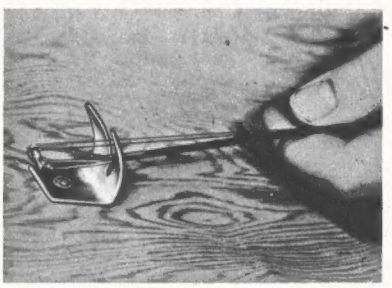

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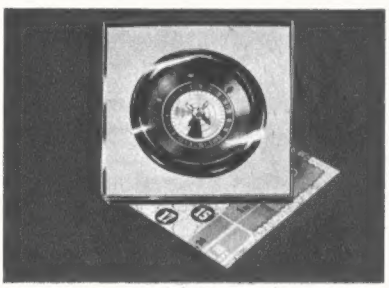

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NOW! A NEW KINSEY REPORT!

Continued from page 8

The well-educated single pregnant woman and the middle-class girl from the professional, white-collar home is not likely to run off to an abortionist when she finds herself pregnant, as is commonly believed. If she does not marry, she is likely to bear her child—sometimes arrogantly as a badge of proud independence, and not at all with dishonor.

This marked new trend for unmarried girls to go through with their pregnancies (then to give their children up for adoption, or turn them over to boarding nurseries until they can raise them themselves, or even to raise them in their own families) along with the better knowledge of birth control has meant that single women account for only 10 to 20 per cent of the abortionists' clientele.

When a woman—single or married—does want an abortion, she may be able to get it legally. In Colorado, Maryland, New Mexico, and the District of Columbia, an abortion may be legally performed to safeguard a woman's health. But most states allow an abortion *only* if the operation will save the prospective mother's own life. Even so, the law is none too clear. Because of this murkiness, the courts have pretty much left the interpretations up to the doctors and the hospitals.

Therapeutic abortions performed in hospitals must have the approval of a team of doctors and a psychiatrist. Many physicians fear persecution from their own colleagues for approving an abortion single-handedly, so the decision is turned over to a board—the eternal American committee. Yet a recent check of the nation's courts has shown that no physician has been prosecuted for approving a therapeutic abortion..

The U.S. has no great legal precedent in the matter of abortions that England has. In 1938, an eminent London obstetrician, Dr. Aleck W. Bourne, deliberately invited his own arrest and prosecution for aborting a pregnant 14-year-old girl who had been raped by three soldiers. He won a speedy acquittal. In summing up, the court declared that anyone who does not believe abortion is justified "ought not to be a doctor practicing in that branch of medicine, for, if a case arose where the life of a woman could be saved by performing the operation, and the doctor refused . . . he would be in grave peril of being brought before this court on a charge of manslaughter by negligence."

In several of the world's most civilized communities today, abortions are wholly legal. In Sweden, abortions were legalized in 1939 to cut down the high number of illegal operations which were commonplace for married women. Finland and Denmark have legalized the practice. In 1920, Soviet Russia erected state abortoriums in the Bolshevik brave new world, where pregnant women could go for free treatment. In 1936, with Hitler marching in Europe and World War II imminent, Stalin abolished the abortoriums and the code of abortions. But in 1955, under Nikita Khrushchev, the operations were again made legal. Communist China legalized abortions in 1956.

Japan has also legalized abortions, in 1949, to cut down on its population boom. Today about two abortions are performed for every three births. Recently, Dr. W. T. Pommerande of the University of Rochester told a medical meeting that American women could get a round trip airplane ride to Japan and have an abortion, all for around $1,000. A Japanese abortion costs $5.50.

Geneva, Switzerland, which cradled Calvinism, the League of Nations, and the Atoms for Peace Conference, has gained fame in another capacity: it is the abortion capital of Europe. On paper Swiss law is strict enough (abortions are sanctioned to safeguard a woman's physical or emotional health), but physicians have used the law broadly. As a result, the number of legal abortions exceeded the number of births in Geneva last year. "We have become a sort of Reno for abortions," wisecracked a city official.

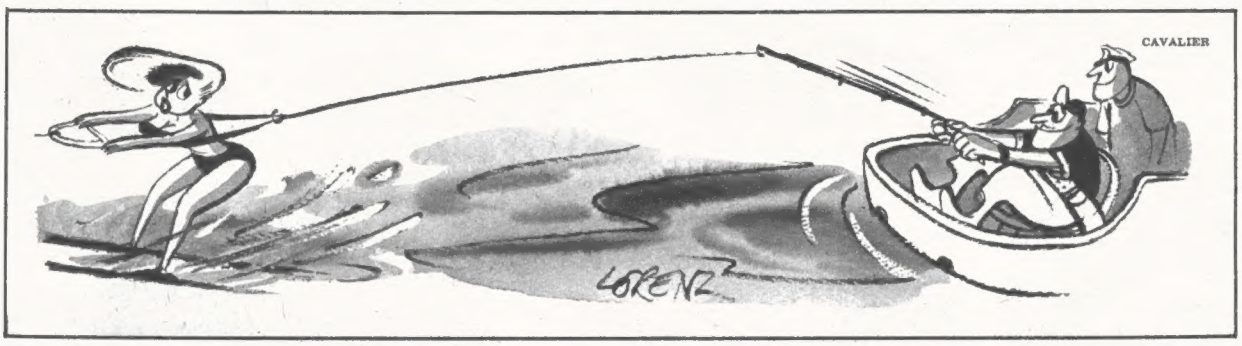
In the U.S., the prohibition on abortions and the strict code of physicians and hospitals has made the hush-hush abortion trade a flourishing multi-million dollar business. In Baltimore, for example, prices for abortions range all the way from $20 in a filthy hole-in-the-wall to $1,000 in a posh, sterilized clinic. In Los Angeles, a crude Mexican midwife may do the job for $25, while a New York surgeon may charge $2,500.

Criminal or illegal abortions, medical experts contend, have not been reduced by a single decimal point by all the scare talk, anxiety, pain, and deaths. Last summer, in Arlington, Md., police raided what they called a "butcher shop" abortion mill. Although it had been running for years, rendering service for women and girls up and down the East Coast, the investigators concentrated on an 18-month period because of the state's two-year statute of limitations, barring prosecution for violations more than two years old. The Arlington abortion abattoir's 18-month take: $1.6 million.

Sometimes a reputable physician gets caught as an abortionist. Take the case of Dr. Roy Odell Knapp, an elderly (72), white-haired surgeon in Akron, Ohio, who, in 1956, was hailed into court and convicted of performing 200 to 300 abortions a year since 1934 at $200 apiece—which works out at close to $1 million hauled in and perhaps 5,500 babies deprived of life. In defense, Dr. Knapp testified that in 22 years he had not had a single death, and he defended his acts. "This has been going on since earliest recorded history, among both savage and civilized peoples, and it will always go on," he said. "I developed a great respect for the women I served. . . . If they can't be cared for under favorable circumstances, they will seek operations [from unlicensed practitioners] at great danger to their health."

Between the abortionists-for-profit and the honest physicians aborting expectant mothers illegally because they feel there is a need for the abortion, there is a great twilight zone for argument. What Kinsey's group themselves insist is required—and quickly—is a single Federal law (superceding the conflicting 48 state statutes) that will make abortions legal to save a woman's sanity or physical health. With such a law doctors would not be tormented by the terror of exposure if they perform an abortion they feel is necessary.

As in the previous books, the Kinsey group will suggest in *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion* a new overhauling of the nation's legal code pertaining to sexual practices. For in the midst of America's changing pattern of sexual behavior, the law remains relatively rigid in terms of the actual behavior of Americans. The latest Kinsey finding suggests again that women—the great custodians of conservatism and orthodox religious principles—are shrugging off some old ideas. •



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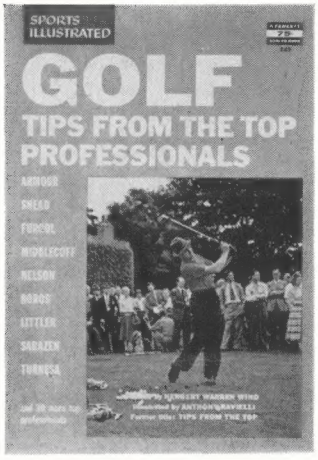

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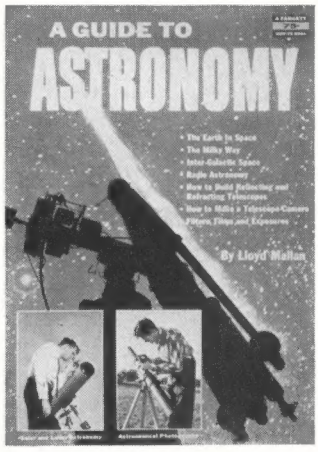

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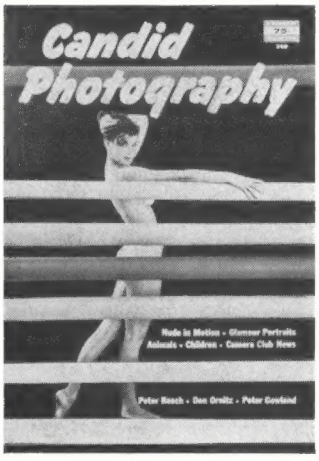
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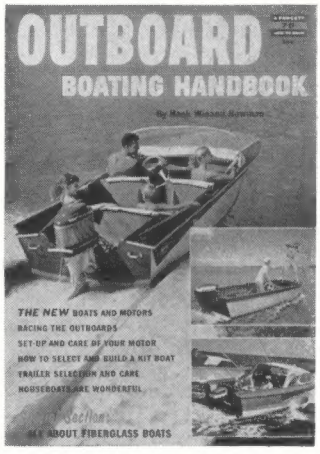
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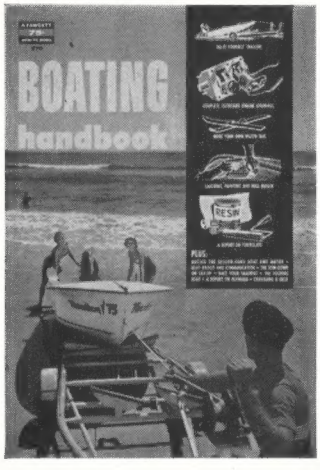

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Over and over again—It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works

"Our fights have turned to kisses!"

IT'S hard to believe that my wife and I used to fight. She would start nagging at me the minute I got home from work — dead tired — and I would snap right back at her! We argued and bickered so often that we suddenly realized our marriage was breaking up! There wasn't any real reason for it except that both of us always felt so tired that we got on each other's nerves!

Our family doctor gave us some advice that probably saved our marriage. Many people, he told us, become run-down and over-tired because their diets do not contain enough vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors. They may be well fed otherwise — and not even know that these essential elements are missing from their diet. This common, easily corrected nutritional deficiency, he explained, could cause us to feel worn-out, and short tempered.

To correct this condition, each of us started taking Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules — just one a day. It wasn't too long until we began to notice the difference. We had more pep, more energy — and our dispositions improved. Instead of fighting, we were back in each other's arms — just as we were on our honeymoon.

If you or your wife have lost the pep and energy you used to have . . . if over-tiredness makes you nervous and bad-tempered with the persons you love most, your condition, too, may be due to this common nutritional deficiency in your diet. If so, you owe it to yourself to try proven Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules. Read below how you can get a trial 30-day supply of these capsules!

"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a man much older than myself, and explained *why* I felt "tired," *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away, *why* my friends and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man

He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Thousands of others had found new energy, new youth, new happiness by adding these essential factors to their diet.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the Vitasafe ad in a magazine offering a 30-day trial supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured *I had nothing to lose*, so I mailed the coupon. When my trial supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time, I began to feel like a new man! My pep and vigor came back, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan—and I felt stronger—younger—more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man." I've got pep and energy to burn, and I have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may, too!* Why don't you take advantage of this sensational trial offer to see for yourself whether you, too, can feel peppy and full of life! Accept this *no risk offer* as I did by mailing the coupon *today!*

25¢ just to help cover shipping expenses of this

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

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Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

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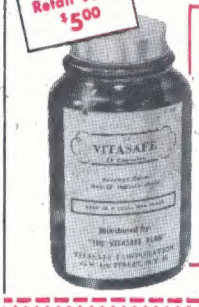

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	0 mg	Calcium	75 mg
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.06 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	3.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	5 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

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To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial. Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C and D — *five* times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule also contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, one of the most remarkably potent nutrients known to science.

Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid — the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY—FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours.*

HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy *anything*. With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only $2.78 per month.

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With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly $2.78—or almost 50% lower than the usual retail price. BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW — you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about the benefits of this amazing new Plan, be sure to send the coupon now!

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